America's Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

November
25c

Greta Garbo

IS THIS THE *REAL* GARBO?

PN1993
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LIFE SAVER
THE AMAZING NEW TASTE SENSATION
Just as the fresh delicious juices of the fruit pour at the first touch of the orange "squeezer"...so the delightful juicy flavor of Life Savers Fruit Drops is released the instant they touch the tongue!
Orange...Lemon...Lime...Grape...each in the inimitable Life Saver shape...each with the incomparable Life Saver formula...all perfectly packaged...truly an amazing new taste sensation!
ORANGE
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY DROP WITH THE HOLE
fruit drops with the HOLE

THE FALL SEASON STARTS WITH 3 OUTSTANDING FOX TALKING PICTURES

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JACK LONDON'S greatest story given life and voice. Human passions in the raw battling to a stupendous climax as a brave boy, a wayward girl and a demon sea-captain meet their destiny on a sealing ship where man-made laws are laughed to scorn! An outstanding cast including MILTON SILLS, Jane Keith and Raymond Hackett. Directed by ALFRED SANTELL.

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FROM a shabby shop on the East Side she fought her way to power and luxury as the greatest modiste on Fifth Avenue. Calculating and crafty, she was never beaten till she opposed her son's love for a penniless girl. IRENE RICH in the great role of her career; H. B. WARNER magnificent as the suave financier who tries to buy the son's sweetheart; RAYMOND HACKETT as the boy. Directed by Guthrie McClintic.

SOUP TO NUTS

RUBE GOLDBERG—you know Rube—comedy cartoonist specializing in nutty inventions—has turned his talents to the talking screen with riotous results. Stay away from Soup to Nuts if you can't stand mirthquakes. Here's a new kind of flesh and blood comedy—seven reels of goofy entertainment with a dash of song. Introducing to the screen Ted Healey and his racketeers. Also Frances McCoy, Lucile Brown, Stanley Smith and Charles Winninger. Story, dialog and gags by Rube Goldberg. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff.

Your favorite entertainment **FOX** **MOVIETONE PICTURES**

OCT -6 1930

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SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

NOVEMBER, 1930 VOL. XXII, No. 1

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HAROLD LLOYD

"FEET FIRST"

HAPPY days are here again! Here comes Harold with a brand new bag of tricks that will make your sides ache with laughter! Fun no end, thrills galore, action every second. ¶ Harold Lloyd's All-Talking picture "Feet First." Your eyes will be glued to the screen and you'll hang on every word! More than a motion picture—an *event* the whole family looks forward to with keen anticipation. Get set now for the great gloom destroyer of 1930! Get set and go! ¶ Your Theatre Manager will gladly tell you when "Feet First" is coming to your town. Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation. A Paramount Release. ¶ *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

TUNE IN! Paramount Publix Radio Hour, each Tuesday Evening, 10:15 to 11 P.M. Eastern Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES. PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

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A thousand hues in one magic lipstick—Tangee! A lipstick color which is yours and yours alone . . . which blends perfectly with your natural coloring, no matter what your complexion. Apply Tangee and the color changes to the one individual shade you need!

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TABLOID REVIEWS

Screenland's Guide to the Current Pictures

Class A:

Abraham Lincoln. *United Artists.* A fine picture directed by Griffith, with Huston's great Lincoln.*

Old English. *Warner Brothers.* George Arliss in a fascinating characterization. Don't miss it.*

The Bad Man. *First National.* Walter Huston scores again, this time as a colorful bandit. Amusing.*

Monte Carlo. *Paramount.* Lubitsch's latest musical romance with Jeanette MacDonald. Charming.*

Moby Dick. *Warner Brothers.* John Barrymore in strong drama, sound version of "The Sea Beast."*

Hell's Angels. *Caddo.* 'Multi-million' spectacle with stirring air scenes—and Jean Harlow and Ben Lyon.*

The Dawn Patrol. *First National.* Barthelmess' biggest hit, which you should not miss. Great air stuff.

Romance. *Metro.* Garbo gorgeous in her second talker, a lavish costume drama.

Raffles. *United Artists.* Crooks in society. Ronald Colman and Kay Francis stunning.

The Big House. *Metro.* Jail-break melodrama with plenty of thrills and Wally Beery for fun.

The Silent Enemy. *Paramount.* Engrossing and worth-while adventure film. Indians and animals!

With Byrd at the South Pole. *Paramount.* Splendid and human record of Byrd's expedition.

Let Us Be Gay. *Metro.* Norma Shearer and Marie Dressler grand in gay drawing-room comedy.

*Reviewed in this issue.

Class B:

Our Blushing Brides. *Metro.* Entertaining and lavish, is hokum account of three gay girl friends—Joan Crawford, Anita Page, Dorothy Sebastian, with Bob Montgomery heroing.*

Queen High. *Paramount.* Charles Ruggles scores in comedy with music, with Ginger Rogers and Stanley Smith.*

Eyes of the World. *United Artists.* Talker of Harold Bell Wright's old best-seller, with Una Merkel and John Holland.*

Top Speed. *First National.* Bernice Claire, Joe Brown, Jack Whiting musical show. A good show.

The Little Accident. *Universal.* Farce with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Anita Page, and new find, Joan Marsh.*

Animal Crackers. *Paramount.* The Four Marx Brothers in fast and hilarious comedy. One of the funniest.*

The Storm. *Universal.* Lupe Velez and Mother Nature struggling for dramatic supremacy. Unconvincing.*

Rain or Shine. *Columbia.* Joe Cook, great little clown from the stage, in nice little comedy.*

Way Out West. *Metro.* Bill Haines' best in a long time. Leila Hyams supplies Girl Appeal.*

Grumpy. *Paramount.* Cyril Maude in intelligent picturization of his popular stage vehicle.*

Too Young to Marry. *First National.* Loretta Young and Grant Withers in screen version of "Broken Dishes."

Anybody's Woman. *Paramount.* Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook splendid in novel story. See it.*

*Reviewed in this issue.

Andy Clyde, Ann Christie, and Nick Stuart in the Mack Sennett-Educational comedy, "Hello Television." Good fun!

From a Broadway music store to the swankiest hotel in Havana . . . Winnie Lightner and Irene Delroy as amateur gold diggers . . . leaving a trail of roaring laughs behind them.
With the most gorgeous gowns ever seen in one picture, the funniest horse race ever run on any turf, and FULL COLOR to add zest and sparkle to this greatest of all laugh pictures, THE LIFE OF THE PARTY hits the high spot record for all time entertainment.
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"THE LIFE of the PARTY"
WARNER BROTHERS Present
with WINNIE LIGHTNER
IRENE DELROY JACK WHITING CHARLES BUTTERWORTH CHARLES JUDELS
BASED ON THE ORIGINAL STORY by MELVILLE CROSSMAN
DIALOGUE and ADAPTATION by ARTHUR CAESAR
DIRECTED by ROY DEL RUTH
A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Joan Crawford won new honors in "Our Blushing Brides." Now she is lending her talents to "Great Day," a story of the Old South.

LETTERS *from the* AUDIENCE

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes. First prize, $20.00; second prize, $15.00; third prize, $10.00; fourth prize, $5.00. Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes November 10, 1930. Letters in praise of* SCREENLAND *are not eligible in this contest and should be addressed directly to the Editor. Send 'best' letters to Letters from the Audience Department,* SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, *45 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00

"High Society Blues" with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell did a wonderful bit of work in changing a mean, selfish, domineering woman into one with a heart. Ungrammatically speaking, that's me!

While seeing this picture it dawned on me that I was rather like Janet's mother in the picture! I went back the second time and studied this character and compared her with myself. While I've always considered myself above those who have less of the world's goods than I have, I did not for one moment think I appeared to others and to my daughter as the actress who portrayed that rôle appeared. So I went a third time to see the picture and came away convinced that I was exactly like her!

I've turned over a new leaf and am trying to make friends with the kind-hearted folks all around me. And how much happier I am, thanks to "High Society Blues."

Mrs. B. Palmer,
Englevale, N. Dak.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00

Movies have made rapid strides. Yet it seems that fat women eating candy, and children, are annoying to others during the showing of a talking picture.

I'm not ashamed to say that I'm fat and I eat candy, and I have a youngster three years old and every one knows that youngsters are a problem when it comes to keeping them quiet. I don't believe in unnecessary noises but hasn't a mother a right to enjoy the movies?

Why can't there be special matinèes each week, just for mothers with small children, where we could all be noisy together and not feel that we were annoying others? After all, mothers are just as interested in romance as any one else, maybe a few of us more so!

Helen Berkshire,
1328 N. Third Street,
Logansport, Ind.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

Sound pictures lend a cosmopolitan air to small communities. Some city folks came visiting, and it wasn't long before small town ennui broke out all over them. Our wide-open spaces of pastoral repose; spacious shade trees; our home-grown vegetables and young pullets browned in the skillet as only the Blue Grass State can do it; the song of the Kentucky cardinal, thrilled them little and that little not long.

What to do! I mentioned that our local theater was wired for sound. Eyes brightened. Spirits quickened. That week we saw "Flight" and "Caught Short," just the inspiration needed to start a series of sprightly discussions on two of the most important subjects of the day, aviation and the stock market! Gone was ennui. Town-and-city barriers vanished. The landscape brightened as the horizon of understanding grew closer.

Mrs. R. E. Johnson,
524 West Oak Street,
Ludlow, Ky.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

"Acting is an illusion and the actor should be an illusion, too," said Mr. Ronald Colman in an interview.

Webster says that an illusion is something deceptive or hallucinating. That's a disheartening statement for some of us to swallow, particularly where it concerns Kay Francis and William Powell. To us, they represent vital things—gentility, grace, and suavity. We learn things from them. We don't want to feel they are put before us for fifty-five or so minutes and then we are to forget. We can't. Their performance in "For the Defense" was, to us, the prettiest piece of work we have seen yet. To William Powell should go the honors for the year.

We go into a theater with a 'down in the dumps' feeling—just for a place to stay for awhile, but what a feeling we come away with! Gay, lilting—just that something we needed to go on!

And yet, we are to take it as an illusion! Well, it's reality to me!

E. R. Middleman,
1812 Shady Avenue,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Defending Canned Music

Glancing through a popular magazine, I noticed an article profusely decorated with dancing, bowing cans. Each can bore a label: "Schubert," "Bach," "Beethoven," "Applesauce," "Mozart," "Prunes," etc. The article asks if we, the public, prefer 'canned music' to living orchestras and organists in the theater.

It seems to me that it is not a matter of preference, but of progress. Sound pictures are not eliminating living music from the theater. Most up-to-date theaters include living orchestras and organists. Yet how many of us would be willing to go back to silent pictures; and we couldn't have the talkies without the music that is part of them.

Do we get a thrill hearing our favorite stars talk and sing? Do we get a thrill seeing and hearing Paul Whiteman's orchestra on the screen? Do we like to see and hear Rudy Vallee? Nick Lucas? Vincent Lopez? How about John McCormack? Talkies do not interfere with musical appreciation, they add to it.

I am speaking for the common crowd. For the average Mr. and Mrs. Brown or Smith or Jones, the every-day, lovable people who pay fifty or seventy-five cents to see beauty, music and laughter. And so, long live the 'music from the screen.'

Mrs. Florence McMahon,
4219 Maryland Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Congratulations, Joan!

I want to congratulate Joan Crawford for her excellent portrayal of *Jerry* in "Our Blushing Brides." By her sincere performance she made the part very convincing and strengthened my belief that there is no better actress on the screen than Miss Crawford.

A better picture could not have been

The ONE *story that held millions breathless.... The* ONE *girl who could bring it to vivid life...*

BELASCO'S epic story of the strangest gamble a woman ever made. Strangest stakes ever left to the fate of cards. Strangest climax in show history as the 'golden girl' gambles the one time in her life—for love—And *cheats* to win!

Twelve stirring situations all brought to you with the artistry, charm and compelling beauty of—

ANN HARDING *as*
The GIRL *of the* GOLDEN WEST

JAMES RENNIE · HARRY BANNISTER

Based on the play by DAVID BELASCO

A JOHN FRANCIS DILLON *Production.*

A FIRST NATIONAL AND VITAPHONE PRODUCTION

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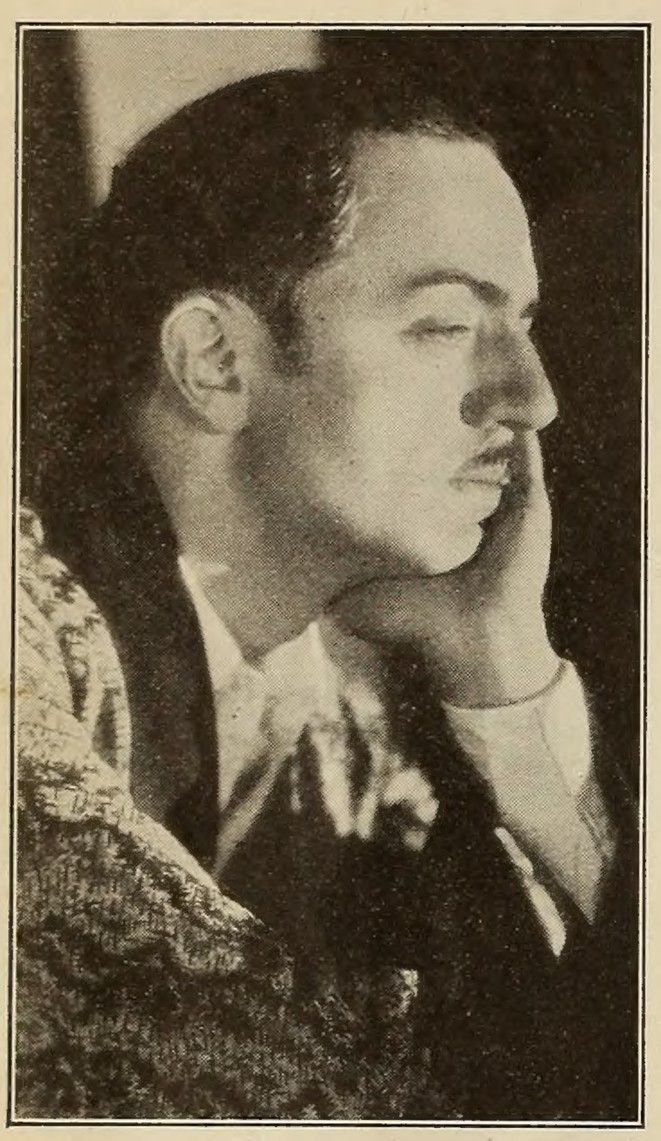


William Powell, one-half of the latest and currently most popular he-and-she team on the screen. Now look over to the right and see—

picked for her at this time. After playing the pampered daughter so many times she has proven that she can play other parts quite as successfully. She handles the dramatic rôle of *Jerry* with skilled understanding. Due to the fact that she is a gown model, she is given the opportunity to wear the exquisite clothes that suit her so well, and the lavish scenes provide just the right background for this capable actress.

Miss Betty Turner,
43 Lilley Road,
West Hartford, Conn.

Consider the Director!

D. W. Griffith was the man at the megaphone who helped many a player to stellar heights. At present, Edmund Goulding is one who is helping to bring stars out of oblivion and establish them as artists of the first rank. Consider the case of Gloria Swanson, when along came Mr. Goulding and lifted her to supremacy in "The Trespasser." Even more miraculous, this directorial gentleman banished forever from Nancy Carroll's countenance that song-and-dance look and made her an emotional actress of intense power. In "The Devil's Holiday" Nancy Carroll almost equalled Miss Swanson's come-back. Now, if Mr. Goulding would be so kind as to bring Leatrice Joy back where she rightfully belongs!

George A. Abbate,
630 Mary Street,
Utica, N. Y.

Bravissimo! For Commander Byrd

To me, pictures mean entertainment and a source of knowledge within my means which I could have in no other way. I have just seen the picture of Commander Byrd's expedition for the third time. No book or lecture could possibly give the same values and lasting impressions. To see the actual picturization of the bottom of the world embodied with such supreme endurance, undaunted courage, pathos and humor merged with gentle but firm command, filled me with thrilling pride. It was like glimpsing a bit of God's unfinished work left for some one to complete, and it made me leave the theater with a kindlier feeling toward mankind. Nothing registers for us so quickly or so permanently as our eyes; and to them, this picture brings a beautiful example of 'The meek and the mighty' in its fullest sense.

Jeanette Louise Soreto,
205 West 89th Street,
New York City.

She Seems to Like Clara Bow!

So much excellence and beauty have been given to the screen that it seems the ultimate has been surpassed and the greatest has already been accomplished.

Yet the world moves ever onward and carries with it the people who have given us their interpretations of many rôles. The king is dead—long live the king! That is the spirit of the public, who sees its stars arrive with a flourish, and depart into the land of the forgotten, without acclaim.

There is one, however, who holds her popularity and lives in the hearts of all who follow her work. Like a breath of mountain air she comes with the gay spirit of womanhood. She smiles, and the world of troubles vanish and the kingdom of dreams are real. She sings, and we have heard the melody of love poured out from a vessel of rarest purity. She speaks and we listen to the magic which is her voice.

To one constantly confronted with life's realities she is the embodiment of refreshing youth and beauty. She is Clara Bow!

Miss Lois Ferguson,
Yreka, Cal.,
Box 637.

Lauding "Journey's End"

"Journey's End," I think, is one of the greatest sensations of the films. Shakespeare's line reads "Journeys end in lovers' meeting," but in the screen version of R. C. Sherriff's breath-taking dramatization of the World War it is the Grim Reaper waiting at the end of the road for many of the brave group of English soldiers. These officers face danger and even death, with a calm fearlessness that cannot fail to grip you. Yet there is a beauty and a fineness that make one remember this, rather than the tragedy.

We are fortunate in having the opportunity of seeing Colin Clive, the creator of the part of *Stanhope* on the London stage. The cast, throughout, is an impressive one. Nothing quite like "Journey's End" has ever been put upon the screen and, as it became the sensation of the stage, so it is also a sensation of the films.

Jermane Haeffner,
238 W. 8th St.,
Erie, Pa.

A Study in Contrasts

Wisely, has some one said, "The study of Man is the life work of Man." To me, moving pictures offer a revealing study in human nature.

Consider observing psychologically and emotionally such a splendid variety. Such study is essential to successful salesmen, teachers, ministers, to every walk in life, exalted or lowly.

Kay Francis, Powell's leading woman in his best pictures. May Paramount never part these two highly agreeable screen sophisticates!

How interesting to note that Garbo is not snobbish, indifferent, but really disinterested in things trivial. How broadening to observe Norma Shearer's wise philosophy. How easy to understand and forgive naughty Junior after laughing with "Our Gang." "The Shopworn Angel" was a pictorial lesson in courage. Richard Barthelmess in his characterization of two widely varied Chinese rôles was outstanding. In "Dance Hall," Arthur Lake was an amusing study in the true reactions of adolescent youth.

Catherine Crupl,
111 Maple Avenue,
Hamilton, Ont.,
Canada.

From Over There

Just a word of thanks to America from an appreciative Briton for "All Quiet on the Western Front" and for Lewis Ayres. I trembled when I learned that Universal were making a picture from Remarque's classic for I dreaded the Hollywood interpolations which have spoiled other great themes in the hands of the celluloid kings. It was an immense relief, therefore, to find that we were offered a sincere, poignant and faithful version of what must have been one of the most difficult of all works to adapt. The picture was shown simultaneously at two West-end theaters, itself an unprecedented event.

It is impossible to imagine a more suitable cast. Lewis Ayres has proved himself great in almost every direction, whether as a typical German schoolboy, as a boy attaining a sudden and premature manhood in the hell of the trenches, or as a heartbroken friend at the deathbed of *Karl* racked with a sorrow too big for tears.

Send us more epics like "All Quiet" and a few less back-stage-oh-yeah-tap-dancers!

S. Ferguson Bundy,
44 Hampstead Road,
London, England.

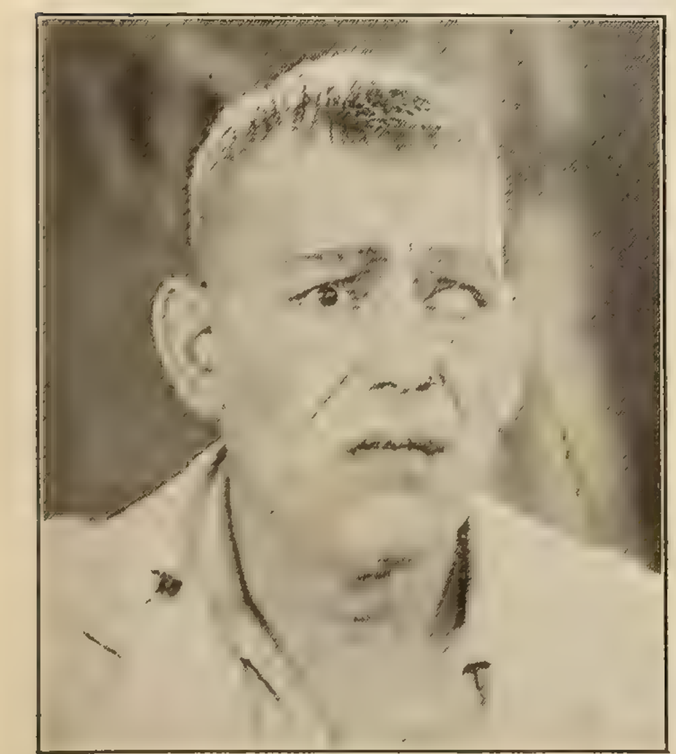
(*Continued on page 124*)

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE PICTURE OF ALL TIME
TRADER HORN
FILMED IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA!
THE MOST AMBITIOUS PICTURE UNDERTAKING SINCE BEN HUR!
PLAYED against a background of tropical danger and primitive passion, the great book that thrilled the world has come to life with all its adventure and all its romance. The ivory coast of Africa, the jungle, a ruby worth a king's ransom, a white orphan girl worshipped as a goddess, love's awakening for this girl and her English lover, their thrilling escape from the natives and the terrors of the jungle! An all-talking production . . . the greatest thrill picture ever shown!
From the famous novel by Trader Horn and Ethelreda Lewis
with
Harry Carey
Duncan Renaldo
Edwina Booth
Directed by W. S. VAN DYCK who made "WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS."
METRO-GOLDWYN-MA
"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION
THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

April 1, 1883

Chaney as "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," a great grotesque rôle he dreamed of playing for fifteen years.

As Fagin in Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist" Lon Chaney was seen with Jackie Coogan.



One of Chaney's most remarkable feats of make-up was achieved for "The Road to Mandalay."

LON CHANEY

A Tribute

HE will never make another motion picture—but the pictures he made in his long and honorable film career will live after him. Lon Chaney, the screen's greatest character actor, never had a 'flop'—every picture was a box-office success! Truly a glorious record.

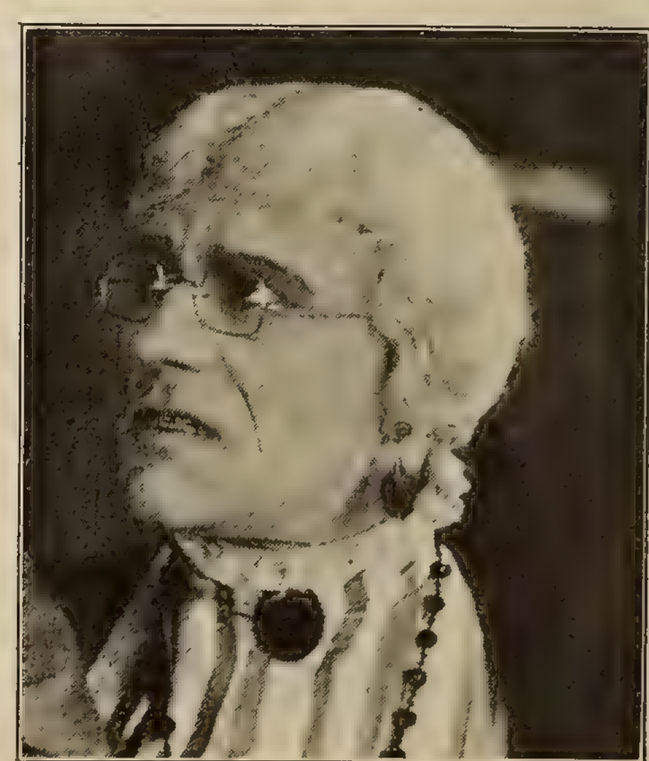
He was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, April 1, 1883, the second of four children, all normal, born to deaf-mutes. He left school at thirteen and acted as a Pike's Peak guide. His first work in the theater was as a stage-hand. Later he became a comedy dancer, then a producer of vaudeville acts. He played in burlesque—in opera—he was a trouper!

In 1914 he entered pictures—first as a comedian, then as a 'heavy' in "Hell Morgan's Girl." Past master in the art of make-up, he became a character actor, scoring his first great hit in "The Miracle Man." After "The Phantom of the Opera" and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" he became famous as 'The Man of a Thousand Faces.' Refusing at first, like Chaplin, to make talking pictures because he believed that pantomime was the only true method of screen expression, he finally yielded and made a successful sound version of "The Unholy Three." It was his last picture. Lon Chaney passed on August 26, 1930.

August 26, 1930

A memorable characterization and one of Lon Chaney's favorites: the clown in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

The versatility of the screen's greatest character actor was evidenced in "The Unknown."

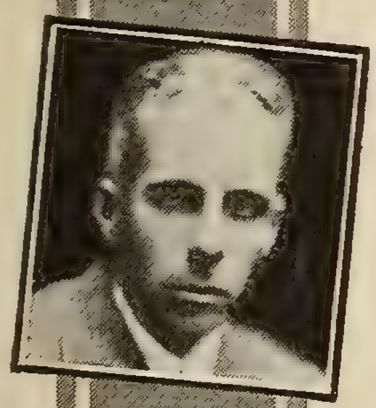


Lon Chaney disguised as the grandmother in his first and last talking picture, "The Unholy Three."

Columbia Has The Best Directors~ Assuring You The Best Pictures!

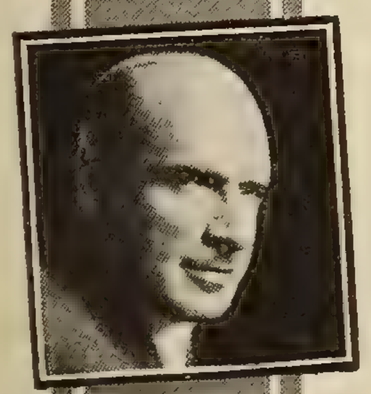
FRANK CAPRA for
DIRIGIBLE
With JACK HOLT and RALPH GRAVES

From Lieut. Commander Frank Wead's great story. Mr. Capra directed "Rain or Shine," "Flight," "Submarine," "Ladies of Leisure," etc.



HOWARD HAWKS for
THE CRIMINAL CODE

From the sensational New York Stage hit by Martin Flavin . . . and winner of the Theatre Club Trophy as the best play of the year. Mr. Hawks directed "The Dawn Patrol," "The Air Circus" and others.

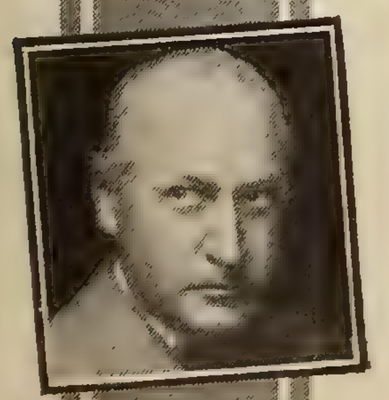


JOHN BLYSTONE for
TOL'ABLE DAVID

Your demands bring Joseph Hergesheimer's immortal screen classic to the motion picture theatre as a talking picture. Mr. Blystone is the director of "So This is London" and many other hits.

VICTOR FLEMING for
ARIZONA

Written for the screen by Jules Furthman from Augustus Thomas' greatest outdoor play. To be produced on an epic scale. Mr. Fleming directed "The Virginian," "Common Clay" and others.



JOHN ROBERTSON for
MADONNA OF THE STREETS
With EVELYN BRENT

An adaptation of W. B. Maxwell's wonderful novel, "The Ragged Messenger." Mr. Robertson directed Mary Pickford and Richard Barthelmess in many of their outstanding successes.

LIONEL BARRYMORE for
A GREAT PICTURE
With BARBARA STANWYCK

(Watch for announcement of title.) The greatest star find of years in a smashing drama made from a tremendous story. Mr. Barrymore directed "The Rogue Song," "Madame X" and many others.

Meet Miss Columbia

LESLEY BETH STOREY of Brooklyn, N. Y., winner in Columbia's great nation-wide search for "Miss Columbia." She has been awarded a week's contract at $250.00 and a free trip to Hollywood. She was the selection of the *New Movie* and allied magazines.

Runners up for honors as Miss Columbia, all of whom have been awarded Majestic Radios, were: Dorothy Dawes, Brooklyn, N. Y., nominated by *Film Fun;* Dorothy Brown, Des Moines, Ia., *Screen Romances;* Jean Eckler, West Palm Beach, Fla., *Motion Picture Magazine;* Donna Barton, Tulsa, Okla., *Motion Picture Classic;* Vera Martin, New York, N.Y., *Screen Book;* Bernice Maiwald, Laconia, N. H., *Motion Picture Stories;* Meta Diane Neuburg, Tuckahoe, N. Y., *Photoplay;* Mercedes Janet Rice, Banning, Ga., *Screenland.*

COLUMBIA PICTURES

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Ask your favorite theatre when these pictures will be shown.

Huston, a mighty actor from the New York stage, combines the finest qualities of stage and screen acting in his talker performances.

SCREENLAND *Won by* FOR "THE BAD MAN"

NEVER before in screen history has an actor played two such strikingly different rôles as Walter Huston, with his "Abraham Lincoln" and his "Bad Man," in one month of motion pictures! Huston has long been acknowledged an excellent actor; but it surprises even his admirers to find he can turn from such a portrayal as Lincoln to such a part as *Pancho Lopez.* See him in both and you'll greet a great new actor, the most varied and versatile actor on the screen.

Walter Huston as Pancho Lopez, *picturesque 'Bad Man' of First National's screen version of the stage play in which the late Holbrook Blinn scored.*

A colorful, bold, fiery yet humorous character, Huston's "Bad Man" provides a pleasantly piquant touch to the film fare of the new season.

HONOR PAGE

Walter Huston

FOR "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

OUR Honor Page has been dedicated to many fine actors. But seldom has it been so richly deserved as this month's, which passes the palm to Walter Huston with a low, deep, graceful bow! Huston has given us a great Lincoln—splendidly submerging Broadway manners in a complete realization of the Emancipator which is never maudlin or self-conscious. The amazing part of it is that Huston had never thought of playing Lincoln until Griffith assigned him the rôle. Then as a skilled craftsman approaching a new job he accepted the part; and how he played it! Huston is an example of the new order of things in Celluloidia. Acting is his business—and he knows his business!

A portrait of Huston as 'Father Abraham' from the screen-play, "Abraham Lincoln." A picture—and a portrayal—that will live.

Walter Huston as Abraham Lincoln in Griffith's stirring film record of the life of the great American. Huston is a very human Lincoln—inspiring not only awe but genuine feeling.

Won by an Eyelash

Nancy Carroll helps Miriam Hopkins to make a dazzling screen debut

Left, Miriam Hopkins, one of the prettiest and most popular girls on the Broadway stage, makes her screen bow in "The Best People."

Nancy Carroll showed Miriam how to make up her eyes for the movies so that her blonde beauty would show up to the best advantage.

Below, Miriam Hopkins in a scene from her first talker, with Henry Wadsworth. Miriam is a blue-eyed silver blonde from Bainbridge, Georgia.

IT looked for a while there as though Miriam Hopkins' screen success might hang by a hair—by an eyelash, in fact.

You see, Miriam, a New York stage favorite, is one of those rare silver-blondes. Her thistle-down hair flies all about, and even her eyebrows and lashes are light. She was very much worried about those eyelashes during her first few days at the Paramount Long Island studios where she was invited to be the leading lady in her first film, "The Best People." Nancy Carroll was working at the studio at the same time.

Miriam thought: "Maybe she'll help me." Finally, she asked her. Nancy, too, has very light eyelashes, and Miriam wanted to know how she doctored them to make them photograph. "My eyes are kind of 'Chinky'," mourned Miriam.

"Never mind," said Nancy. "You can have any kind of lashes and eyebrows you want. Leave it to me."

To illustrate, Nancy called for a make-up kit and drew a different type on each Hopkins eye.

"That one's too fancy," commented Miriam. "The folks down home in Georgia would never know me. I think I'll take the modest one on the left eye!"

So, thanks to Nancy, Miriam Hopkins makes her screen debut as a perfectly ravishing blonde with dazzling eyelashes and eyebrows! Such a promising debut that she is all set for a career in the films. She gave up her rôle in the stage play, "Lysistrata," to devote all of her time to pictures.

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

I HAD this page practically written. It was going to be all about the new trend in picture making.

I began by saying: "No longer are you—the Public—interested solely in emotionalism on the screen. Now, it's *acting*. Once, you went to see a pretty girl or a handsome man, or an all-star cast; or a sob drama; or a girl-and-music revue. But these days you're demanding more.

"Look," I went on, "at the big 'new stars' of talking pictures. George Arliss. William Powell. Richard Barthelmess. Clive Brook. Otis Skinner. Walter Huston. Men who know their craft. Actors who subordinate their personal charm to the story. The women, too—Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis, Ann Harding—beautiful women, but actresses first. There are exceptions, surely. But the stars of today's and tomorrow's screen are *character* stars, not personality stars, in pictures which appeal more to the mind than to the emotions."

There was more like that. And I believed it. George Arliss in "Old English," John Barrymore in "Moby Dick," Walter Huston in "Abraham Lincoln" were running on Broadway—actors worthy of the name in screen-plays that give your brain a little gentle exercise and your emotions a brief rest—a unique experience in a movie theater. Oh, yes—it was all settled!

And then—the Roxy Theater announced that "Common Clay," the screen version of the good old stage play that served Jane Cowl so ably in the palmy days of the 'legitimate' stage, would be held over in the 'Cathedral of Motion Pictures' for a fourth week.

It upset everything, that announcement! Now, "Common Clay" is a well directed, well acted picture. It is good entertainment. It features Constance Bennett, one of the loveliest ladies on the screen, with Lew Ayres, the boy who has made such a swift flight to film fame in the past few months. But "Common Clay" is also a tear-jerker of the old school. It's the story of the 'wronged girl' with trimmings, for all its modern sets and acting and tempo.

When the heroine's little old mother takes the witness stand in defense of her erring daughter; when the girl, her baby in her arms, turns on her tormentors; when the boy tells his father he will stick to his sweetheart through thick and thin—well, then the audience, between sniffles, cheered! Judging from audience reaction at the Roxy, "Common Clay" is one of the greatest pictures ever produced. It's an emotional feast. It sends its audiences out red-eyed but happy. What's the answer?

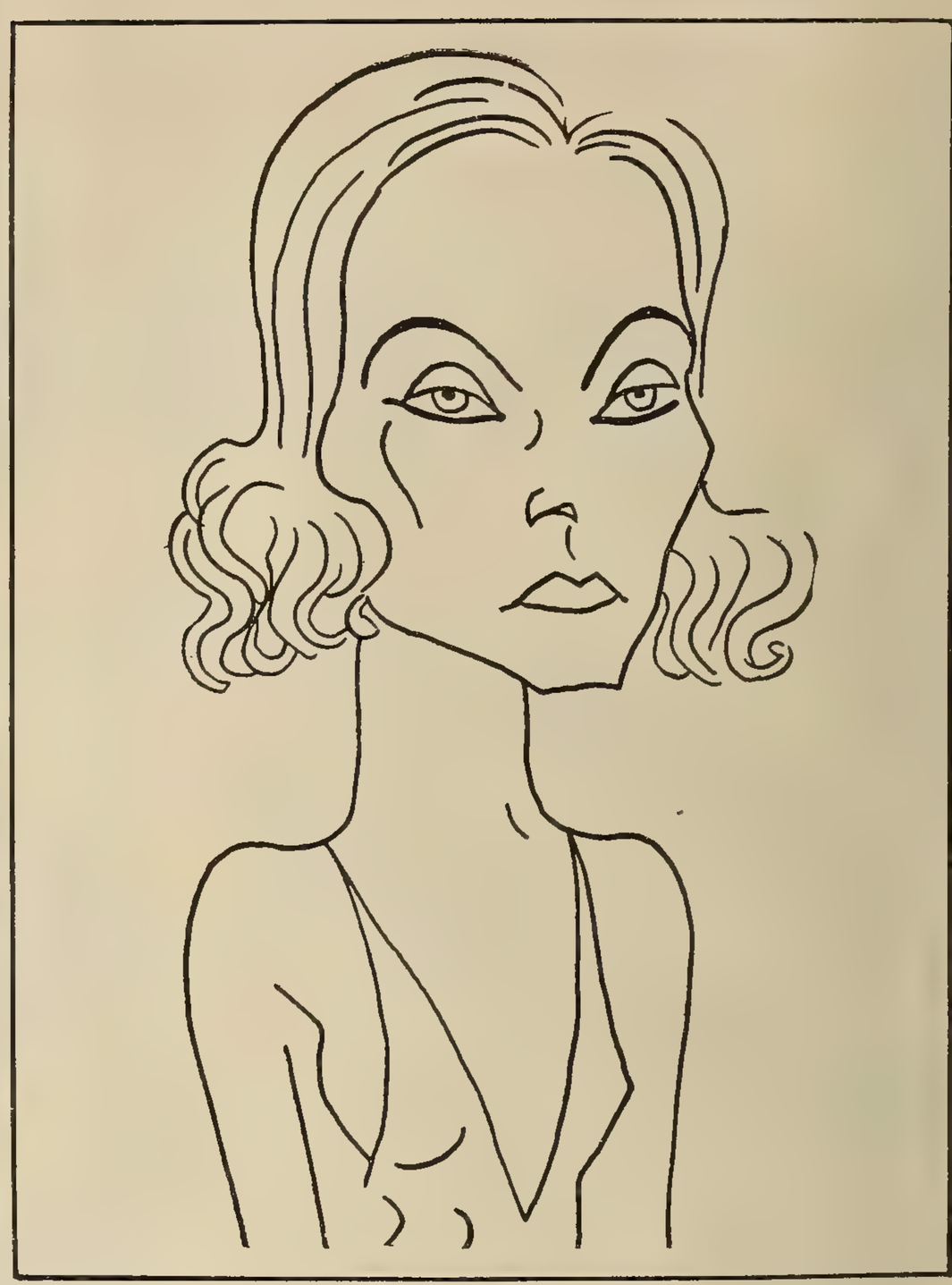
It seems to me the answer is that it came at the right time. The smart film producer is the man who anticipates. While the theaters are flooded with war dramas, he peers around the corner and sees or senses or smells that a crook picture would be a welcome change. He produces one and it's a smash. And then there's a flood of gangland films. But this same smart producer stops short and looks in another direction—in fact, he looks straight up—and orders an aviation spectacle. And when the imitations begin to appear, he makes a nice, sophisticated little drawing-room comedy—and packs them in again.

As an example of that, I give you Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the company that made "Anna Christie." Before audiences had time to digest Garbo's accent, M-G-M confronted them with the vision of Norma Shearer in "The Divorcée," a 'dressy'—and daring—film. Then came "Caught Short" and "Let Us Be Gay" and "Romance"—all highly successful, all different.

Fox is smart, too. It offers "Common Clay" to audiences who have been watching the war fought in the air and in the trenches and in gangsters' row. And the next 'smash hit' at the box-office will be as different from "Common Clay" as "Peter Pan" from "The Cock-eyed World."

D. E.

Garbo as Miss Whitaker sees her—a girl of 23 who uses no make-up off the set; who is freckled and shy, and who once appeared at a party wearing felt bedroom slippers because her feet hurt!



As Wynn, the famous caricaturist, sees her. Moody, weary, colorless, indifferent—a far cry from the glamorous Garbo of the screen.

Is the real Greta a timid, plain, lonely creature, as revealed in this article?

By Alma Whitaker

WHICH is the

GRETA GARBO, Hollywood's premiere screen actress, has not given an interview to anyone for 18 months. Nor will she allow anyone on her set whom she does not know. If such a one is present, she promptly shuts herself in her dressing room and declines to appear until she is assured that any intruder is banished.

This brilliant, elusive Garbo, so startlingly lonely! One who knows her well declares that she has never experienced a sex thrill in her life—that even Jack Gilbert, her one romantic interest, had no such attraction for her.

"I am very alone, for I make few friends," she once murmured to an acquaintance. "I don't want them. I am self-sufficient, and I have no social ambitions at all. I loathe pretense. I hate public functions. I don't like to talk. I want a strictly private life that isn't open to criticism."

So that those few who do know Greta realize that she is genuinely timid, and actually really afraid of interviewers. Yet once, when she had refused audience to a Swedish newspaper man, he wrote of her in his column as high-hatting her former countrymen, as abominably upstage. Whereupon Greta hastened to invite every Swedish correspondent in town to a luncheon, on the strict understanding that there should be no questions, no interviewing.

Now, at the height of fame, this Greta is but 23 years old. She was famous in her own country before 20. She is not beautiful, far (*Continued on page 118*)

Is this the real Garbo? Rolf Armstrong's SCREENLAND cover portrait is a glorified girl, with the fascinating beauty praised by Oppenheim.

As most of her vast audience sees her—Garbo the beautiful, the strangely magnetic, the magnificent star of "Romance." She is the most discussed actress in the world, and the least understood.

Or is she the goddess of grace, great courage, and subtle beauty analyzed here?

By James Oppenheim

REAL GARBO?

DELIGHT EVANS asks me what I think of Alma Whitaker on Greta Garbo. I think that Alma Whitaker is absolutely right—and utterly wrong!

Dowdy.

Afraid.

Colorless.

Gifted of the gods, with the wrong face, the wrong clothes, the wrong disposition.

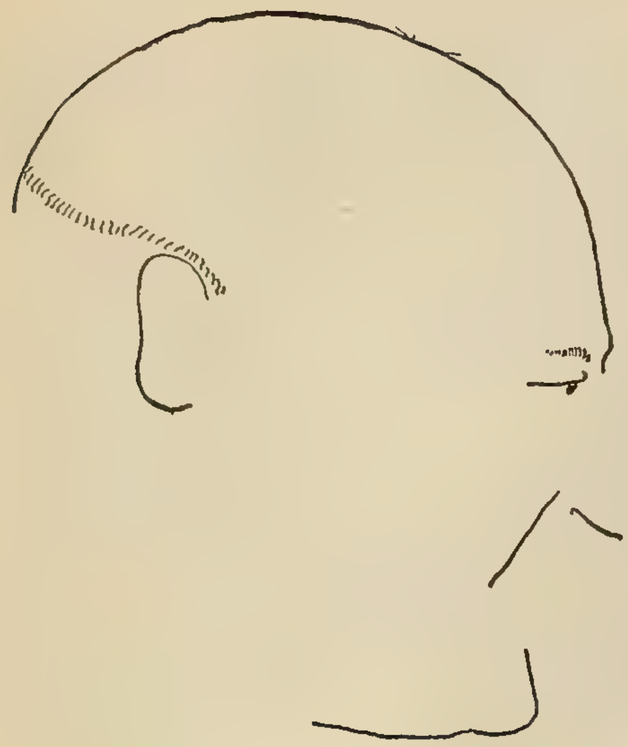
Not beautiful.

True, Miss Whitaker admits that Greta Garbo "conveys a quiet appealing 'something' that makes her strangely magnetic close at hand." But otherwise, the great Garbo is a rather "frightened, weary, badly dressed and unbeautiful child," sometimes appearing "strangely 'washed out.' A timid, almost unattractive creature."

Now I put it to you, ladies and gentlemen of the SCREENLAND audience, are we to believe that the camera that focuses on Greta Garbo has a little magician in it that transforms an ugly duckling into a swan, an overgrown Swede into a graceful and almost flame-like beauty? If so, why aren't there magicians in some of the other cameras, so that all the director would have to do would be to hire a flock of frumps in order to rival this unrivaled actress?

The plain fact of the matter is that there are two kinds of beauty, the external kind which you can measure with a tape-line, and which usually wins in a Beauty Contest, and the kind that is subtle, hidden, and that glows from within. The (*Continued on page 112*)

An Actor-Artist's



Cecil DeMille himself—that is, as Roland Young has caricatured him.

Left, the guilty man! A portrait of Roland Young posed, apparently, just after he had perpetrated these crimes in caricature. He's a genial soul, really, whose hobby, besides Max-Beerbohming, is collecting penguins, not live ones, but in effigy.

Below, dance director Leroy Prinz rehearsing a number for "Madame Satan"—which, being a Cecil DeMille picture, has drama, comedy, music, and dancing, and everything.

Left, Jeanie MacPherson, author of the story, sketched by Mr. Young. The subject as well as the artist of caricature requires a sense of humor in working order!

A rear-view impression of Lillian Roth practicing her dance steps for her rôle of Trixie in "Madame Satan." Miss Roth is the brunette feminine interest in the DeMille extravaganza, while Kay Johnson upholds the dignity and prestige of the blonde.

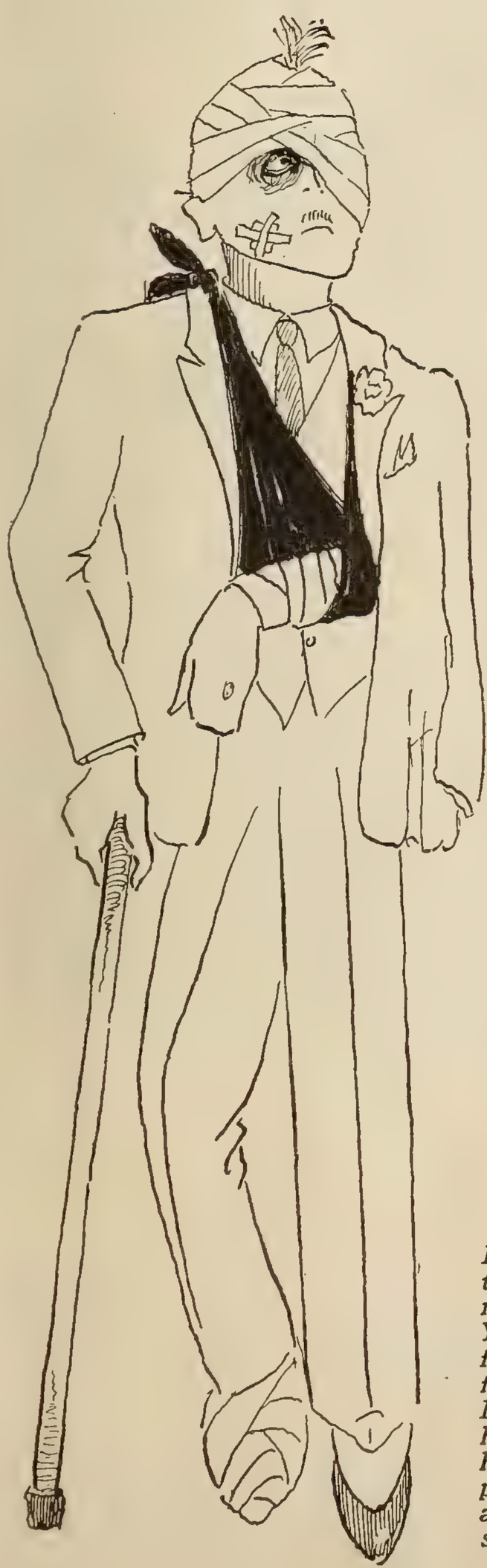
A gay member of the 'kitten ballet'—one of that vast army of clever, hard-working Hollywood chorus girls who remain, alas, forever anonymous to their admiring audiences.

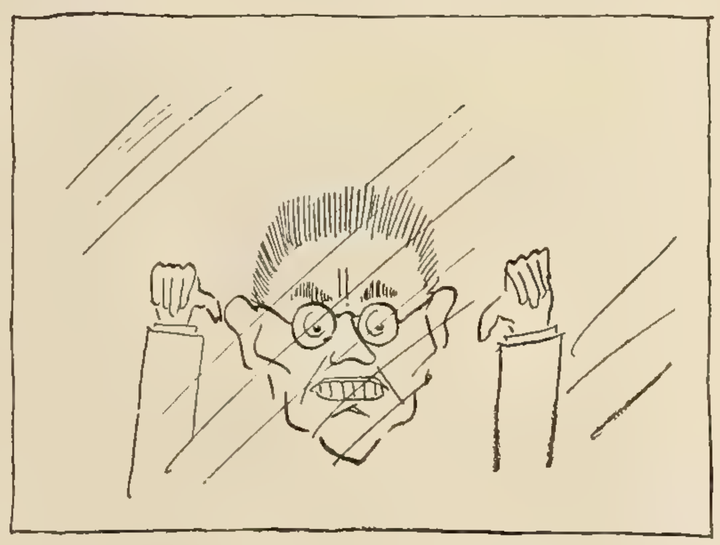
Studio Impressions

ROLAND YOUNG, distinguished stage star, went the way of all actors—Hollywood! But he kept his sense of humor intact, as these sketches testify. One of the leading players in Cecil DeMille's drama, "Madame Satan," Mr. Young improved his time between scenes scribbling caricatures of his director and his fellow players. Yes, he is still working in pictures. They like his acting!

Kay Johnson, the fair heroine of "Madame Satan," caricatured by her fellow thespian, Roland Young.

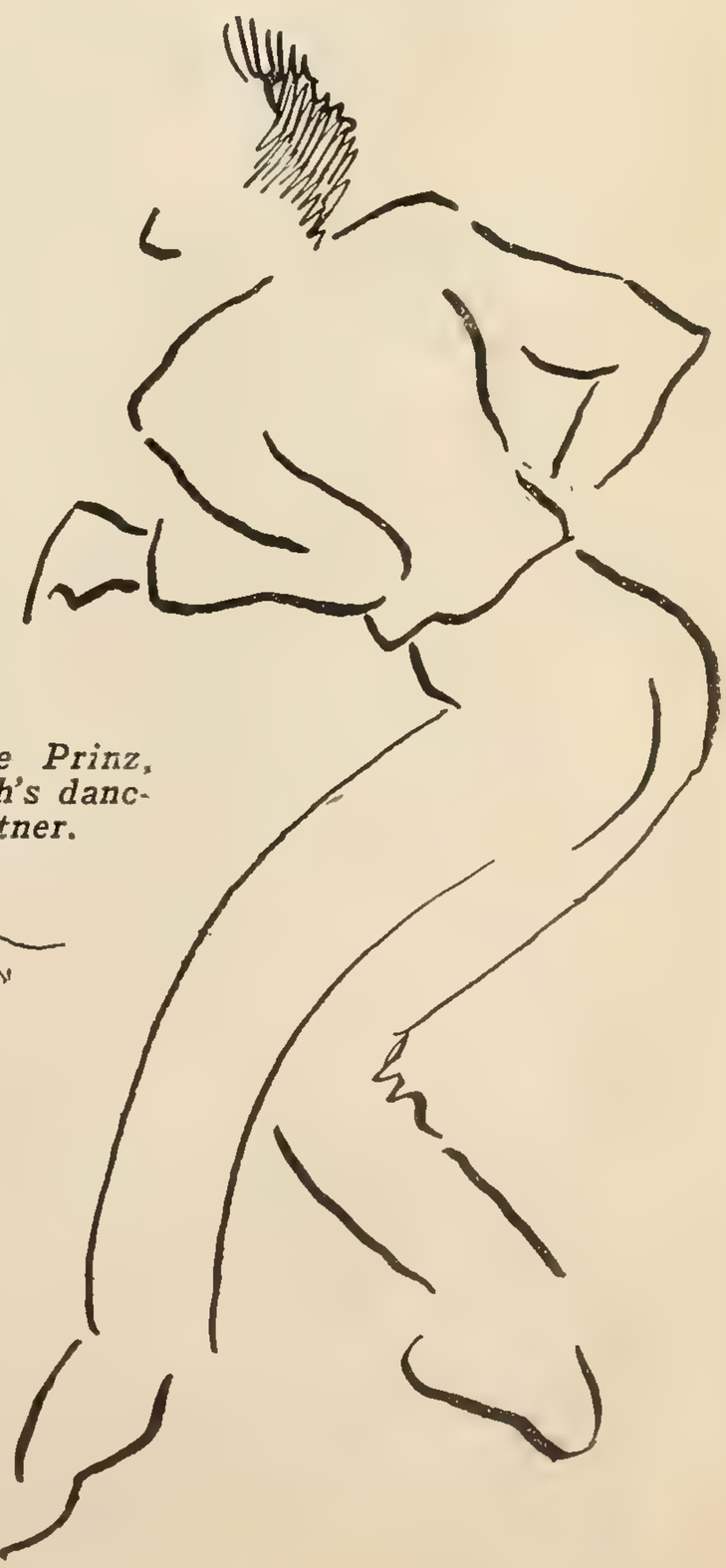
Right, an impression of Elsie Janis, who collaborated on the dialogue and wrote some of the lyrics for Mr. DeMille's screen show.

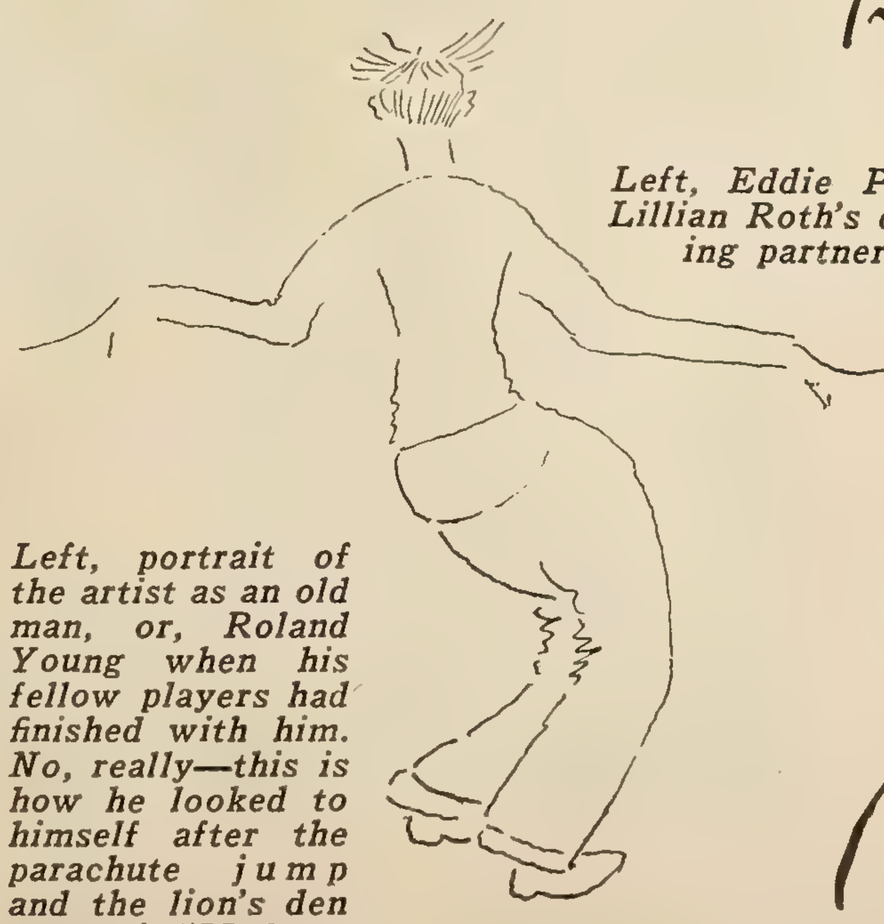




The 'mixer' in his booth—aloof, aloft, alone.

Below, Roland Young's sketch of one of the dancers rehearsing.





Left, Eddie Prinz, Lillian Roth's dancing partner.

Left, portrait of the artist as an old man, or, Roland Young when his fellow players had finished with him. No, really—this is how he looked to himself after the parachute jump and the lion's den scenes in "Madame Satan."

The HEART *of* HOLLYWOOD

Yes, Hollywood has a heart! Read about the screen stars' shop, and you'll believe it

By
Helen Ludlam

"WHO'D ever think that I would go into the second-hand clothing business?" Mary Pickford giggled.

Fundamentally that is what it is. But there's a difference. Mary is going into the second-hand clothing business for the profit of other people, not for her own. The idea is the second step toward a long-cherished and determined dream, the first step being the Motion Picture Relief Fund of which she was founder and President for several years. The presidency has now passed into the hands of Jack Warner and is supported faithfully by some of the biggest names in pictures.

The function of the Relief Fund is to provide medical care and attention for players who have been in the film business for three years or longer. If the illness is severe enough to require hospital aid all expenses are paid.

The Screen Stars' Shop is designed to turn more money into the coffers of the Fund. Mary's ultimate dream is to build and maintain a comfortable home for the aged in the film business who have done their bit in the world, have contributed their share of joy and laughter and now have been cast aside and forgotten. The place will be run like a well managed hotel, not like a boarding house, and it will have a homey atmosphere.

"That's my dream," said Mary. "It may never be a reality, but personally I think it would be terrible for me to pass on and not leave something toward establishing comfort for members of my profession who have not been as fortunate as I have been. And I think that many of the more responsible of our profession feel as I do."

The thing that will put the shop over is the very real interest Mary takes in it. It is an easy thing for a wealthy man or woman to sign a check for a charity. But money can't do everything. It can't buy one spark of real interest. That has to be kindled by the spirit that is put in the foundation stone. Mary feels that a shop of this sort is so much better and goes so much further than a monthly check to the Fund would do. It meets two needs. It provides beginners in the profession or people down on their luck with a fine wardrobe for a very small sum. A wardrobe that has been donated to the shop by the stars. Anyone can buy, but preference is always given the actor, because, after all, that is what the

The Screen Stars' Shop, at 1614 North Cahuenga Avenue in Hollywood, a dream of Mary Pickford's come true! The stars donate their own beautiful clothes, which are sold at reasonable prices.

Shop is for, the benefit of the actor. The proceeds of these sales go to the maintenance of the unforunate actor during illness. Cases are investigated, however, for it is amazing what certain types of mind will try to 'put over.' The expenses of the Shop are small—three modest salaries and the rent.

The working out of the plan hasn't been all honey and pie. Mary and two or three of her loyal supporters found the spirit willing but the flesh pretty wobbly, and giving out in the most unexpected places. Others re-

These stars are helping to make the Shop a success. Standing, Mae Murray, Mary Pickford, and June Collyer, with Dolores Del Rio and Ruth Roland exhibiting one of the lovely dresses sold at the Shop for a small sum.

sponded so eagerly and so generously that hope for the success of the idea soared to seventh heaven.

The first thing, after interest in the plan was assured, was to get a central location, and a spacious airy place was taken over at 1614 North Cahuenga Avenue, which is midway between Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards in Hollywood. It has been provided with commodious show cases and hanging closets and two mirrored dressing rooms. Back of the show-rooms is a very large receiving room where the packages are opened and assorted. This is always an exciting moment in the Shop, the opening of packages. It's like Christmas every day.

The second thing was to find people to put in charge who had the right spirit for the job and interest in the plan at heart. Mary found this spirit in Florence Turner, a friend of many years standing, and Mrs. Helen Wood. The third salary is paid to Charles Garton who donated his car to the service of the Shop, does all the fetching and carrying and a million and one other things.

Veteran movie goers will remember Florence Turner who was the biggest star of her day. "When I was starting," Mary told me, "Florence was on the top wave. She is a splendid actress." Miss Turner is given charge of the Shop, Mrs. Wood is the manager. It is all fun —outside of a few annoying things that happen, but nothing is perfect in this world. Minds, it would seem, are unaccountable. Imagine sending for sale a pair of half-worn-out overalls, soiled or torn clothing, battered or broken bits of pottery. Those things are immediately repacked and a call put in to the Helping Hand Society or the Salvation Army who have a resale market for everything from wornout automobile tires to old newspapers. For this sort of Shop such a gift is a burden.

But listen to the partial list of beautiful things that *did* come in and are still coming in, and from whom they came.

Mary should head the list because it was her idea and because she gave so generously. Between thirty and forty exquisite gowns came from her, for sports, afternoon and evening wear, with hats, slippers and quantities of odds and ends such as chiffon evening handkerchiefs, lace and embroidered doilies, costume jewelry. Most of these came from Paris and have hardly been worn, a few of them not at all. She had put them away for alteration but when the needs of the Shop stared her in the face she decided to turn the whole bundle over to it. One is very distinctive: a flame-colored chiffon velvet gown trimmed with heavy gold lace. It was presented to her by a member of the Chinese nobility as a gesture of welcome and is made to suggest the Chinese style for women. It is very beautiful and is selling for fifteen dollars, about one thirtieth of its original value.

Mary Pickford buys stockings at the Screen Stars' Shop. The profits of the shop go to the Motion Picture Relief Fund of which Mary was the founder.

Mae Murray sent a handsome caracul coat which sold for sixty-five dollars. She also sent a very handsome white velvet evening gown, several brand new French hats, many pairs of slippers and pieces of jewelry. One particularly handsome bit was from the collection of her husband's family. It is beautifully carved out of silver to represent two sprays from a rose bush with a bud, a half-blown and full-blown rose peeping from the leaves. The clasp is a heavy semi-precious jeweled one and may be used for a brooch. (*Continued on page 116*)

There was a day when life rolled along like a song—when every man's idea of the perfect girl was someone like Mary Pickford, with the golden curls and the smile!

Then, over-night, America went vamp! Theda Bara undulated on the screen, with tiger skins and incense. Below, a study of Bara from one of her hectic films.

After an overdose of the heavy-eyed sirens, we were ready to welcome Bebe Daniels—a nice, outdoor girl, whose fresh charm was spiced with a sense of humor.

STYLES *in* SEX

Screen Siren's Progress, from Bara to Bennett. How styles have changed!

By Rosa Reilly

IT looks like it's ex-IT Girls!

It looks like the good old days are gone when all that was necessary to go over in a big way with the boys was a flock of short hair, a half-yard of short skirt, and twin hips which could be depended upon to wriggle gracefully at the proper moment.

It's not enough now to be cute. The film-going world is playing taps for girls who depend upon It alone. And that goes, too, even for such Queens of Cuteness as Clara Bow and Alice White, who carried the masculine contingent of the world in their pockets for many seasons. For at this stage, unless Clara and Alice keep up with the times and change their styles in sex, they are going to be just a pair of girls that men forget. And what is true of them is doubly true of the average woman.

But now, before we go into this question, don't be disturbed by my use of the words 'sex style.' For that's exactly what it is. The new style can't be confined to eyes or hair or figure or clothes alone. It's the *tout ensemble* of the woman. And since Funk and Wagnall's Practical Standard Dictionary defines sex in its number three definition as 'women in general,' I feel that I am justified in my use of this term—'sex style.'

Right here, I know you are going to say that woman's life—if she is to keep up the current mode—is bound to be a continual struggle, that's true. For the men are demanding variety all the time. But don't blame me because you've got to make yourself over ever so often. Blame Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor, Mr. Mayer and Mr. Sheehan. It's their fault! These intervals of our men demanding something new have been coming closer and closer together during the last twenty cinema years. For the movie producers keep introducing more and more breath-takingly attractive heroines to the men every few months. The men get accustomed to novelty in femininity. And if we girls don't keep ourselves up to the moment's mode in sex styles, we're going to find our boy friends looking in other directions.

There was a day when life rolled along like a song. When every man's idea of the perfect girl was somebody like Mary Pickford, with long golden curls and a winning smile. But America's sweetheart has grown up now, cut off the tresses and developed sophistication. So if the perennial Mary finds a change necessary, how about you and me?

It's interesting to look back and see just how many milestones have been passed in the good old cinema sex parade. Mary Pickford certainly set the first styles. She

A long, rangy girl came out of the North. And the whole world went Garbo! Women copied her gowns and her bob—but they couldn't conquer her technique.

Right: Evelyn Brent, with her underworld portraits as the gunman's moll, started a new style in sirens. A bold baby—but interesting.

Far easier to go flapper in the Clara Bow manner—wear revealing sweaters, pleated skirts, fluffy hair, and wicked wink. The flapper!

was just a sweet kid—with not a sophisticated thought in her head. And for years, we had Detroit, Duluth, Denver, Boston, Baltimore and Beaver City flooded with first-rate imitations of Mary.

But after a while, the boys got tired of sweet cider and began demanding a thicker, more potent liquor. And here's where the real old time vamps crept in: Theda Bara, Nita Naldi and others.

Over-night America went vamp. And a man could scarcely enter his home or his sweetheart's home that he didn't slip over a tiger rug or develop a fit of coughing from the heavy incense that hung over the parlor like a blight. The Smith Brothers sold a lot more cough drops until this sex style went out because the vamps got too plump and a little fresh air was called for.

And here Bebe Daniels and Colleen Moore got their chance, and began doing a land-office business. Bebe as the nice outdoors comedienne, and Colleen as a pretty little girl with a great big sense of humor, began piling boys into the theaters. And the waste baskets in the sitting rooms of America's womanhood began to be filled with long black jet earrings, eyebrow pencils, slinky velvet negligées, and brand-new, unopened pasteboard boxes of sandalwood incense. While all the girls started out to copy Bebe and Colleen.

Perhaps this style of feminity lasted longer than any other. Men have always been true to women who can make them laugh. And certainly Colleen and Bebe have created more laughter to the square inch of film than any of our other feminine screen favorites.

But nothing is perpetual. And scarcely had we been able to give fair imita- (*Continued on page 109*)

Left: still another style—the clever song and dance girl, Lillian Roth.

And the silken siren, represented by Constance Bennett (center).

And now, the last word in screen sirens—the smart Kay Francis!

Meet the *NEW* BLONDE!

She's Jean Harlow, the heroine-hit of "Hell's Angels." Some say she has more pulchritude-appeal than any girl in pictures. How about it?

By Thomas Talbott

A blonde girl came out of the Middle West, played in Hal Roach comedies and a bit with Clara Bow in "The Saturday Night Kid," and then stepped right in to the leading feminine rôle in Howard Hughes' three-million-dollar air spectacle. "Hell's Angels." That's how it happens in Hollywood—sometimes!

HER mother calls her 'Baby.' The men call her a darling. I would call her a woman of character. But the world calls her wicked!

The world says she must be wild. They say no nice, modest girl could play the rôle of *Helen* in "Hell's Angels"—the only one hundred percent 'bad girl' I can recall portrayed on the screen—and not know something of wickedness herself, from first-hand experience.

Yes, the whole town's talking about Jean Harlow. They say all sorts of things about this society girl, divorcée, and millionaire's grand-daughter, who recently burst into pictorial blossom on the Broadway Belt when Howard Hughes' film of 'multi-million' cost had its New York opening—in two theaters on the same night, if you please—the Gaiety and the Criterion, both on Broadway. And 'packing them in' at both.

As I watched "Hell's Angels" I followed every move of *Helen,* the young girl whose chief business in life apparently was loving aviators—and leaving them. Then and there, I decided that here was one of the hottest portrayals I had ever seen in films. And I was pretty sure that the girl who enacted this sophisticated rôle knew her emotional oysters. A day or so later, I went up to the Chatham Hotel to have lunch with Miss Harlow—and to find out, if possible, just how wild a wild woman of the screen can be when she sets her mind to it.

When I reached the drawing room of the Harlow suite at the Chatham, which is one of those hotels where only discriminating people stay—Jean was not quite ready, so I just had time for a quick glance around. What struck me in this otherwise conventional drawing room were the books. There was Wassermann's "World's Illusion"—much thumbed and dog-eared; Dekobra's "Serenade to the Hungarian," something of Dreiser's, and on top of all, sprawled apart—"The Return of Tarzan." While I was pondering on this

Here's Jean in a scene with Ben Lyon from "Hell's Angels." Miss Harlow is wearing the much-disputed evening dress which makes audiences rub their eyes and wonder if a new Garbo—from Kansas City!—has burst upon them.

unique taste in literature, the bedroom door opened, and Miss Harlow stepped into the room.

There's absolutely nobody like her—on or off the screen. Unless you count those old engravings of Madame Recamier. Jean Harlow's hair is white. I mean it. It's so blonde, it's white. Has to be washed every three days. Her eyes are blue, shockingly, electrically blue—but soft. Her figure is slim—but soft. But it's none of these things that make Miss Harlow what she is. It's the shape, the character, the *piquante* contour of her face. Her chin is cleft, strong—but soft. Her cheek bones are high, strong—but soft. Her nose is straight, forceful—but intensely feminine. Her forehead is high, broad—but tender. It's not the loveliness of her face and figure, nor the fineness of her intellect, nor that blind-white dazzling quality of seduction that makes her what she is. She is a cinema sensation because she is at the same time voluptuous and—innocent. Like the peak of one of these snow-covered mountains whose fiery, volcanic heart erupts at unaccountable moments, covering the world with flame!

Miss Harlow was dressed in black, with white collars and cuffs. No jewelry, of course. And charming little blunted shoes with old French paste buckles. She wears nothing but black and blue for the day time. And white for evening. She never even had a colored evening dress until the night of the opening of "Hell's Angels" when she wore pink. She's a lady born. Unmistakably. Her voice, bearing, conversation, all bespeak a background of culture and refinement. Nothing synthetic there.

After I talked with her five minutes, I shook myself. Remembering her portrayal in "Hell's Angels," I decided I must be dreaming. The girl must be a good actress off the stage as well as on. She must be putting something over on me. Surely no girl who wore as few clothes as *Helen*—you remember that one evening dress with no back and less front, that left her exposed almost in her torsal entirety—surely no girl could be modest, innocent, and permit herself to be dressed like that.

"How did you feel when you had to wear those clothes?" I asked, determined to get to the bottom of the question in one jump.

"I didn't feel at all!" Miss Harlow answered. "From the time I got that script I was crazy about *Helen*. I read it at least eight times without stopping. I figured *Helen* was bad—bad clear through. But a thoroughbred, like a highly-strung race horse. She had gone haywire with the hysteria of war. But she had the courage of her convictions. She did what she wanted to do. I didn't even think of myself during the filming of the (*Continued on page 128*)

Well, what do you think? Is Jean Harlow a candidate for the laurels of Garbo and Connie Bennett and the other 1930-31 model charmers? Or is she just another blonde? When you have seen her in "Hell's Angels" you can make up your mind. Some say yes, some say no—but they're all talking about her. Her next will be "The Front Page."

A singing lesson, or a lesson in love? Either way, it's a pretty picture! John Boles is one of the few screen stars who is romantic as well as vocal. This is a scene from "Lilli," and the lovely lady is Evelyn Laye, the British girl who made such a hit on the New York stage last season in Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet." Boles is her leading man in her first picture, having been borrowed by Samuel Goldwyn from his home company, Universal. By the way, be sure to pronounce Miss Laye's first name with a hard 'E': 'Ee-v'-lyn.'

A Singing Lesson *by* John Boles

PERHAPS I won't be as comforting to all ambitious singers as those who say everybody should sing and that anyone who has the great urge can become a singer. I do not believe this is true. I do think that everybody should try to sing, for singing is a part of cultural education and a great outlet for human emotions; but I believe that very few have the vocal organs and the physical requisites which are essential for the making of a singer.

I do not believe, however, that a natural voice, divine though it may be, without imagination and the desire would be of any value to a person. Summing it up—it is all important first to have the natural voice, then the desire to sing; and, in addition, to have first-class training. Then when the technique of singing had been mastered, the coloring and finishing work is something that comes directly from within!

There is no medium in the world for recording the voice like the singing screen; in it one can see the 'color of one's soul.' Anyone with a quick insight into human nature may read the character of a person from the singing voice in life, but even keener is this tone photograph on the screen. I have to be very careful when singing a love song to be utterly unconscious of the 'mike' and everything about me. I have to visualize and feel every word of love from the heart. If I forget and become conscious of things about me, I can see it so plainly when the picture is run off! Every sound picture I see imprints this fact upon me more clearly: that sincerity must be the keynote of acting and singing.

There is great danger that the singers of the screen will be judged by hearing them in one picture, run off in one theater for naturally most people see a picture only once. Now this is really a very unfair way to judge a voice, for there are still many theaters, some small and some large, in which the recording is frightful.

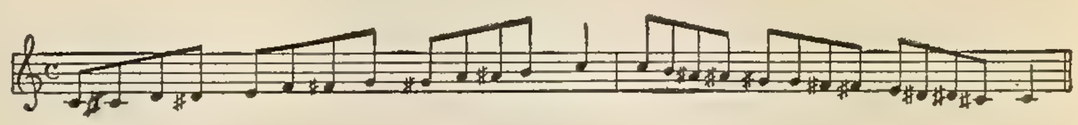
I have heard "The King of Jazz" several times. In one theater in a large metropolis it sounded so terrible that had I not heard the picture before in other theaters and in our own recording room at the studio, I would have risen from my seat and said "John Boles, do you call that singing?"

Now this is something that will be corrected in time, for the recording should be perfection in all theaters; but it isn't yet, and in the interim, hundreds of people are turning away from the sound pictures saying, "He can't sing" or "She hasn't any voice!" If these same people had heard the picture in a theater where the recording was one hundred percent, they would have had an entirely different impression.

People ask me how I became a singer. I sang as far back as I can remember. When I was a lad of five or six I was always being made to sing at Sunday school parties and for all the visitors (*Continued on page 119*)

JOHN BOLES' FAVORITE EXERCISES

CHROMATIC SCALE



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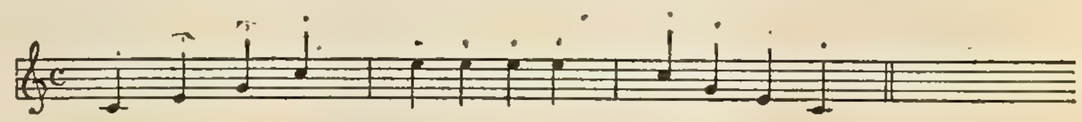
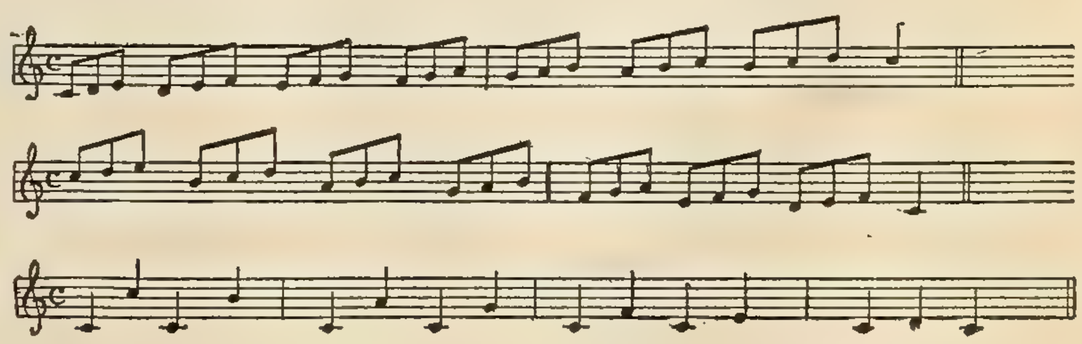


THIRDS—TRIPLETS



John Boles has written a sympathetic article of advice and inspiration to all singers, and of interest to everybody. His favorite exercises are given above. Go ahead and try them!

In Hollywood she lived in a mansion, rode in a limousine, and played polo with Will Rogers! But Agnes Christine Johnston left all this —for what? Let her tell you.

Good-Bye,

Why one of Hollywood's most successful writers and most popular girls left motion pictures, told by herself

By Agnes Christine Johnston

I HAVE left Hollywood! My beautiful home of eleven rooms and five baths; my Pierce-Arrow limousine and my faithful sports car; my wonderful little steeple-chaser and hunter, Pinto; my polo, and beyond all, my marvelous friends. I have left it all to settle in a little country town on Long Island, where I know scarcely anyone, where we live in a ramshackle old house with dubious plumbing and drive a 1924 Studebaker coach. I have left Hollywood for this; and I have never been so happy in my life!

Certainly Hollywood was wonderful to me. Money enough to give me every comfort and substantial savings besides; excitement, gaiety—I don't see how anyone could have had better times anywhere.

As I look back, it isn't the big parties I remember, Mayfair, Ambassador dances, or somebody's big Sunday afternoon 'crush.' Those things are rather dim to me already. But certain isolated hours stand out as clearly and joyously as the day after they happened.

King Vidor, Jack Gilbert, Aileen Pringle and one or two others, staying after a dinner party until four o'clock in the morning, picking the bones of a turkey and talking, talking, talking, about everything and nothing with an utter frankness, inspired by after-party exhaustion!

The day Will Rogers invited the girls to play on his grass polo field and joined the sport himself with his two sons, singled me out by my crimson jersey and shouted, "Come on, Red!" when I managed to make two hits in succession!

Frank Borzage's handling of an open speed-boat in a tumultuous sea!

Charlie Chaplin and Beatrice Lillie, at a Sunday supper party, vieing with each other in extemporaneous mimicry and then joining forces in singing the *Sextette from Lucia* with what I am quite sure was the sublimest burlesque that ever made an audience roll on the floor with laughter!

Marion Davies' remarks to a horse she was afraid might be as reluctant to be ridden as she was reluctant to ride it.

Doris Kenyon and Leatrice Joy and Irene Rich and myself, lying on the hot sand at the Beach Club, all talking about our children!

Buddy Rogers frying waffles at a Hunt Breakfast before a steeplechase I was about to ride in and making me forget how afraid I was by his good-natured raillery!

And work, too! For all people say and for all I have said about scenario-writing, there have been moments—yes, years—that were rarely stimulating. The "Forbidden Paradise" script with Ernst Lubitsch, who was only able to speak a little English at that time, but who didn't need language to reveal the brilliance of his mind. "Beverly of Graustark," which marked my first association with Marion Davies and the thrill of seeing every comedy point put over by her inspired sense of humor and finally watching it being welded into a charming whole by that nervous genius, Sidney Franklin!

Working with the lovely Corinne Griffith on "The Divine Lady," with Frank Lloyd unfolding the whole so that it was a symphony of beauty!

Heated, but stimulating and good-natured wrangles with King Vidor over "The Patsy" and "Show People."

Agnes Johnston wrote the scenarios of some of Marion Davies' best comedies, including "The Patsy" and "Show People." The two girls are great friends.

Hollywood!

Exchanging Hollywood luxury for Long Island economy! Agnes Christine Johnston (Mrs. Frank Dazey) and her children—Mitchell, Ruth Margaret, and Frank Jr.

'The girl who turned her back on Hollywood' has written, in collaboration with her husband, Frank Dazey, a play called "Nice Girl," which is now in rehearsal.

No, there may have been grief—plenty of it—but I question if the average playwright or novelist has as many highlights of inspiration in an equal number of years.

Everyone thinks I am mad to leave all this. Why, just a few days ago at a tea in New York, given by the Lawrence Tibbetts, I met four of my Hollywood friends, who were visiting in New York. No, I won't tell their names, but I will say that, one by one, they took me aside and told me I was crazy, wild, to leave Hollywood!

Perhaps I am. Sometimes I think so myself! But I'm happy here. So it's not crazy to stay where I'm happy, is it?

But why am I happy? Getting such a kick out of everything, being thrilled by economizing, riding in subways, sitting in balcony seats at the theater, putting lengthening flounces on last year's dresses, going to speak-easies, instead of night clubs (no deprivation). Why am I so happy? Because it's *different,* something new, a change. Writers, all creative artists have to have a change ever so often.

"That's the only thing I have against the executives of the picture business. They don't seem to understand. Once they have a director, writer or star make a success for them, they demand a continuation of the same type of work. When you try to break away, they seem to think it's because of some personal grievance.

Wonderful Tom Ince was the only employer I have ever left, who did not seem—well, not resentful exactly—but acting, somehow, as though I hadn't appreciated what he had done for me. When I left Ince, he only grinned. He knew the reason I was deserting him was to go on a honeymoon!

There's not much opportunity for change in Hollywood now-a-days. Years ago, before mergers reigned supreme in the land, and the companies were competing fiercely against each other, it gave you a great kick to be stolen by a company from under the very nose of a rival producer. It was a sort of moral contract to make good—to give the utmost that was in you, so that the firm that had gone to such lengths to get you should excel its rival.

I've always done my best work with new companies—companies just starting out, where everyone was fresh and enthusiastic. "Daddy-Long-Legs," Mary Pickford's initial picture for First National, "Rich Men's Wives," Ben Schulberg's first, when he was starting as an independent, "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave," and my Charles Ray series in the great days of Ince. Then finally those thrilling years when Irving Thalberg was welding together the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization into the great producing machine it has become. What a joy it was to watch great picture after picture unroll in the projection room, to stay at the studio from nine in the morning until midnight, in order to accomplish the rush of work that was given you, to get a smile from Irving when you made a good suggestion, or to be kidded by him unmercifully when your idea was bad!

But now-a-days, with only four really big companies, all of them understanding each other—not much thrill seeking a new job! Right or wrong, one has the feeling that the producers won't cut each other's throats to get you, rather they'll get together in an effort to—well, keep you from thinking too much of yourself.

Good business for business men—not so good for artists. Artists have to feel free—wanted! It's not so much the money that counts. My happiest job was with the old Vitagraph company when I was getting twenty-five dollars a week. It's the (*Continued on page 129*)

FASHION NEWS

All you want to know

A close-up of Maybelle Manning, who gives Screenland's readers the benefit of her talents and experience in a series of articles, of which this is the second, forecasting the new mode, expressing exclusive fashions.

DEBUTANTES are learning economy.

Junior Leaguers are discovering budgets.

Smart young matrons are window shopping with precious little in their pocket-books.

Nobody has much money to spend but the business girl. She is top dog now!

Scarcely ever before, in the history of the style world, has it been so necessary for women to make a real study of clothes as it is at the present time. For, owing to the financial depression which has covered the country, nearly every woman has to economize—the wealthy more so than the business or professional woman, who is almost the only one assured of certain remuneration at the end of each business week.

The Parisian designers are quick to feel this lowering in purchasing pressure. They are extremely canny in sensing the needs and states of mind of their American customers. I noticed when I was in Paris a few weeks ago how the new autumn ensembles lend themselves to economy. For instance, last year and the years before, every well-to-do girl had at least two or three ensembles in her fall wardrobe. Sometimes six or seven. But this year of 1930, even the moving picture stars are buying but one ensemble coat, and owing to the combinations introduced by Chanel and others, are clever enough to make this one garment serve for half a dozen dresses.

That is the way it can be accomplished. The ensemble consists usually, as you

Maybelle Manning designed this evening gown of quaint charm made of black Lyons velvet, which gives a crisp line to the skirt silhouette, which is ankle length in front and just touches the floor in the back. The youthful jacket is of pink silk lace.

by Maybelle Manning

about the new clothes!

The artist has sketched Miriam Hopkins, popular stage actress now making her screen debut in "The Best People," wearing a smart tailleur for late fall, created by Lucien Lelong. Of brown broadcloth, its 'Victorian' capelet and cuffs are trimmed with sable.

EDITOR'S NOTE:
Maybelle Manning is Screenland's stylist and fashion advisor. Noted New York couturiere, Miss Manning will tell you the very last word in the advance fashions—not only what the smartest women are wearing right now, but what they will wear tomorrow! There is no designer in America more cleverly equipped to turn your clothes-sense in the right direction.

know, of a long coat and dress. This season there are three decided varieties of coat worn, but we are concerned only with the first at this time. This in the cheviot coat. These cheviots always come in mixtures. Green and yellow-chartreuse. Russet and biege. And so on. And because of this mixture, we can make one coat serve for two and sometimes three dresses.

First, let's decide how we will make the coat. It can be fitted at the waist and trimmed with fur, say Canadian marten, which closely resembles sable, and combines well with green. Or we can have red-fox trimming, which is extremely popular this year with red-brown or terra-cotta material. That is the first style. The other cut is quite different—for this modern day. It is made along mid-Victorian lines, with a little cape which looks exactly like an old-fashioned tippet, and with it one carries a pocket-book muff.

I suggest the first cut, since this coat must be worn frequently. However, the second goes decidedly well with the piquant personality. But this is a matter which only you, yourself, can decide. And with either style, we can have two or three dresses.

If you have chosen a red-brown cheviot coat, you can have a red dress, a brown one, and a brick-tan one. With the exception of leg of mutton or some other form of exaggerated sleeves, the dress must be absolutely simple. And here lies the difficulty. It must be cut by a master hand. The belt will rest on the hip and no ornamentation is permissible except cuffs and collars of pique, and two or three buttonholes and buttons of real stones. No imitations allowed. Real topaz or real amber buttons on the brown or brick tan, and old ivory buttons on the red.

You can see how interesting and intricate these combinations may become. Suppose you decide on a green and gray cheviot coat, trimmed with the Canadian marten I spoke about. With this, you could have a green dress with real jade buttons, a gray dress, and a gray and black dress, both of the latter trimmed with real old turquoise buttons.

In case you wish more than three dresses, since all the coats are lined with brilliant linings, many times you can vary your scheme by choosing dresses to match the linings and contrast with the color of the coat. You are only circumscribed by the limits of good taste and by the depths of your imagination.

However, we don't have to pin our faith to cheviot coats alone. The other styles are intriguing and original. One is ex- (*Continued on page 106*)

Johnny the Kid

The nice boy from Alabama walks away with one of the prize rôles of the season—"Billy the Kid"

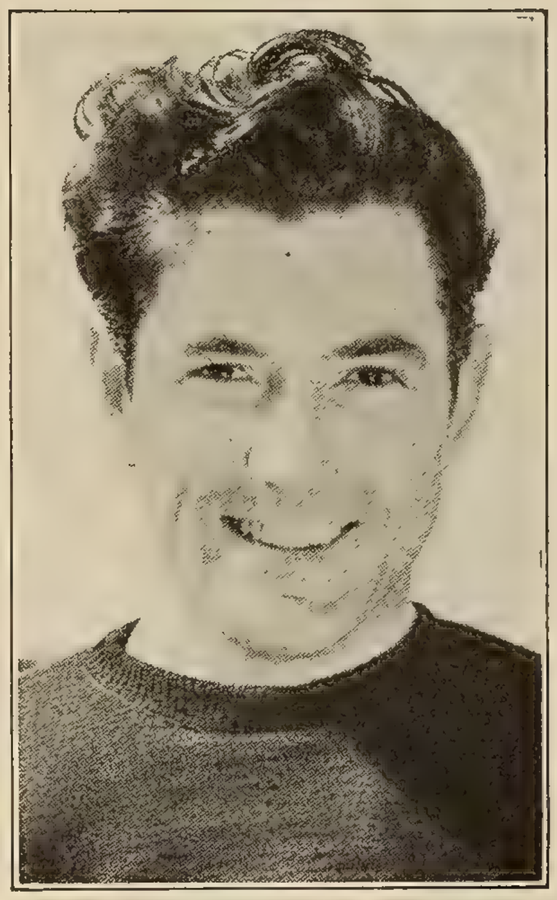
By Bradford Carroll

"COME a' shootin'!"

That's the motto of Billy the Kid and of the six Brown brothers, the second of whom is John Mack.

Billy went gunning for men. Johnny and his five brothers are shooting at success. And the seven of them seem to get the things they want.

Playing the part of Billy the Kid has been the secret ambition of Johnny Mack Brown for several years. When he was given the rôle, Johnny threw into it all the enthusiasm and eagerness of the average American boy who satisfies his thirst for adventure and daring by devouring the stories of bandits and Indian hunters and highwaymen.



Johnny Mack Brown's football feats opened the door to screen fame.

John and his quintet of brothers are just ordinary American boys, brought up in a small town, living an average, normal life. Johnny's home town, Dothan, Alabama, boasts of a population of about fifteen thousand people. Father Brown owned Dothan's shoe store and took care of his merry, scrambling brood of youngsters in a big, white frame house on one of the quiet southern streets.

There are ten young Browns, four sisters having slipped in here and there between the six brothers. Harry, Estelle, John Mack, Henry Tolbert, William Wallace, Charles Frederick, David, Mary Louise, Elsa and Doris are the good, old down-South names which the elder Browns bestowed on their children.

The saga of Billy the Kid is the story of an abnormal American youth, a chap who, at the age of twenty-one, had killed twenty-one men. The saga of the six Brown Brothers is the story of a half dozen normal American boys who have worked, and are working, their ways through high school and college and into a real success in their early twenties.

"We had a nice, comfortable home," Johnny drawled, his Billy the Kid boots swinging against the side of the big box on which he was sitting, "but it takes plenty of jack to feed and clothe ten children. Dad wanted us to go to college, every one of us, but we knew that it would be up to us to help out with the expenses.

"Harry is the only one who was faithless to old Alabam'. He went to Georgia Tech and was graduated there. That boy earned every penny of his way through school and was given the highest honors in his class. Now he has his own bond company in Atlanta. We all are sure mighty proud of (*Continued on page 122*)

Now Johnny is playing one of the juiciest parts ever offered to a young actor—the title rôle in "Billy the Kid." Under King Vidor's direction young Mr. Brown is said to surpass himself in the character of the most lovable 'bad man' in the annals of American banditry. "I feel as if I were living in a paper-backed thriller, playing this part!" grins Johnny.

PREVIEWS OF THE NEW PICTURES

Advance glimpses of the stars in forthcoming films

Marilyn Miller
as
"SUNNY"

Although the title of her latest musical romance may be changed before it is released to you in the theaters, Marilyn Miller's dancing and singing and smile and curls will still be—"Sunny."

Elmer Fryer, First National

"MOROCCO"

Richee, Paramount

GARY COOPER'S latest, the debut of Marlene Dietrich in American films, and Adolphe Menjou's return to Hollywood—"Morocco" is an event to await with pardonable palpitation. Gary plays a Legionnaire, and Menjou, man of the world, his rival for the affections of Marlene as a café beauty. Color—romance—adventure—and the excitement of determining whether or not Paramount has 'a German Garbo' in Miss Dietrich!

"The Virtuous Sin"

Richee, Paramount

WALTER HUSTON and Kay Francis — a grand screen alliance! You saw them together first in "Gentlemen of the Press." Now in "The Virtuous Sin," adapted from "The General," they revel in rôles of Russian drama and magnificence. Huston plays the 'iron-faced' General, *Platoff,* invincible in love as in war.

David Rollins and Marguerite Churchill play brother and sister in "The Big Trail," drama of Covered Wagon days.

"THE BIG TRAIL"

Fox Films

John Wayne, a new boy and a 'find,' plays the hero, with Tyrone Power as a desperado, in "The Big Trail."

Raoul Walsh has directed an 'epic' that is an epic—he remakes American history of one hundred years ago when the first pioneer wagon train left Missouri for the Oregon country—a journey which resulted in the winning of the West. Beauty—both of the pioneer spirit and of the land through which they fought—shines through this motion picture, the first mighty outdoor drama of the sound era. The cast includes John Wayne—a Fox discovery, Marguerite Churchill, El Brendel, David Rollins, and many others.

Hurrell, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

GRACE MOORE'S SCREEN DEBUT

In a version of the life of Jenny Lind, 'the Swedish Nightingale,' Grace Moore of the Metropolitan Opera makes her bow to screen audiences, with every opportunity to win her new public with her blonde beauty in the quaint costumes of the period, and her altogether charming voice. Reginald Denny is her leading man.

JOHN GILBERT'S NEW TALKER

Jack comes back! You'll like him, and his voice, in his forthcoming film called "Way for a Sailor." Gilbert achieves a real characterization as a hearty, human young salt who laughs and loves his way from port to port. Leila Hyams plays his girl; and the cast is further enlivened by Wallace Beery, Polly Moran, and Jim Tully.

Pollock, Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer

"MAYBE

Joan Bennett is the bright particular feminine interest of "Maybe It's Love." She plays a sweet portion of very modern girlhood as persuasively as she plays John Barrymore's old-fashioned sweetheart in "Moby Dick." Opposite her is the lucky Mr. James Hall.

Joe as a football hero will make your fall film-going more fun! But if you take your football seriously you will be relieved to learn that "Maybe It's Love" boasts the presence of Coach Howard Jones and the All-American Football Team.

Football, football! Fall days are upon us —tang in the air, heroes on the gridiron, pretty girls in the grand-stand—and "Maybe It's Love" in your favorite theater! Warner Brothers offer a Vitaphone comedy of college excitement with Joe E. Brown providing the comedy, and the Game and Joan Bennett the excitement.

IT'S LOVE"

Speaking of touch-downs—Joan Bennett scores with smiles and the All-American football team responds to a man.

Warner Brothers-Vitaphone

"WHOOPEE"

Eddie Cantor repeats his stage success, "Whoopee," on the screen. The Florenz Ziegfeld musical comedy has been produced by Samuel Goldwyn with all the Ziegfeld flavor and the Goldwyn film technique. And Eddie—well, just look at this picture; just look at it!

"Whoopee" has its love scenes, with Eleanor Hunt as the fair heroine and Paul Gregory, one of Broadway's handsomest leading men, as the menace.

You'll expect to see Ziegfeld beauties in "Whoopee" and you won't be disappointed. There's Muriel Finley, above, whom Ziegfeld calls 'the most beautiful show-girl in America.' And Marilyn Morgan, right, lends her charm. As for comedy—glance to the left and observe Miss Ethel Shutta and Mr. Cantor in a representative scene.

Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists

There are three different 'love interests' in "Leathernecking." Above, Lilyan Tashman and Fred Santley. Right, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Irene Dunne. That makes two!

LEATHERNECKING

It's a musical show—adapted from the original stage play by Herbert Fields, Richard Rogers, and Lorenz Hart. And the romance is told with, by, and to the Marines.

The third romance is supplied by Louise Fazenda and Benny Rubin (above). And—right—still more romance by Ken Murray, Miss Irene Dunne, and Eddie Foy, Jr.

Radio Pictures

"BEYOND VICTORY"

William Boyd, who heads the cast of Pathé's special production of the war, confronts a girl he left behind him, played by Dorothy Burgess.

Buddies — played by Lew Cody, Russell Gleason, James Gleason, and Fred Scott—before they go into the battle that is to exact the supreme penalty from three of them. "Beyond Victory" is directed by John S. Robertson.

Above: Zasu Pitts as Fritzi, the vaudeville knife-thrower, and wife of Jimmy Gleason, her 'target' in her act!

June Collyer plays the wife of Bill Thatcher (Bill Boyd) in the war drama, "Beyond Victory."

Elmer Fryer, First National

OTIS SKINNER *in* "KISMET"

Skinner is supported by a splendid cast, including Loretta Young as Marsinah (with the star in circle above); and Mary Duncan as Zeleekha (left).

Right: Sidney Blackmer in the act of convincing Loretta Young of the advantages of being the favorite wife of his harem, from Otis Skinner's "Kismet."

First National has filmed the great stage star, Otis Skinner, in his most impressive rôle—the crafty beggar of 8th. century Bagdad, in Knoblock's "Kismet."

"East is West"

Lupe Velez plays Ming Toy, *the lovely little Chinese heroine of "East is West," Universal's picturization of the popular stage play by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer. The cast includes Lewis Ayres, as* Billy Benson, *and Jean Hersholt.*

"Reno"

Ruth Roland returns to the screen in "Reno," a 'story of America's national dance of divorce' by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. This Sono Art-World Wide production is Ruth's first talker. The scene at the right is a glimpse of Ruth in her new role, with Kenneth Thompson.

"THE LAST OF THE LONE WOLF"

The latest adventures of the romantic crook called The Lone Wolf, *enacted again, and quite as agreeably as ever, by Bert Lytell. The popular crook continues his escapades in handsome settings, directed by Richard Boleslavsky and assisted by Patsy Ruth Miller.*

"EXTRAVAGANCE"

We don't mind how extravagant June Collyer is in her rôle of Alice Kendall *in Tiffany-Stahl's "Extravagance" if she wears gowns as becoming as the creation in the scene at left. Lloyd Hughes plays her wondering husband. Owen Moore is in the supporting cast.*

Columbia Pictures

ALL FOR FUN

Don't forget the short comedies! You'll enjoy the three pictured on this page. Above, Tom Patricola, who croons and clowns through "Si, Si, Senor," an Educational-Gayety comedy. Right, Nick Stuart—yes, Mr. Sue Carol—with Margie Kane in "Grandma's Girl," produced by the old master of screen comedy, Mr. Mack Sennett.

Johnny Hines is back! After a long absence the comedian returns to the fold and makes his first talking comedy, "Johnny's Week-End." At the left you see him in a scene with Adrienne Dore. Mr. Hines always picks pretty girls—remember Dorothy Mackaill, Mary Brian, and Leila Hyams used to play opposite him?

First he played in "The Kiss" with Garbo. Then he did "Common Clay," with Connie Bennett. Lew Ayres says these two sirens have something in common; both seem cold and reserved, yet have a wealth of feeling. Read what he thinks about them.

THE LUCKIEST BOY *in* HOLLYWOOD

Leading man for Garbo, Constance Bennett, Lupe Velez —Lew Ayres admits he's lucky!

By Marie House

HE'S the luckiest boy in Hollywood.

In a few short months he has been leading man for Garbo, Constance Bennett, and Lupe Velez; and he has played the lead in one of the really important pictures, the war epic, "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Young Lew Ayres. Of "The Kiss," "Common Clay," of Arizona and Minnesota. Everyone is interested in him. Everyone wants to know him. Let's track him down.

Several days later. We run him to earth. Aha! Hiding out on us, we accuse him.

"I did run away from the studio," he confessed with a twinkle in his dark blue eyes. Yes, you would be surprised. They *are* blue, and his hair is just a nice ordinary brown. "I've been working so steadily for seven months jumping from picture to picture without a let-up," he explains. "I got so fed up I had to get away. I won't start my new picture for a week or so. I went to Camp Baldy. I had a little cottage with a stream running in back of it, full of rocks and rills and fish. Nice trout. I tried fishing from my back porch."

We trusted he found the fish responsive.

"They were pretty good sports," Lew admitted. "I'd get so I could talk to them confidentially. I'd say 'Come on, old pals, let's have a little cooperation.' Why, some of them were so eager to comply they'd jump up on the bank without waiting for the hook."

We'll spare the details of how large the fish were. Besides, who cares about fish?

We talked of wine, women and song—that is, without the wine.

Lew says he hasn't time for love—that is, not now—so dry your tears. He's still young, being just twenty-one. And he still has his way to make in the world. What's more, he says he's never been in love—so far!

But here's a tip. All of us girls who have a yen for young Mr. Ayres, must start right in on our music lessons. He avers that he would demand above all in a girl a love of music. Other- (*Continued on page 108*)

Hollywood Marriage Market

Anita Page says: "I want to marry some day, but only after I've succeeded on the screen."

"To get a husband," advises Fifi Dorsay, "You must go to a small town or to New York or Chicago!"

Mary Brian thinks that in Hollywood men and girls are so busy working they haven't time to marry!

Mary Doran says: "Any girl who seeks a sound, sane, successful marriage should seek another spot!"

June Clyde, left, likes the good fellowship of the men of the motion picture capital.

IT was Fifi Dorsay's outspoken disgust with Hollywood as a marriage market that started the discussion. Now the argument as to whether one can or cannot annex a husband in the city of stars rages all over town.

You see, Fifi has a little sister she would like to see married. She brought her to Hollywood, thinking to shop around for a good husband and settle the girl happily and safely. But now Fifi is sending the little sister back to New York, where men are matrimonially inclined.

"Hollywood is not a city of romance," declares Fifi, "it is a city of struggle for fame. Actors are engaged in fighting for a place among the stars or in warfare to keep that place. They make love for a living. There is no interest in Cupid off the screen.

"To get a husband, you must go to a small town or to New York or Chicago, or anywhere that men are natural, human creatures. Not to Hollywood. Here men do not court girls. Girls must court men. If a girl is to go out, she must buy the tickets and invite the man. For men are in Hollywood to become famous or rich, not to be married!"

Mary Brian, who has more beaux than she knows what to do with, can't imagine having to court a man, but she is inclined to agree with Fifi that this is no marriage market.

"Hollywood hasn't done much for me when it comes to getting married," she dimpled. "All the girls I went to school with in Texas are married. You get quicker results there, if you're looking for a husband. Boys marry younger. As soon as they leave school, they seem to want mates. Doesn't seem much else to do!

"I don't think it's the men's fault here. It is just that both men and women are so busy working, they haven't time to marry."

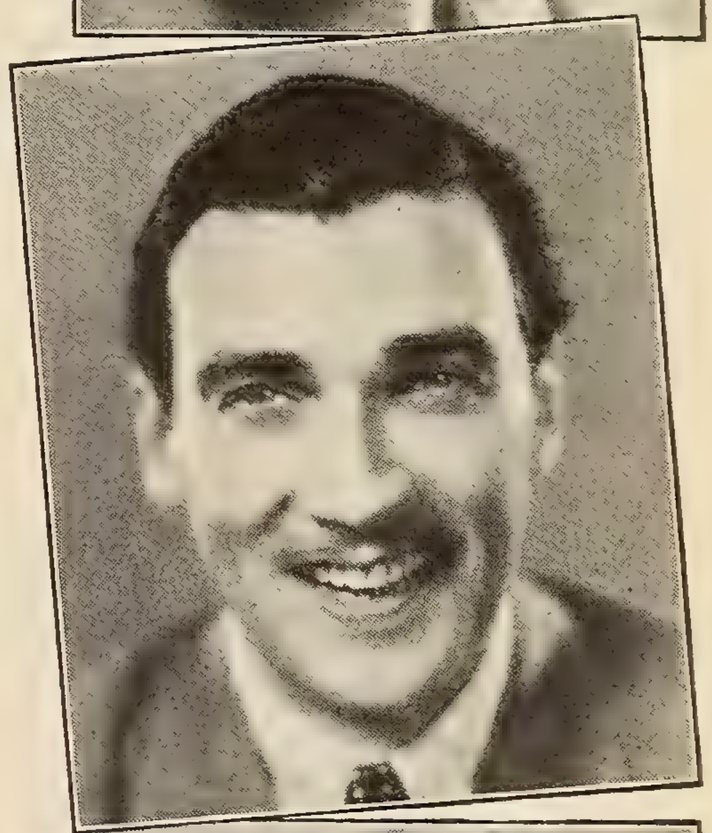
The trouble isn't with the men, it's with the girls, asserts that modern Adam, young Bruce (brother of Buddy) Rogers.

"Hollywood girls are too sophisticated. I'm going back to Kansas for a wife when the time comes. Gosh, a fellow would be afraid to ask one

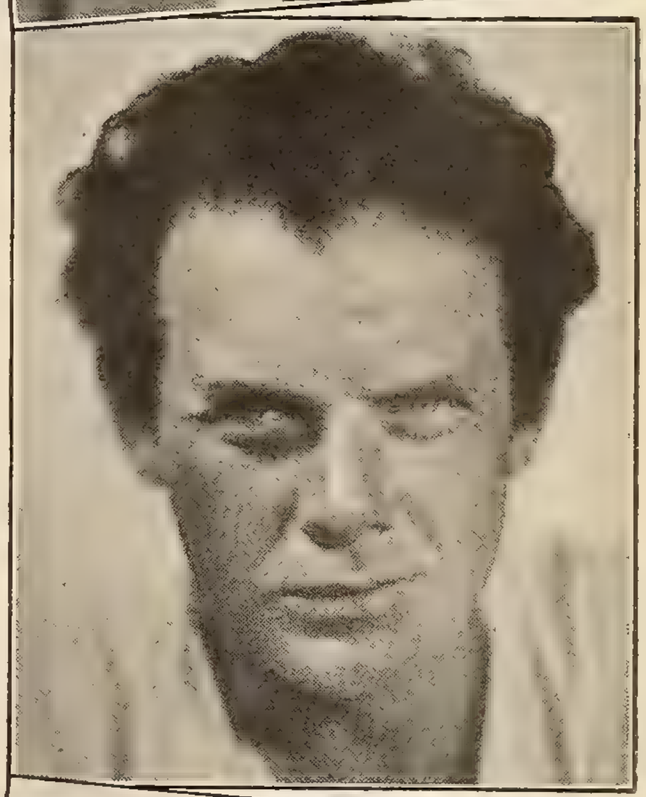
By Ruth Tildesley

"Hollywood is no place to find real romance," said Fifi Dorsay—and that started it. Now let the stars settle the future of husband-hunting in cinema city—to say nothing of wife-hunting!

"Southern California," says Richard Dix on the other hand, "is the ideal matrimonial market."



Walter Pidgeon whimsically avers that eligibility and susceptibility are not geographic!



"Chances for successful marriage are greater away from Hollywood," says Charles Bickford.

"Hollywood girls aren't serious about marriage, they want their careers," says Buddy Rogers.

of these Hollywood *femmes* to shake a duster! Not that one of them would have me. But all they care about is their careers. Buddy says he's not going to marry until he's 32. Maybe I won't, either. So why worry for the next ten years?"

"I don't want my wife to wave a duster," declares Buddy. "I expect to have the drudgery of keeping a home taken care of for her. I want a sweetheart and a pal.

"Hollywood hasn't been so good for me as a marriage market. I've been here four years and am still minus a Mrs. But I don't think New York men take matrimony more seriously than we do. Give 'em time to get around to it, Hollywood men all hope to marry—but New Yorkers are interested only in running around to night clubs, and *that's* no place to find a wife nor take one!

"Hollywood girls aren't serious about marriage. They are wrapped up in their careers."

A charge to which Anita Page pleads guilty.

"I want to marry some day, but only after I've succeeded on the screen," she confesses. "All the younger set here seem to feel that way, so I should think any other place would be a more favorable spot to look for a mate."

Gary Cooper thinks that no one who wants to marry should come to Hollywood. "Male and female—they're all spoiled here. Nobody's normal," is his verdict.

"Hollywood is no different from any other place," insists Lillian Roth. "People everywhere marry later than they used to do.

"In the marriage market, it must be fifty-fifty. It's no more a man's place to run after a girl than it is hers to run after him. I don't believe a girl should have to court a man, but she should let him know she's interested and help him out a bit.

"I don't think I'd like to marry an actor. A business man's life would be more stable. If an actor is not working, he's under your feet all day, and if he *is* working, he's at it night and day and you never see him."

June Clyde thinks men aren't so eager to marry here as they are in New York (*Continued on page* 123)

"Give us Hollywood boys a break!" says Arthur Lake. "I'm going to get married—watch me!"

OUR COSMETIC URGE

Tracing the matter of make-up from the days when ladies made their own to the present Hollywood perfection

By Virginia Vincent

Nero may have been an indifferent fiddler but he was an indulgent husband in the matter of his wife's beauty bills. Here's Madame Nero in her daily tub of asses' milk.

THE real flesh pots of Egypt, if the truth be known, probably contained home-brewing beauty lotions. Beauty used to be a distinctly domestic affair with as many formulas for rouge and cream as there were households.

Modern cosmeticians have made make-up safe for democracy. Fifty-seven varieties of rouge, twenty-one kinds of powder, and a different kind of cream for every

Clara Bow displays a make-up kit used by a Roman lady 2,000 years ago. The three cosmetic bowls of glazed terra cotta were used for mixing pomades; the bottles for perfumes and oils.

Beautiful complexions in the old days rested entirely upon the success of the home-made, hand-stirred formula which required 'the gall of an ox' as the strong ingredient. There were those who felt that 'frog-spawn water to clear the complexion' was absolutely essential!

Drawings by Quinneth Summers

The rise of Kay Francis, a charming person who does not fit the 'girly girl' formula, is leading the screen into an appreciation of be - yourself and act-your-age.

square inch of your face may be found on the dressing table for a fraction of the cost of the toiletry of one of the so-called historic beauties.

Beauty at all costs has been a rule since the world began.

Who could afford to take a daily tub in asses' milk in which lettuce leaves had been soaked? No one but Poppaea, who had an entire stable of white she-asses maintained for this express purpose. Nero may have been an indifferent fiddler but he was an indulgent husband in the matter of his wife's beauty bills.

Baths *de luxe* were an extravaganza throughout several centuries.

Strawberry juice, pressed from freshly plucked wild strawberries with the dew still on them, was a favorite of Isabeau of Bavaria, consort of Charles, the sixth.

Raspberry juice provided Madame Tallien with her beauty bath, and believing in its efficacy strongly she set her hand maidens the task of making a supply to last 365 days!

Spanish wine was another favorite used by the *belle-amie* of Alexander, the first.

There were lilac baths, spinach baths, 'flesh' baths in which veal had been soaked, and some simple formulas of wild thyme, marjory, and linseed.

Praises be for bath salts! They have a perfume that puts to shame strawberries, raspberries, alcoholic, and bovine mixtures altogether. In one single hand-throw anyone, without being a millionairess, may feel restored in body and spirit. Today, this is one of the simple pleasures of the poor!

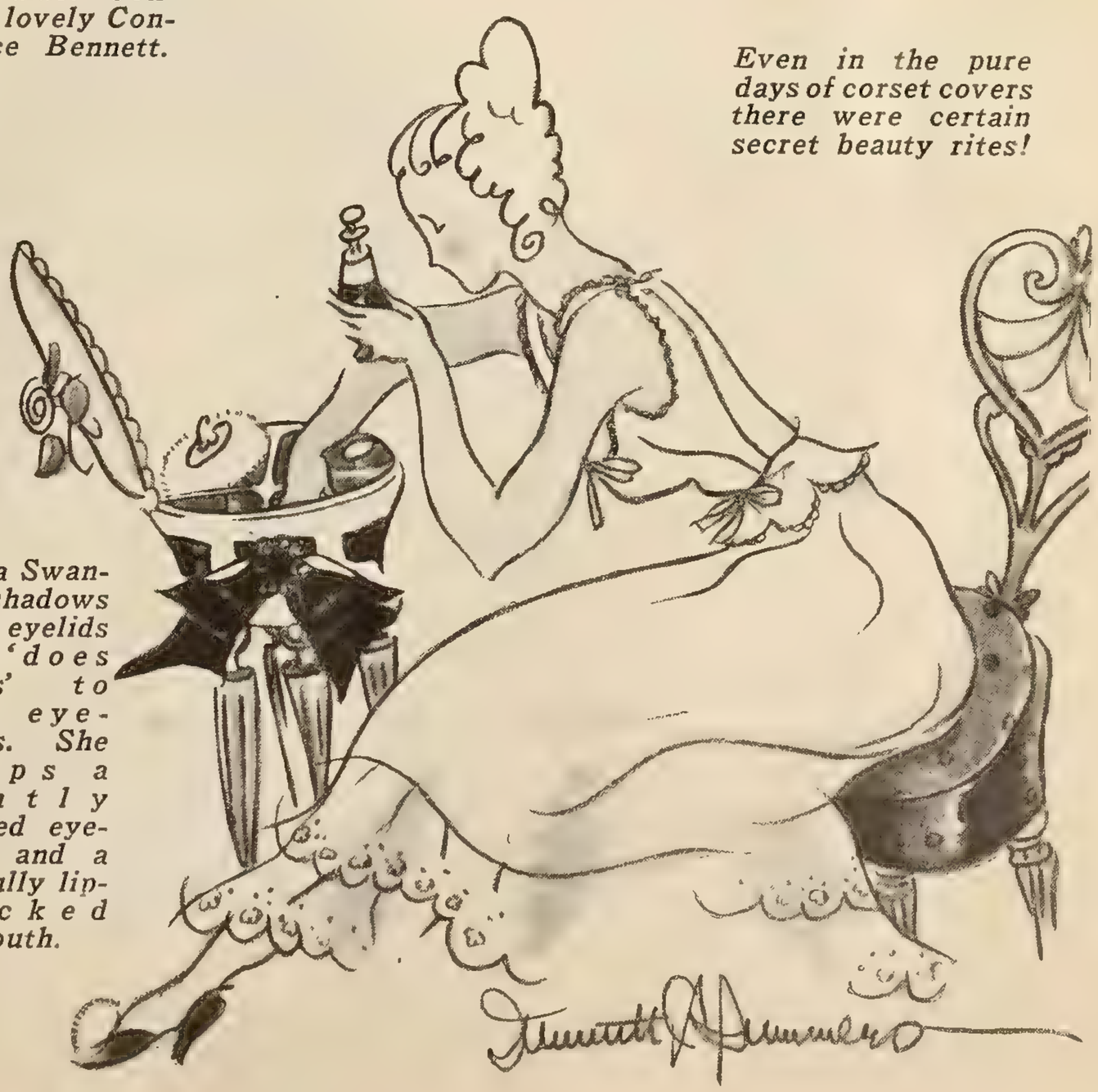
The outcome of the Princess Ethrelda's patches. Not that St. Ethrelda meant they should be used for the pomp and vanity of this world.

More important, perhaps, is the fact that cosmetics have been made safe for dermatology. Beautiful complexions in the old days rested entirely upon the success of the home-made, hand-stirred formula which required the 'gall of an ox' as the strong ingredient. There were those who felt that 'frog-spawn water to clear the complexion' was absolutely essential.

Modern make-up has become more art than artful. Forget if you can, the figures (*Continued on page 127*)

Modern make-up has become more art than artful. Forget if you can, the figures of the Hollywood stars and take them at their face value. Consider lovely Constance Bennett.

Gloria Swanson shadows her eyelids and 'does things' to her eyelashes. She keeps a neatly plucked eyebrow and a carefully lipsticked mouth.



Even in the pure days of corset covers there were certain secret beauty rites!

IDEAS EVERYWHERE—
IF YOU SEE THEM!

Famous scenarist tells the secrets of successful screen writing

By
Frances Marion

HOW to write a scenario? Well, it's something like the recipe for cooking a fish in "Alice in Wonderland:"—"First catch your fish." In other words, first get an idea!

There are certain tricks in writing a screen play, of course; certain formulae for stories, certain dramatic rules. Anybody can learn these. But they are just tools to work with, and often we alter them into special tools. They're useless without the idea.

Still, there are ideas everywhere. You can find them in newspapers, in real life; you can imagine a situation and build on it. Of course, you have to apply the right idea at the right time. I pigeon-hole mine when I think the time's not ripe to use them, and wait for a psychological moment.

As an example, about five years ago I heard that Lon Chaney's parents were deaf mutes, and it suggested an idea playing him as one. But in silent pictures that would not have been effective, for in silent drama everybody acted in pantomime and it seemed hard to get just the right contrast. So I filed the idea in a pigeon-hole, waiting for something to come up that would make it valuable. And sure enough—along came the talkies, in which you can make a deaf mute stand out because everybody else talks. So now I'm preparing to write the story.

Take "The Big House," in which I'm especially interested because George Hill, my husband, directed it. It came straight out of the newspapers. Here were prison riots and the obvious suggestion was to seek the underlying causes for the epidemic of revolt. We looked into these causes, analyzed them, and found a mighty drama hidden in the maze of facts we unearthed. Newspaper editorials give many ideas for stories—in fact, an editorial is often more suggestive than a straight news item.

I like to look for ideas in the newspapers, perhaps because I was a newspaper woman before I wrote plays. That's why I always work like a newspaper woman and enjoy the hard grind of so many hours a day writing, rewriting, and editing. Inspiration, so called, is mostly poppycock. Recognizing an idea for a story when one sees it, and being able to do a workmanlike job of putting it on paper—these are much more important to the writer of scenarios and plays, than anything else. And common sense, of course!

I was fourteen when I started writing—and Anita Loos the same age. I sold a page of verses to *Sunset Magazine* and she sold a movie story to a studio. I got five dollars for the verses and she got twice that much for the movie story. That's how I came to essay them—she told me what to do, and I sold one.

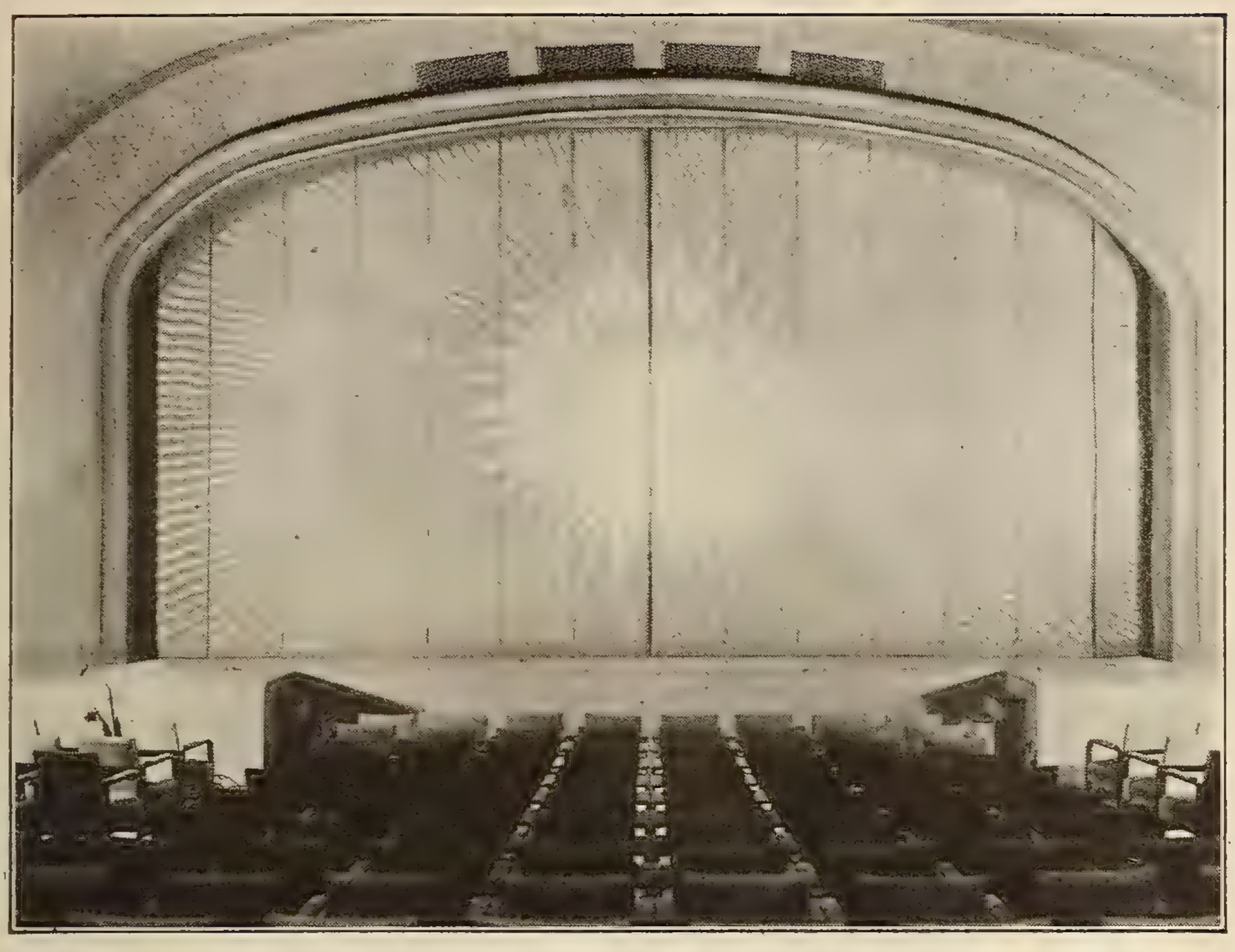
A group of us, who used to pal around in San Francisco in my newspaper reporting days, met again last year in New York. Sophie Treadwell was one. She has won her success in stage plays, notably "Machinal." Genevieve Parkhurst is another of our youthful gang of writers who used to pal around on Russian Hill. She is now a famous writer. We all used to have lean years—we went hungry together and worked frantically. And out of that coterie look what hard work did for them: Will and Wallace Irwin are famous authors today; Robert Welles Ritchie, then a newspaper man, now a novelist, and so on. George Sterling was another of the gang. His poetry will live forever.

Frances Marion, author of the film plays and dialogue of "Anna Christie," "The Rogue Song," "The Big House," and other hits.

Looking back over the years, I see that I rather grew up with the movies. That first little story for Biograph led to others, and I pounded out yarns for Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, the Talmadges, Richard Barthelmess and others in those primitive days. How different those stories were from "The Rogue Song," or "Anna Christie," or "The Big House."

As pictures progressed, we who were in early progressed with them. That's why today, in spite of the influx from the stage, the trained workers of the silent pictures still accomplish the outstanding things, in writing, directing, and acting. More of that later.

Working on just a couple of stories a year isn't good practice, according to my idea, for a scenarist. I like six or seven, so that I can keep busy all the time and



Interior of the theater, showing the novel electric curtain designed by Rockwell Kent. It folds back at the slightest touch of the operating push button.

Rockwell Kent, who designed the mural and curtains of the Cape Cinema, is perhaps the first important artist to contribute his talents to a screen theater.

Screen Theater

By Gray Strider

Cape to be driven swiftly in their foreign cars in order to be present at this opening night. Bankers, lawyers, doctors, actors, artists, poets, shopkeepers, fishermen—everybody who amounted to anything and many who hoped to amount to something, from as far north as New Bedford and as far south as Provincetown, had motored or walked to see Raymond Moore's new Cape Cinema. And they are still coming. It is the thing to do!

It is well worth a hundred-mile drive to see what an unknown painter with two hundred dollars has done in five years. The building itself is sheer, chiselled beauty. Sometimes it seems to me a Greek temple, so classic is its dignity. And then again, I like to imagine it is the first church built by the Pilgrims. I can even imagine John Alden and Priscilla entering the exquisite simple doorway to send up a prayer for their new happiness in a wild bleak land. So well as this has Raymond Moore carried out the keynote of early Pilgrim tradition in his cinema setting.

But before you hear about what is not only considered the most beautiful small house in America but is also looked on by critics as the last word to date in the experimental cinema theater, wouldn't you like to know how Moore accomplished this task of bringing beauty, brightness, amusement, true art to an isolated spot on the Cape?

Going back to that day five years ago, as Moore stood before his canvas realizing that "drama is the lighted torch which silhouettes human emotions against a background of common understanding," the painter was puzzled as to how he, personally, a southerner in a northern land, with but two hundred dollars in his pocket, could bring about this understanding.

But he did do it!

Moore found an old barn at Dennis. It was for sale for four hundred dollars. He put up his two hundred. All he had. And borrowed two hundred more from his fellow painters, as poor as he. His friends gave not only their money but their labor. Cleon Throckmorton, who recently, (*Continued on page 120*)

The entrance foyer—as modern as the exterior is old-fashioned in design. Some of Rockwell Kent's best work—museum pieces—dignify the walls.

PUTTING *your best* FOOT FORWARD

The feet may be trained in the way they should go if care is taken for their beauty

By
Anne Van Alstyne

Joan Crawford puts her best foot forward in this smart but classically simple model in footwear designed to complete the new silhouette. Suitable for teaing and dancing.

"BEAUTY is only skin deep," our mothers taught us when we were very young. "Beauty is as deep as the mind and heart and consciousness of the one who desires it," we were told as we grew older. A noble sentiment, and true, we suppose. But have you, I want to know, ever been crippled by weary, suffering feet, and at such times did you catch a glimpse of yourself in the mirror and note the ugly lines in your face and its haggard expression? If so, you will agree with me when I say that beauty is not skin deep but foot deep!

Ask any good beauty specialist and she will tell you frankly that one of the reasons her business grows and flourishes is because women, in their quest for beauty, neglect to give their feet proper attention. In the matter of wrinkle production, wrong posture, faulty shoes and attendant foot troubles have time and worry backed right off the boards. The feet should have as definite a course of care as the hands. Feet can not be beautiful, nor can they give good service with a minimum of wear and tear on nerve and muscle, if they are not given care and consideration.

The feet are marvelously built, and if well treated will render marvelous service. There are twenty-six bones in the foot, connected by more than four times as many muscles and nerves. There are four arches in the feet; the long arch at the inside of the foot, from heel to great toe; the front arch extending across the ball of the foot; the third arch at the outside of the foot from the heel to the base of the small toe; and the fourth arch across the middle of the foot under the instep.

The perfect foot is lovely in color, texture and line. It lies on the floor with the toes free from each other, pointing straight ahead, the inner arch lifting itself gracefully from any contact with the floor, heel lightly touching the floor, and—this is important—the added weight of the body on the outer arch. Almost everything the matter with the feet, foot specialists tell us, comes from swinging the weight to the inner arch.

Through misuse of the feet, lack of exercise of the leg muscles, incorrect standing and walking, or the wearing of badly designed, ill-fitting shoes, the arches may begin to sag and the bones slip out of place. Then distress is bound to follow. If the distress were limited to the feet it would be bad enough; but it also effects the back and causes pain at the back of the neck because the whole body is out of line. Stubborn cases of headache, backache, continued fatigue, unruly nerves and pain often mistaken for neuritis or rheumatism—each may have its origin in the feet. Nothing is so upsetting to nerves; nothing can cause such excruciating misery, and nothing is so devastating to beauty as hurting feet.

Just as a high building rests upon its foundation, your body rests upon your feet. Your feet represent the foundation of health. If a stone slips out of place in the foundation of the building, a crack may appear in the topmost ceiling. If your feet become flattened and weakened you are likely to feel the effects clear to the top of your head. How important then, to health and beauty, is a sound support.

The majority of foot troubles come from an improper use of the feet in standing or walking. Sometimes an

incorrect posture is taken because of the pressure of uncomfortable shoes, often because of carelessness or ignorance of correct posture. Perhaps you were taught to turn your toes out. For years, that method was taught the men of our army and navy and in the schools. Yet, standing or walking in that way is unnatural and often seriously harmful.

Shoes by I. Miller

Joan Crawford likes sport clothes and revels in the natural foot-comfort of low-heeled, well-fitting sports shoes in modish lines.

Place a mirror on the floor against the wall so that you can see your feet. Then practice standing and walking correctly. In standing, point the toes straight ahead and place the feet two to four inches apart. Keep the ankles straight and support the weight on the outside of the feet. Keep in mind this position and when you have a chance, practise it while standing by gripping the floor with all the toes. This exercise lifts the long arch and places the toes and outside of the feet in a correct position. You will find this position quite comfortable, and the task of standing for a long time will be less wearisome than when the feet are turned out or the ankles allowed to bend in. In sitting, too, the feet should point straight to the front, or be slightly turned in.

In walking, it is important to jar the body as little as possible. Learn to walk without pounding your heel. First, place the outer side of the heel on the ground following along to the small toe so that the weight rolls from the heel around the outer ball at the base of the great toe. This toe joint then plays the important part of giving the body its push forward for its next step. When you walk, be sure to toe in enough to make the foot perfectly straight in its step. Toeing out takes from the trimness of ankle, from the perfect alignment of the body and from a free rhythmic carriage. Toeing out is one of the causes of fallen arches and is a symptom rather than a disease, meaning that it's time to watch your step, to toe in, consciously to throw your weight on that outer arch that is ready and waiting to take it.

Whenever you have time, do a few simple foot exercises either barefoot or in soft slippers.

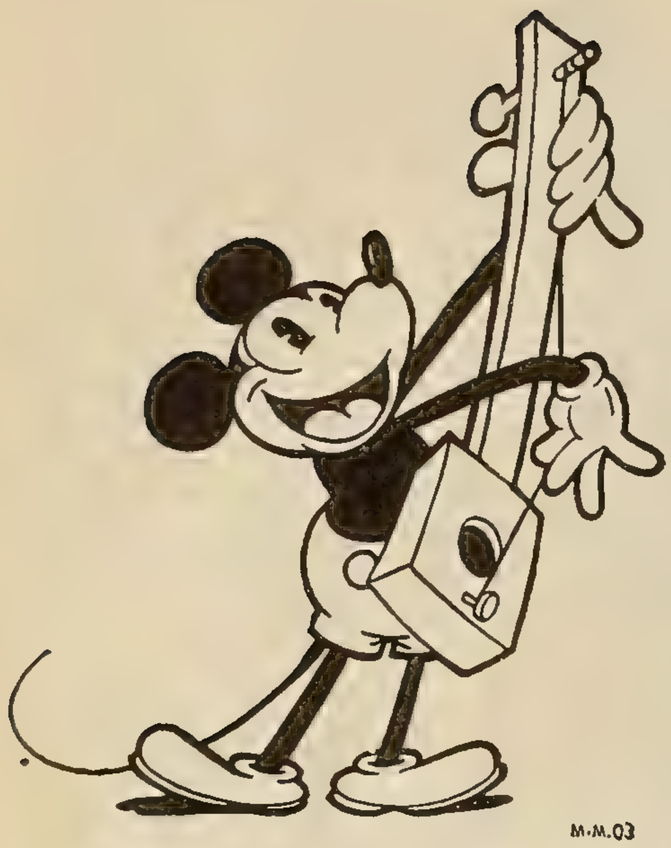
Assume a correct posture and practise walking slowly around your room. Feel the (*Continued on page 104*)

Dorothy Jordan, in well designed, correctly made shoes, steps smartly out and sets the pace for the football fashion parade.

Loretta Young does a stretching exercise. Excellent for strengthening the arches and keeping the ankles slim.

Lila Lee, in her favorite sandals, practices toe-setting exercises for slenderizing the hips, legs and ankles.

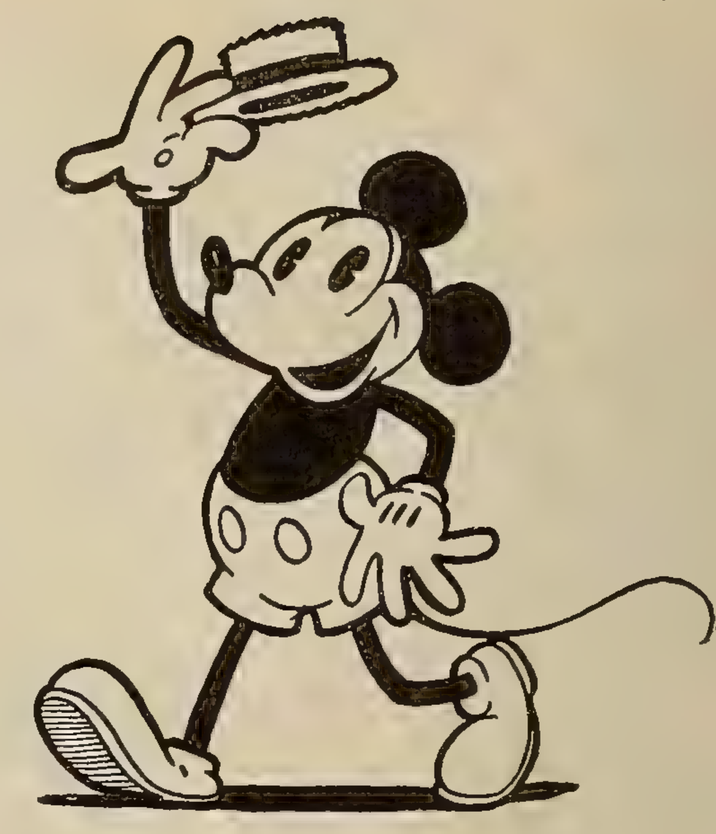
Sandals by Deauville



Mickey Mouse, that enterprising little fellow who flits about the Walt Disney sound cartoons, has engaged the interest and admiration of audiences the world over.

Cartoons of Mickey Mouse by courtesy of Columbia Pictures

A famous English critic calls Mickey 'the aesthetic Mouse,' and each cartoon in which he appears 'ten minutes of undiluted aesthetic pleasure.'



In a Thousand Years

Suppose we could see talkies taken a thousand years ago! Then we would appreciate that modern miracle, the talking picture.

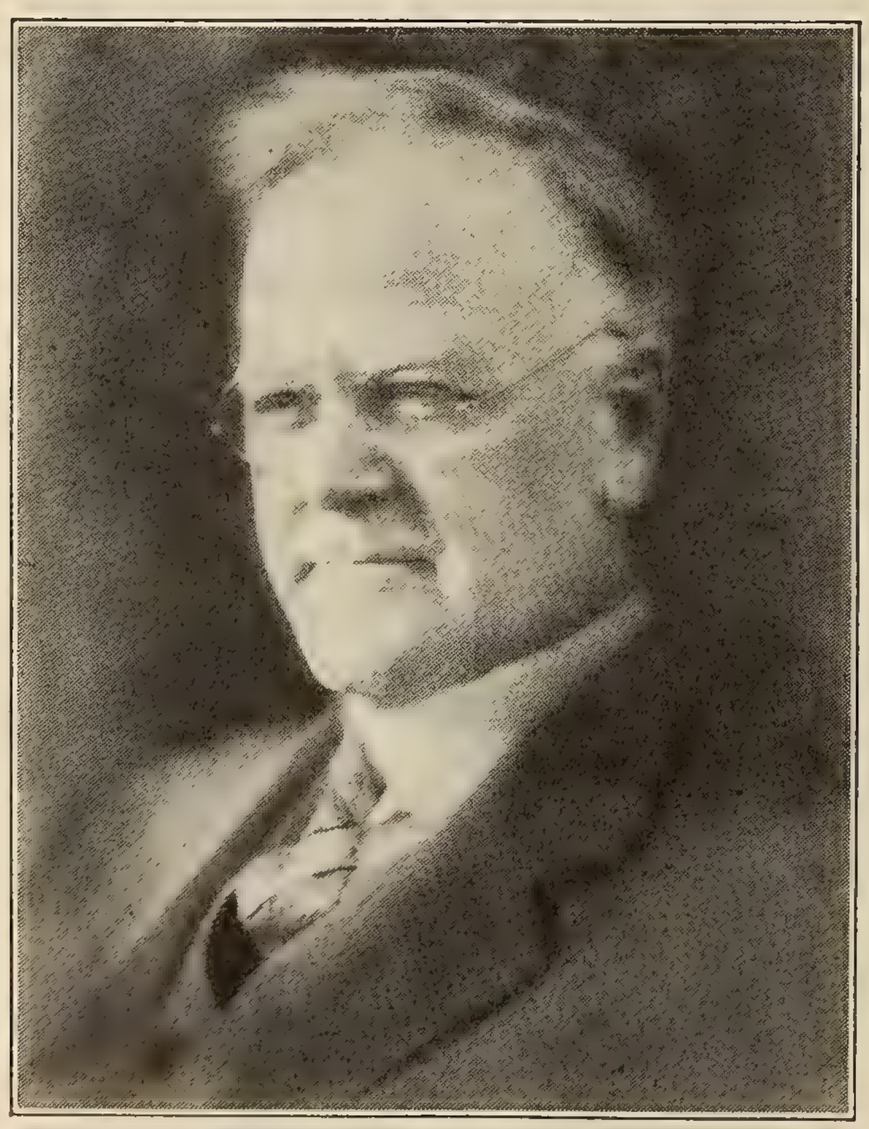
By Dr. Alexander Cairns

JUST set your alarm clock for six A. M. a thousand years from this morning and then you will understand better what a miracle the movie is!

If you are a sound sleeper—(a sound sleeper is one who snores)—it may be that Gabriel's trumpet can be purloined for the occasion.

We are too close to the movie to catch its miraculous qualities. But when Aladdin rubbed his magic lamp and called forth gold or goblins he did nothing more marvelous than the daily doings of the talkie-movie.

The other night at the movies, I saw-heard a cartoon rat play Rachmaninoff's *Prelude* on a cartoon piano. And it was real music, too. The masters of the keyboard could have done no better. And then the rat and the piano and the stool all came out and bowed their appreciation of the applause. I laughed till I was buttonless. Let Aladdin beat that!



Dr. Alexander Cairns, who wrote this whimsical essay, is a well-known lecturer, teacher, preacher, and poet.

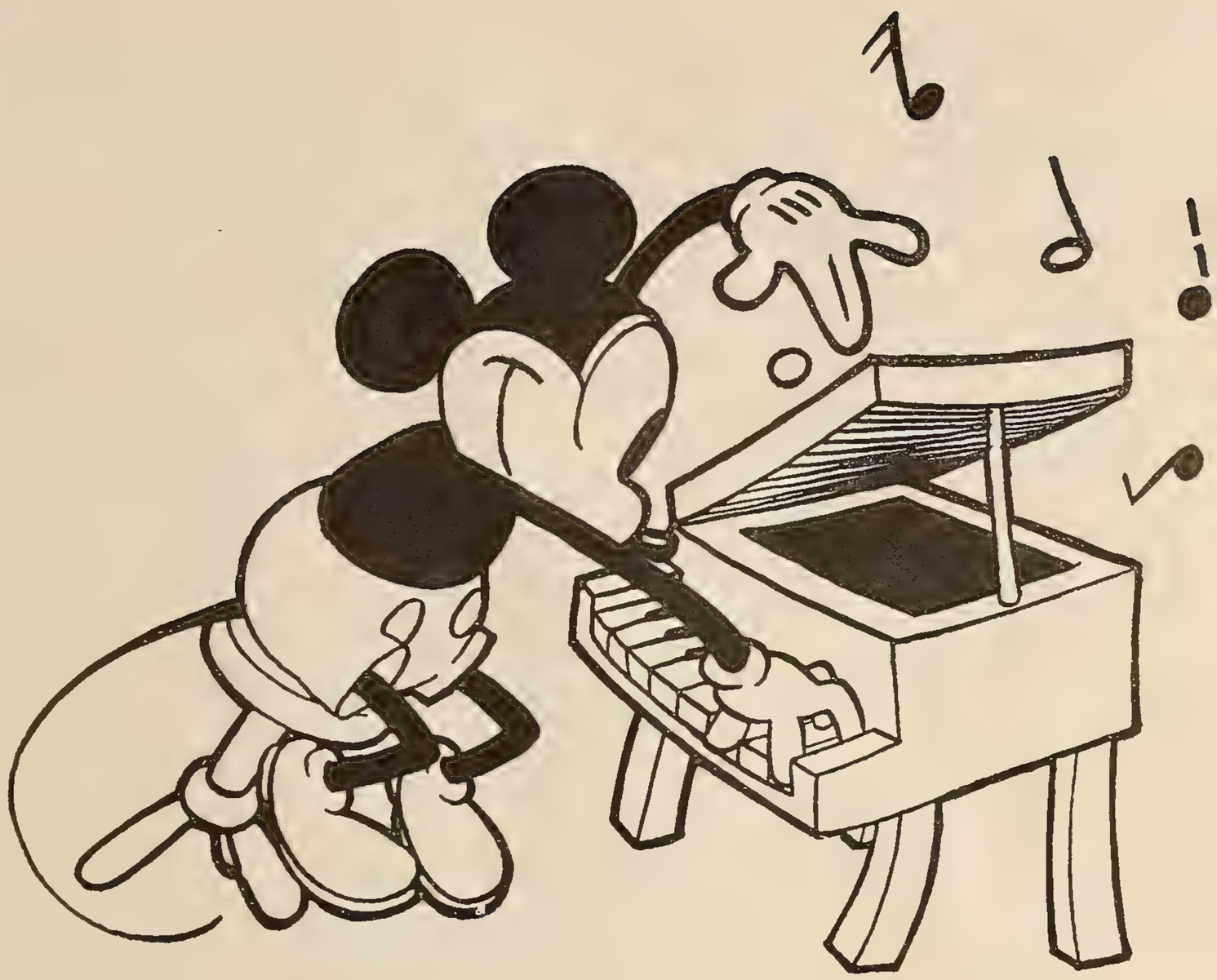
We might imagine the movie thrills a thousand years from now if we could witness a talkie taken a thousand years ago. Not only scenario fiction but news reels. Imagine seeing Vesuvius in a state of eruption and the lava flowing down and burying the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. And suppose we should catch a glimpse of *Nydia,* the blind girl of Pompeii! Such a sight we would behold today had the talkie been invented by a genius of the olden days.

Just think of the Bible done in news reels! Moses found in the bulrushes by an Egyptian flapper! Noah and the ark and the big rain and the animals going in two by two, the elephant and the kangaroo! Samson killing the lion and then landing a million-dollar scenario contract! David with his sling shot making the giant Goliath go down and take the count. The whale swallowing the indigestible Jonah! Well, I'll wager rotten apples to rubies that such a reel would have a forty-year run on Broadway!

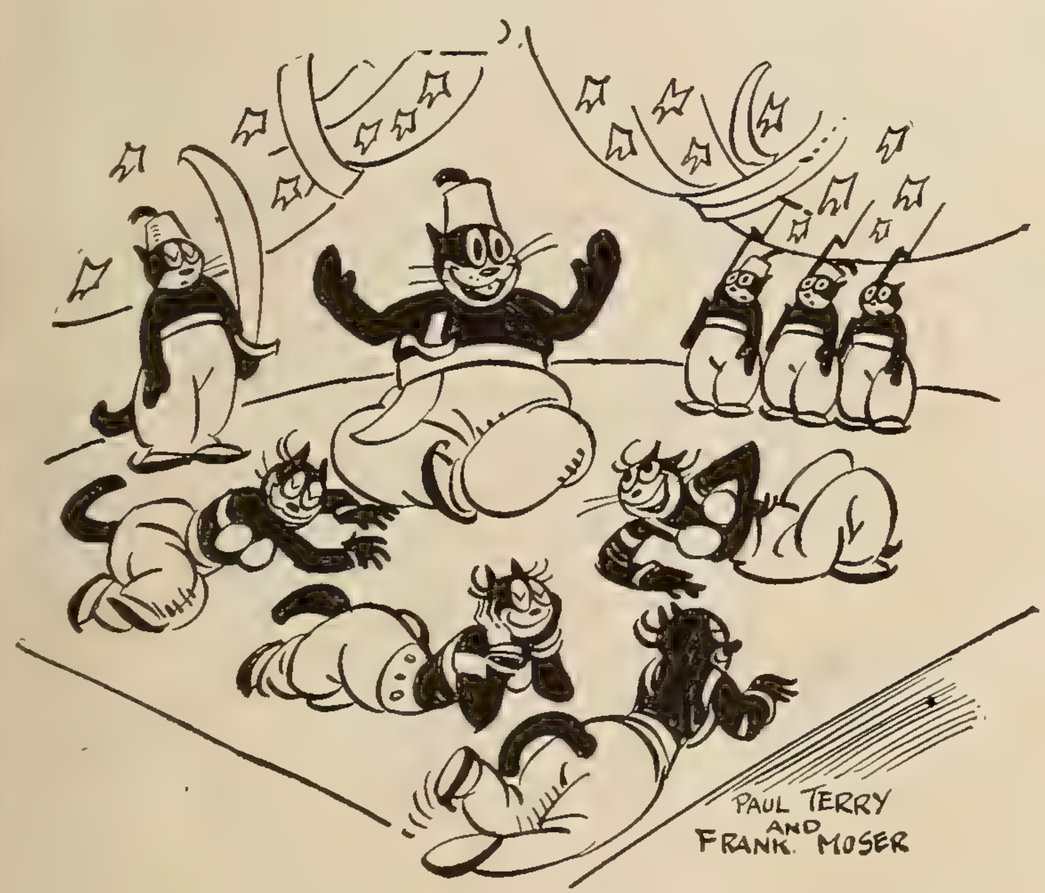
Imagine a student reading history a thousand years from now. He comes to the twentieth century and it is called the Age of Edison. And he says, "I guess I'll have a look at that genius who said, let there be light and there was light." He touches an electric button and sees Edison walking about his garden or working miracles in his laboratory or talking to the reporters on his century birthday!

Why not? Reels taken today may be seen when New York is as old as Thebes or Rome. Suppose today you could see Pericles walking the streets of Athens with his sweetheart Aspasia as he did twenty-five hundred years ago.

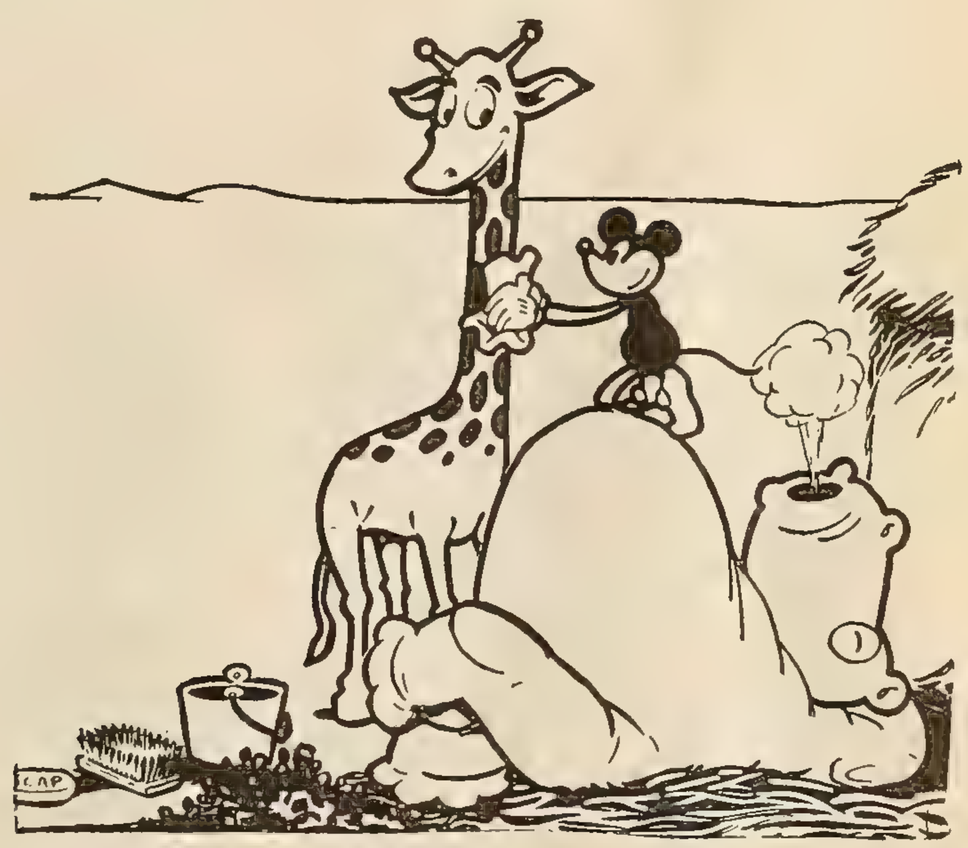
If the talkie-movie had gotten itself entered at the



Dr. Cairns says: "I saw-heard a cartoon rat play Rachmaninoff's Prelude on a cartoon piano, and it was real music, too. I laughed till I was buttonless!"



A captivating scene from "Hot Turkey," one of Paul Terry's "Terry-Toons," presented by Educational Pictures.



The cartoon animals are popular with children of all ages. These appear in Fleischer's animated cartoons.

patent office at Washington about the time Cain and Abel were taking a dive into Riley's Old Swimmin' Hole, then today all the thrills of history might pass before us as we sit enraptured in a movie house. There go Antony and Cleopatra down the Nile in a galley boat propelled by husky Numidian slaves. There she plays her last act with the asp in her bosom.

Think of seeing Rome burn to the accompaniment of Nero's Strad! Or Spartacus and his fellow gladiators fighting beasts in the arena! Or the Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, throwing Christians to the lions! Or Louis XVI and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, beheaded at the guillotine! Or Ridley and Latimer burned at the stake! Or Joan of Arc dying in the flames! Or Captain Kidd and his pirates looting a merchant vessel and making the skipper walk the plank!

Think of the school children studying American history by the talkie! Suppose they could see Daniel Boone and David Crockett and Kit Carson and Buffalo Bill matching wits and weapons with the Indians! And there is Washington and his father telling him "I would rather you would tell ten thousand lies than cut down a cherry tree," or words to that effect! And Lincoln at Gettysburg! Teach history that way and hookey will be a lost art and grandmother will stop celebrating her funeral.

So it will seem when the alarm clock goes off a thousand years from this morning. For today few events of world interest go unrecorded by the movie. If you are matching miracles, mine is the movie.

Ex-Follies Girl!

Claudia Dell graduates from Ziegfeld glorification to screen stardom

By David Arnold

THERE is always irony in the story of the young man or woman who comes to Hollywood without any particular ambition for fame in the movies and succeeds in them. So many who come imbued with hope and determination to make their name and fortune, depart failures, disillusioned and discouraged, that the success of one who arrives with utter indifference to the glamour has a romantic fascination about it.

That is the story of Claudia Dell, who abandoned two attractive stage rôles in New York, because she couldn't overcome homesickness for her family. Consequently, she departed for Los Angeles where her father and mother had taken up their residence. During her stage career and as a feature of Ziegfeld productions in New York and London, she had never been intrigued by motion pictures. Today, scarcely three months after her arrival in Hollywood, she has been entrusted with three of the most important feminine rôles that Warner Brothers studios had on their schedule.

Somebody hailed her as 'the blonde Louise Brooks.' But Claudia Dell, whom you'll see in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" and "River's End," has charm and talents all her own. Warners are grooming her for stardom. Another Ziegfeld girl makes good in the movie city!

A blonde beauty from San Antonio, Texas, by way of New York, Mexico City, London, and Paris, finds her real career in Hollywood: Claudia Dell.

Claudia Dell was born in San Antonio, Texas, and her blonde southern beauty with her soft, musical voice, characteristic of the South, is one of her chief charms. Her family was well-to-do and when her father was obliged to take up his residence in Mexico City while Claudia was a child, she received considerable of her early education in an English school there. And it was to be her lot that foreign cities were to give her much of the culture and cosmopolitan poise that is one of her notable characteristics.

Fortune found her at various times during her youth in Nice, Monte Carlo, Paris and London where she absorbed the language, the education and cultural background that these places can bestow.

Even as a child she was remarkably accomplished and her first appearances as an entertainer were at Kelly Field, where her childish songs and dances were an attraction to the soldiers there during the war. These experiences delighted her and she can not remember when she was not eager to go on the stage.

When her parents released her from her school work she visited relatives in New York, and had the good fortune to attract the attention of Flo Ziegfeld, who immediately gave her a place in his Follies; and at his suggestion she continued her voice training and dancing.

Her enthusiasm and ambition quickly brought her the first big chance, to play the lead in Ziegfeld's London production of "Merry Mary." And then followed a succession of important rôles, chiefly under the sponsorship of Mr. Ziegfeld. It was upon the threshold of new success in New York that Miss Dell found the desire to see her mother and father stronger than her ambition and summarily departed for Hollywood.

Now the ordeal of waiting in casting offices, haunting the studios in wait for interviews that is the lot of nearly every neophyte in Hollywood, never plagued Claudia Dell. Attracted by her personality, an acquaintance obtained her an audience with a Warner Brothers executive and within an hour after her tests were completed, she was signed for the leading feminine rôle in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." (*Continued on page 111*)

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "TOM SAWYER"

WITH Jackie Coogan as *Tom*,
Mitzi Green as *Becky Thatcher*,
Junior Durkin as *Huck Finn*.

Hurrell

PORTRAIT of a popular screen star who also manages to be a sane, poised, and happy young woman—Joan Crawford. Since her marriage to Doug Junior, Joan has prospered in her career and assumed her place as one of Hollywood's smartest young matrons.

HE'S grinning, too. And why not? First National has just patted him on the head for his fine work in "The Dawn Patrol"—a pat in the convincing form of a starring contract. Doug Jr. is not only a splendid actor, but a poet, an artist, and a happy husband!

Elmer Fryer

Chidnoff

THE return to screen prominence of lovely Mary Astor is one of the most gratifying events that Screenland has been privileged to chronicle in a long, long time. Mary shines in "Holiday" and "Adios," with a voice to match her arresting beauty. Watch her!

William A. Fraker

THE new acting sensation of Hollywood, Barbara Stanwyck. In "Ladies of Leisure" Barbara gave one of those rare performances that precipitates the player into deserved popularity. And now she is keeping up the good work in "Bless You, Sister."

Richee

THE grandest grin in the history of the motion picture industry, contributed by your good friend, George Bancroft. George is about to present you with another hearty characterization in his latest rousing talker drama, robustly titled "Typhoon Bill."

Preston Duncan

HERE'S a picture of the real Irene Rich—not the regal actress you'll be seeing in "On Your Back," but the frank and humorous and altogether appealing person who is Mrs. David Blankenhorn. Right now she is busy as the heart interest in "Boy of Mine."

YOU may not recognize in this demure young thing the effervescent ingenue of Radio Pictures, Dorothy Lee. But Dorothy posed like this to convince you that she has her serious moments, and need not confine her versatile talents to song-and-dance films.

Preston Duncan

"THE DAWN PATROL," that air epic that cemented Dick Barthelmess' popularity and hastened the state of stardom for Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is also responsible for presenting Neil Hamilton in his most effective rôle in months. His latest? "Ladies Must Play."

Preston Duncan

Otto Dyar

A LADY who needs no introduction but who is going to get it just the same: Ruth Chatterton. She's being called First Lady of the Cinema, and it is no idle title, for Miss Chatterton brought dignity and intelligence to the talkers. She pioneered!

Russell Ball

A LAD with a voice, Fred Scott. He sang his way into favor in "Swing High." But he can check his trusty tenor in his dressing-room and score without it, as he is proving in Pathé's war drama, "Beyond Victory." He's a most unassuming actor.

Elmer Fryer

SCREEN juvenile, new style. Frank Albertson plays fresh young men with so much honest enthusiasm and humor that he is almost a valid reason for those films that profess to portray the antics of the 'younger generation.' His latest is "Just Imagine."

Preston Duncan

JOAN BENNETT is on the threshold of stardom. She will soon start work in her first starring picture, "Smiling Through"—an audible version of Norma Talmadge's great silent success. The story is quaint and sweet—entirely fitting for the littlest Bennett!

Russell Ball

IT'S always fun to say "I told you so!" Screenland can point to Helen Twelvetrees and say it now—only it isn't polite to point. We ballyhooed Helen from her very first film. And when you see her in "Her Man" you'll understand our enthusiasm.

CHESTER MORRIS is featured alone for the first time in "The Bat Whispers" —and about time, too. For since his brilliant work in "Alibi," Chester has become one of our leading young actors. The best vehicles are none too good for Mr. Morris!

John Miehle

"My solution to the problem of cleansing without irritation is — Palmolive Soap . . . I feel especially safe in using and recommending Palmolive, because I know that no oils are used in it except vegetable oils."

Marguerite Hoare

An interview with Marguerite Hoare, *of London* on the relation of *soap* to beauty

Why soap is essential—and which soap to choose . . . answered by adviser to women of exclusive social and diplomatic circles.

WHEN women of importance choose a beauty expert in a strange city, they make their choice with some care. During the Naval Conference in London, the wives of the delegates consulted women in diplomatic circles. Who took care of the wives of ambassadors and ladies of distinguished British families? . . . they asked. "Marguerite Hoare, of Mayfair," was the answer.

Miss Hoare's salon at 19 South Wolton Street is one of the world's important beauty shops. Here, Miss Hoare recently gave an interview on home beauty methods that will be of genuine interest to every woman.

Wives of ambassadors and distinguished members of society come to Miss Hoare for advice and beauty treatments.

"WHEN *not enough* soap and water is used," said this prominent expert, "one risks oiliness, blackheads and similar disfigurements. When the wrong soap is used, one suffers dryness, roughness, irritation, injured skin texture.

"My solution to the problem of cleansing without irritation is—Palmolive Soap. Palmolive is a delightful soap to use — bland, soothing and gentle. Yet its soft lather has wonderful cleansing properties. It softens and carries away all impurities from the pores.

"I feel especially safe in using and recommending Palmolive, because I know that no oils are used in it except vegetable oils."

The Palmolive method of home cleansing is so easy to follow. Here it is, as outlined by the leading beauty specialists all over the world:

First, massage a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water tenderly into the skin.

The twice-daily cleansing should consist of massage with a rich lather of Palmolive and warm water, followed by thorough rinsing.

Now, rinse off the soap with plenty of warm water, then colder and colder, until your skin actually tingles.

This Palmolive cleansing is the method advised by Marguerite Hoare of London, who advocates and uses Palmolive Soap in all her beauty treatments. *The same method* is recommended today by 23,723 beauty experts all over the world, who in all their experience have found no better, safer method.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Retail Price 10c 6071A

POWELL—

Few know the real Bill Powell But here he is. You'll like him!

Practically in Person

By John Godfrey

FOR seven years the world knew one Bill Powell—a sly villain. And for the same seven years, Hollywood knew a totally different Bill Powell—the most charming man in the film colony.

Women of the outside world adored the 'sheiks,' but to the women who knew Bill Powell, he was their favorite actor.

With one talking performance in "Interference," the Bill Powell of Hollywood became known to the world. After seven years of dirty work, Bill suddenly found that he was a hero. Women of the world joined the ranks of the women in Hollywood. And all his treachery had abruptly turned to charm! Bill had arrived.

This is the story of the real Bill Powell.

He lives in Hollywood with his mother and father.

He has great power of concentration — a habit which he has had all his life. When Bill was a little boy he spent several summers in a small New England town at the home of an aunt. One of his daily jobs was to go to the town store and buy the daily newspaper. Immediately upon purchase, he would spread out the paper on the store's floor, open to the funny page, lie flat on his stomach and read the page while customers walked over him and business was done above him. He never paid the slightest attention to anyone but just kept reading until he was finished.

And now, during production of a picture, he gives up all outside diversions until the production is completed. Upon delivery of the script, he begins reading it the first night. After his dinner, he spreads himself on his bed and works until the early hours of the morning memorizing the lines and checking the dialogue.

He studies his characterization long before he attempts to play it. Therefore, he knows what his character would do under any circumstance.

When he works, nothing is too difficult for him. No hours are too long. But when he plays, he sees that he is absolutely free from his studio contacts. He rests, reads, plays tennis and travels during his vacations.

He never talks about his screen career or studio work at home. He is never quite satisfied with his acting, a screen production or a story. He always thinks it could be better. And each succeeding production he tries industriously to make better than the last. He reads trade magazines and deter-

(*Continued on page 112*)

Above, William Powell in the days when it was easier to call him Bill than now. He was a good leading man on the stage, but it remained for films to make him famous.

The picturesque and Paramount Powell of today—one of the really significant male personalities on the screen.

Powell has starred in some of the most important talking pictures. His latest is "New Morals."

THANKSGIVING DINNER with the GLEASONS

An adventure in holiday hospitality with a famous Hollywood hostess

By Emily Kirk

THAT last Thursday in November! Visions of crisp brown turkey with lots of dressing and cranberry sauce. A long table invitingly spread with gleaming silver, colorful glass and china. In the center a low bowl of late asters flanked on either side by tall candles matching the flowers in color. Small dishes of nuts and candy. Big bowls heaped high with fruit. Over all, the aroma of a delicious dinner undergoing its last stages of cooking. Anticipation!

Even in this fast-moving modern day, Thanksgiving still means the gathering of the clans—and the best and biggest feast of the season. And the Gleasons, in their celebration of this national holiday, may be counted on to have a Thanksgiving dinner just a little bit different from the rest of Hollywood—and the rest of the world.

"The Thanksgiving menu theme started in to be turkey when the first Thanksgiving was inaugurated," observed James Gleason. "The Pilgrims, as many as were left of them, got together and partook of a dinner of wild turkey, corn bread and very little else, and gave fervent thanks. But look at the modern Thanksgiving bill of fare! There seems to be a kind of unwritten law compelling one to wade through four or five entrées and finally, when the edge is off the appetite, you come to the turkey. Now as for me, I like to get right to the main issue which is *turkey!*"

Mrs. Gleason and Russell agree absolutely with Jim. The result is that their Thanksgiving dinners are comparatively simple. But they're the kind of feasts that make family and guests get up from the table agreeing, "My, but that was a good dinner!"

To give a good dinner is the supreme accomplishment of a hostess. Good cooking has a great deal to do with it but even with good cooking, meals can be disappointing. Lucile Gleason is a perfect hostess because she knows that not only culinary skill, but good planning, perfection of furnishing, of service, and a talent for assembling the right people are essential in making any dinner a success. And when it comes to serving a gala meal like a Thanksgiving dinner she does it to perfection, yet she saves her guests from that uncomfortable, oh-I-wish-I-hadn't-eaten-so-much-feeling. All due, we suspect, to good planning.

Cranberry sauce and turkey represent the real spirit of the Thanksgiving dinner, contend the Gleasons. So why serve salads and desserts that can be eaten any time of year? Why spoil the big act with a lot of little program stunts that really don't mean anything?

James Gleason likes to get right down to the main issue—the turkey. Mrs. Gleason and son Russell agree with Jim. "A big helping, please," says Russell, "and lots of dressing."

"Boiled onions!" said Mrs. Gleason firmly, when I timidly asked if another vegetable should not be added to her menu. "That is absolutely the only vegetable we serve for Thanksgiving dinner. No string beans. No artichokes. No avocadoes. No corn on the cob. No greens of any kind. Not even a salad. Just boiled onions! We have done the same ever since Jim and I ate our first Thanksgiving dinner together, twenty-three years ago. These last few years have brought us especial cause for thanksgiving because for the first time in our married lives we have been able to settle down in a real home."

"When I look back over all the years when we spent our holidays in hotels or on trains," said Jim Gleason, "and when I remember how hard it was to get a waiter to serve you a simple little dish of boiled onions when he was intent on giving you everything else but!"

The dining room in the Gleason home is one of the homiest rooms imaginable. It is panelled in walnut and carpeted in taupe colored flooring. The hangings are of cherry red brocade. The corner cabinets are filled with colorful glassware. The furniture of carved walnut is in keeping with the simple dignity of the other furnishings.

Left, Lucile Gleason, Hollywood's perfect hostess, surveys her carefully laid table to make sure that every appointment is correct.

Lucile Gleason's Thanksgiving Dinner Menu

Hors d'oeuvres

Tomato Juice Cocktail — **Hearts of Celery**

Roast Turkey with Giblet Sauce

Cranberry Sauce

Mashed Potatoes — **Boiled Onions**

Spiced Peaches

Pumpkin and Mince Pie

Cream Cheese with Apple Jelly on Crackers

Cider

Spacious windows lead to the lawn and gardens. It is a room that literally welcomes you within.

Simplicity marks the table decorations for this Thanksgiving dinner. Red glass from Switzerland and silver plate are used. Mrs. Gleason prefers plate doilies instead of the large dinner cloth. Lace edged and made in Switzerland, the doilies are matched in design by the serviettes. Instead of an elaborate arrangement of flowers or fruit, a bowl of silver filled with red apples forms the center piece. The carefully laid silver, smart, modern, with its exquisite finish is the Noblesse pattern, a new design in Community Plate. Four silver candlesticks hold tall red candles which are lighted for the four o'clock dinner.

Places at the dinner table are laid for Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason and their son, Russell; Mrs. Alice Webster, mother of Mrs. Gleason, and Mrs. Mina Crolius Gleason, mother of James Gleason; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Armstrong, who usually dine with the family on holidays, and Hugh Webster from San Francisco, brother of Mrs. Gleason.

The menu that makes one's mouth water just to look at—was planned by Lucile Gleason. In giving it, she remarked, with tears in her kindly eyes, (occasioned, no doubt, by the thought of all those onions to prepare) that she wished everyone in the world had as much to be thankful for this year as she has.

"And," adds James Gleason, "after you have tried one Thanksgiving dinner à la Gleason, the 1931 and 1932 and on down through the decades will be just like that."

And now, about the recipes. It is assumed that everyone knows how to roast a turkey. But good dressing is a work of art. Mrs. Gleason prepares her own, regardless of how many servants there are in the kitchen. The bread is dried for hours in a very slow oven so that it may be rolled into brittle crumbs. Celery, parsley, sage, thyme, hard-boiled eggs and onions are chopped fine and mixed with the bread crumbs. The entire mixture is moistened with (*Continued on page* 108)

The Gleason dinner table, suggesting the dignity and the gracious atmosphere of old-time hospitality. Red glass and candles and big red apples in a silver bowl add color. The silver is the Noblesse pattern, a new design in Community Plate.

Reviews of the

By Delight Evans

George Arliss with Betty Lawford in "Old English," Mr. Arliss' latest and finest talking picture.

Joan Bennett, Lloyd Hughes and John Barrymore in "Moby Dick." Barrymore is at his best.

"Hell's Angels," 'multi-million-dollar movie,' has Jean Harlow and Ben Lyon in the leading rôles.

Old English

"WHAT a grand old sinner he was!" That's the tag line of the John Galsworthy play, and there is no dissenting voice. *Old English* was a grand old sinner; and George Arliss is a grand actor—the combination is a rare treat. Arliss, in fact, has done it again. He is now the First Actor of the Sound Screen, having topped "Disraeli" with this "Old English." His latest performance is rich, racy. It is a one-man show, for in spite of the excellent surrounding actors, Arliss is so fascinating and so consummate an artist that the interest in his characterization never lags for an instant. And remember that he is playing a man of eighty—a crochety old man who has had his day and lived it to the full, but who still loves life and youth and laughter. One scene in "Old English" is sheer perfection. It's *Old English's* little dinner party—all by himself; but it conjures up visions of all the Lucullian feasts of all time. But then every scene is satisfying, thanks to George Arliss.

Moby Dick

THIS is the very best Barrymore! John, the graceful, the temperamental, the debonair roars and rollicks through his rôle of *Ahab* in this speaking version of his silent success. It was "The Sea Beast" then, with Dolores Costello in the leading lady's rôle. It's "Moby Dick," its original title, now, with robust dialogue in which the star obviously delights, a new heroine in Joan Bennett, and all the sound effects you could ask—sailors' shouts, masts creaking, wind whistling through the rigging, and, over and above all, the Barrymore—in his entire vocal repertoire of groans and curses and chuckles. It's a great part and the most sympathetic, somehow, that the star has played for the screen. Pictorially, too, "Moby Dick" is well worth your trouble. Joan Bennett and Barrymore in a lovely old New England garden by the sea make a picture you will remember a while. Lloyd Hughes is present, too. All in all, you'll come out of the theater feeling very, very nautical.

Hell's Angels

PRODUCER HOWARD HUGHES must have said to himself when he began making "Hell's Angels": "Millions for air scenes, but not one cent for a scenario!" The most amazing and exciting cloud battles ever fought in the skies over Hollywood make the young millionaire's first motion picture venture an experience you must not miss. They say Hughes spent three or four millions on his picture and you'll have no trouble believing that when you see his 'planes swooping through the clouds or his giant Zeppelin riding the air waves. But when you consider the story upon which these air scenes are hung—the aimless and airy wanderings of the 'plot,' the incongruities, the inconsistencies—you'll wish Mr. Hughes had come down to earth occasionally. Everybody's talking about it—its magnificent flying feats; the new girl, Jean Harlow; the scarlet scenes of Ben Lyon with a French flame; the self-sacrifices of James Hall—yes, you should see it! Running on Broadway in two theaters!

Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects The Six Most Important Films of the Month

Abraham Lincoln

AT last, a talking motion picture I can recommend to you and to your sisters and your cousins and your aunts and everybody else with absolutely no reservations! Go, and take the family with you. And you'll enjoy an evening at the movies with a clear conscience. *Enjoy,* I said—for David Wark Griffith's picturization of the life of Lincoln is not only 'worth-while' and all those other usually dull things, it's human, engrossing entertainment. You'll be amused and interested and thrilled and touched—and you can't demand more of your motion pictures than that, can you? Griffith has done it—the Old Master of the movies has come back. He has made a talker so intensely interesting and vivid and charming that it will live as long as his "Birth of a Nation." And longer—for there is a commendable absence of false heroics in "Abraham Lincoln." Thanks in part to Walter Huston's great *Lincoln.* There has never been a finer performance. Una Merkel is a lovely *Ann Rutledge.*

Walter Huston's dignified portrayal in D. W. Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln" is deeply moving.

Monte Carlo

YOU have heard of "Singing in the rain." Now you'll hear "Singing on the train." Jeanette MacDonald does it in the opening scenes of Ernst Lubitsch's new picture, a musical romance called "Monte Carlo." Jeanette sings—in the compartment of a train speeding to the Riviera—and her accompaniment is the humming of the wheels and the whistles and the chugging of the engine—a novel and promising beginning to a picture all about a countess and a prince masquerading as a hair-dresser and all. It's all very Continental, as you might expect with the genial genius Lubitsch directing—except, that is, for Miss MacDonald's American verve and the very English accents of Jack Buchanan, the leading man, and Claude Allister, the chief comedian. The music is charming—and fragile; but as Miss MacDonald sings it, managing to look very pretty at the same time, "Monte Carlo" becomes a pleasant and persuasive occasion. You'll enjoy it.

Ernst Lubitsch's latest comedy is "Monte Carlo," with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan.

The Bad Man

HERE is an amazing portrayal to follow so closely on the heels of Walter Huston's remarkable conception of Abraham Lincoln—an utterly different Huston as *Pancho Lopez,* the Mexican bandit who carries on the Robin Hood tradition along the Rio Grande with slightly more ruthlessness than Master Hood ever dared to exhibit. For *Pancho Lopez*—he "make love, person-*ell!*" Like a centaur he rides with his followers to the ranch where he learns he will find a beautiful blonde, only to become involved in a series of highly exciting and amusing events. Instead of carrying off the girl he shoots her husband—the screen's nastiest—so that she can marry the man she really loves. A handy man to have around, this *Pancho Lopez!* You'll meet James Rennie, a charming new personality to the talkers, who plays the young American with proper heroism. Dorothy Revier is the girl and Sidney Blackmer the husband. But it's Huston who'll make you throw your new fall hat high in the air.

Walter Huston in still another splendid characterization—"The Bad Man," with Dorothy Revier.

Critical Comment

Our Blushing Brides

Three beauties—Joan Crawford, Anita Page, and Dorothy Sebastian, appear here as poor little shop girls pursued by idle rich boys. All three girls are perfectly charming; gowns and sets are lavish; Robert Montgomery plays around—it's all incredible, but always amusing.

Common Clay

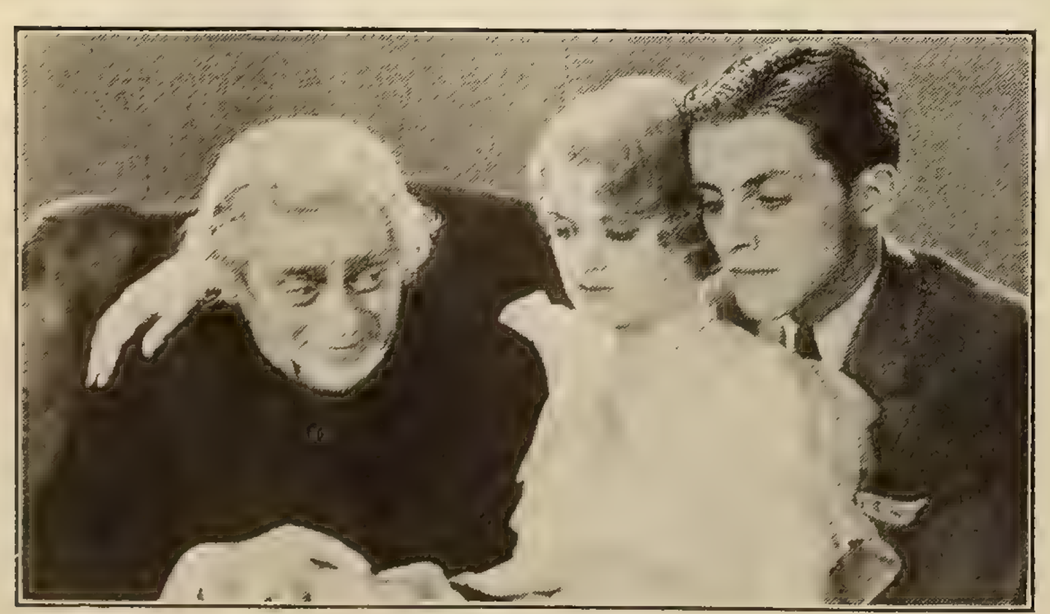
The 1930-31 edition of the little heroine more-sinned-against-than-sinning. Constance Bennett, though miscast, gives a good performance. Lew Ayres' charm carries him through. Good, dependable melodrama. Matty Kemp and Beryl Mercer contribute convincing characterizations.

Anybody's Woman

An unexpected picture! Ruth Chatterton as a hard-boiled chorus girl reminiscent of her rôle in her first film with Jannings, and Clive Brook as the inebriated lawyer whom she marries, depart from their usual suave sophistication and do some brilliant acting. You'll enjoy it.

Way Out West

At last—a much-needed change for Bill Haines. They sent him out to the wild open spaces which he makes even wilder, and the fun is infectious and practically continuous. Love interest with Leila Hyams as the girl. Tenderfoot Haines turns hero in time and all's swell.



Grumpy

Who says Hollywood can't turn out a quietly intelligent film of a famous stage play and please even the devotees of the original? Cyril Maude gives a delightful performance of his popular rôle. Phillips Holmes repeats the favorable impression he has made in other pictures. See it.

Rain or Shine

You'll like Joe Cook. His first film feature is all about circus life with Joe playing a 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh' rôle. William Collier, Jr., gets the girl, played by Joan Peers. But Joe is a one-man circus; the picture belongs to him. You'll want more Joe Cook comedies.

on Current Films

Queen High

Charles Ruggles scores again. In a prohibition part, Mr. Ruggles still manages to be vastly amusing. Ginger Rogers and Stanley Smith are the nice young lovers. Frank Morgan is funny. But like every film in which he appears, it's a Ruggles show, words *and* music.

Top Speed

The musical comedy success makes an entertaining soundie. No wonder, with Joe E. Brown supplying the comedy, assisted by Frank McHugh; Bernice Claire for beauty and ballads, and Jack Whiting, new Broadway import and Doug Jr.'s step-daddy, playing opposite Bernice.

Animal Crackers

Yes, it's another musical comedy, but the Four Marx Brothers are in it, and what a difference their antics make. Groucho, Harpo, Zeppo, and—the other one turn a screen 'society' house-party upside down with generally side-splitting results. Go if you like the Marx brand of fooling.

Eyes of the World

Harold Bell Wright's good old best-seller comes to the screen under the direction of Henry King. If you're a Wright reader you may like it, for it's a faithful translation of the book; but if you're not you'll find it just old-fashioned 'meller.' Una Merkel is always interesting.

The Storm

Lupe Velez gets the stellar billing but the real star of "The Storm" is Mother Nature. She lets loose snow, wind, and what-not in this melodrama of the Northwest, in which Lupe is besieged by the elements and two leading gentlemen, William Boyd and Paul Cavanaugh.

The Little Accident

The stage farce makes a pretty good comedy, although the fun is heavy-handed in spots. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Anita Page, and Sally Blane are an engaging trio, but topped by lots of babies and a somewhat bigger baby named Joan Marsh, a new girl with that old charm.

At Wesley Ruggles' party Richard Dix, his hair very long for "Cimarron," said he wished they'd never make another costume picture!

Hollywood *Hosts*

Some of the smartest parties in the film colony are given by the mere males!

By Grace Kingsley

"THEY'RE a regular David and Jonathan pair—Charlie Ruggles and his brother Wesley, the director," remarked Patsy, the Party Hound. "And they're so happy at being together again after years, while Charlie was playing in New York, that Wesley is giving a big party at his Malibu house in celebration. We're going down with Robert Chisholm, who came from New York to play in pictures, and with Toots Pounds, of London Palladium fame."

"Sounds exciting in every way," I answered. "Especially if Wesley is giving the party."

We had to wait for Bob Chisholm to finish some scenes in a picture, and found that the lights had been so hot that his Alaskan fur suit had caught fire!

"But they put out the fire before it really did any good!" grinned Bob. "I could have done with a little less fur on this hot day."

Bob had been wearing whiskers, too, and was shedding them all the way to Malibu, so that when he arrived he had to dash upstairs and give his face a final going over with a razor to remove the vestiges of crepe whiskers which still adhered to his speaking countenance.

Our host greeted us at the charming garden gate of his house—all gardens at Malibu are at the back because of the beach in front—but told us he was awfully mad at us for being so late. And, of course, nobody minds one's host being mad on that account.

Charlie dashed up close behind his brother, so that we were greeted in most heart-warming fashion.

"Wesley," confided Patsy, "never lets the servants open the door for his guests."

Kathryn Crawford was wearing a boy's sailor suit, and looking very pretty. Indeed everybody at Malibu, among the feminine contingent, wears pajamas or sailor suits.

We met Richard Dix, wearing his hair very long for his rôle in "Cimarron," and complaining about it because of the hot weather, and saying he wished they'd never film another costume picture!

"Imagine how your barber would have a chance to kill you with conversation in those old days of long locks!" he exclaimed.

Wesley Ruggles is the ideal host. He lets his guests do as they please! And he isn't really as bored with the Torres sisters' vocalizing as he looks. Left, Renée Torres; center, sister Raquel.

We went with him out into the beachy front yard of the house, where we found many of the guests loitering on the sands in the shade of gay umbrellas, or playing games, including ping-pong and handball.

Eddie Cantor and Jack Dempsey were playing ping-pong, and Wesley Ruggles began taking movies of them with his pee-wee camera, whereupon Eddie exclaimed, "What, no money for all this work before the camera?"

But Charlie Ruggles proved himself champ ping-pong player, and insisted that brother Wes take movies to prove it.

Hopping about playing handball were Walter Catlett, Edna Murphy and Bob Leonard.

"Beach lounging should always be done, I'm convinced, in fancy silk pajamas," confided Patsy, as she noted the lovely ones worn by Edna Murphy and others.

Supper was served at tête-à-tête tables in the living room, sun porch, veranda, and everywhere about the place, and we sat down with Jack Dempsey, Edna Murphy, Ralph Ince, and others, and spoke of what fine condition Jack appeared to be in.

Somebody kiddingly inquired of Jack if he played tennis.

"No, as a matter of fact, it's too strenuous," Jack answered. It appears he wasn't joking at all—that tennis isn't good exercise for a prize fighter, since it overtrains the wrong muscles.

Everybody was buttling for himself, as the food was served *au buffet,* and Jack gallantly handed the plate he had just garnered to Patsy, so that that sweet little Edna Murphy insisted on trotting out to the dining room and bringing him more. When Jack demurred, Edna exclaimed, "Oh, I have influence with the cook!" And Jack made up for it by serving us all with coffee after supper.

Charlie Ruggles, guest of honor at his brother's party at Malibu Beach. The Ruggles boys had a grand reunion when Paramount sent for Charlie to make pictures in Hollywood after scoring in New York.

Estelle Taylor arrived after supper. She had been working in the final scenes of "Liliom," and had been signed for "Cimarron," which Ruggles is to direct. She said that Wesley had frightened her to death about the part.

"'Be wholesome and sweet,' Mr. Ruggles told me," she laughed. "But I told him that the hardest thing I had to do was to hold down my wholesomeness!"

Estelle is looking beautiful and slim these days, and has a fresh radiance that is very arresting. We know she is happy in her growing success.

Mary Lawlor, pretty as a pink, arrived with the handsome young Phillips Holmes, and Mary's brother, Anderson Lawler, was there, too.

Harold Lloyd was among the guests, but Mildred, his wife, had stayed at home with little Gloria, who was suffering from a cold.

Harold told us about his trip to Hawaii, and how the lepers had pleaded that he speak to them over the radio; so he broke his rule, which he had made when he left home, not to make any public speeches while on the trip, and talked to the unfortunates on Molokai.

Mervyn Le Roy came along just then. He had been playing tennis in a tournament, he said, and had won a cup.

"Have you the cup with you?" Estelle Taylor rallied him. "That's good evidence!"

Bob Leonard happened along, and was talking about some actor who had a fine education, and Estelle said there was something the matter with a man who had a fine education and yet turned actor!

Ralph Forbes was on hand with Ruth Chatterton, his wife, and Fay Bainter; and there were the two Colliers, Senior and Junior, who were among the most popular guests, as they both have a charming *savior faire* that is most winning.

That cute Ann Pennington was among the guests, and there were Marie Prevost, charming in a boy's sailor suit, William Seiter and Laura La Plante, Sidney Lanfield and Shirley Mason, Al Hall, Millard Webb and his beautiful wife, Mary (*Continued on page 110*)

"Ladies All" is a smart new comedy by Prince Bibesco adapted by Elmer Harris, well constructed and capably acted. Walter Woolf and beautiful Violet Heming are the principals, aided by May Collins, David James and others.

The STAGE *in* REVIEW

By Benjamin De Casseres

I'M jumping away ahead of the curtain. I've been snoopin' around. And these are some of the shows that ought to be going strong around the beginning of October (I'll tell you what I think of them later —if they are still breathing. Many that pass away in infancy will reincarnate later in the talkies. No play, like the worst vamp or gun guy, is wholly lost these days. There's always the soul of a plot to be saved):

More Barrymores! Ethel's daughter is going to carry on the old saga of the Booth-Barrymores. The daughter of Ethel Barrymore will appear with Ma Ethel in "Scarlet Sister Mary." Ma Ethel will take the part of a negress, it is said. Will she croon or buck-and-wing?

I'm wondering now how Ivor Novello's "Symphony in Two Flats," which ought to be running when you read this, went over. Novello is a sort of Noel Coward, they tell me—writes, acts, yodels, and all but paints the scenery. He's not only versatile but clever.

They tell me, also, that Bayard Veiller has got something even bigger than "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Another court-room play. It's got to hit thirteen o'clock to be better than "Mary Dugan." They wouldn't tell me the name of it; but you probably know by this time. Good or bad, however, the picture rights will be worth its weight in speak-easies.

"Symphony and Jazz," by Dr. Anspacher, will bring Julia Hoyt and Louis Calhern together under the mantle of Friar George Cohan. I'll bet Miss Hoyt smokes a cigarette a minute in this show and shows her back to Spiney Ridge.

Eva LeGallienne, who now says pooh-pooh to George Jean Nathan and the ancient tribe of malacca-cane critics, is going to give us some novelties this season. She has a well-drilled company of exotics under her baton.

Piquant comments on current plays that may be seen later in screen versions

She spurns the talkies with a frigid "Applesauce, monsieurs!" I've seen some corking shows down at her place on Fourteenth Street.

"Ladies All"

Westport has been discovered at last! That Principality of Art, Literature and Libido, where the sons and daughters of the Musae raise chickens, turnips and ruddy glands, broke into Broadway in a smart, mildly humorous comedy by Prince Bibesco done over by Elmer Harris. "Ladies All" is the title. It came at us smack! in full midsummer, and made a hit.

Nancy has a barn-studio in the Athens of Connecticut. Staying with her is *Ann,* her gland-frozen husband, *James,* a French maid, and a chauffeur. Into this place blows *Bob,* a mixture of Don Juan, John Gilbert, Bluebeard and Lou Tellegen. He is irresistible to *Nancy, Ann* and the maid. Especially does he stir up Ann's electrons.

Night comes on—well, anyhow, who was it that came into *Bob's* dark bedroom, and—naughty! naughty! For three acts you keep guessing along with *Bob.* He's in love with the bold gal—and—would you believe it?—it was that beautiful, charming, enchanting blonde, *Nancy,* Violet Heming!

Walter Woolf as *Bob* carried a delightfully civilized It. May Collins as *Ann* (who lied, like the maid, when she confessed to *Bob* 'twas she) is not to be fired out of any room: she's a beauty. William David as *James,* the human ice-box, was good.

The play is well constructed and the characters are really alive. Yes, and they are *all ladies*—Westport Model 1930.

"Dancing Partner"

He, *Lord Robert Brummel,* sex-playboy of Paris, Biarritz and all points east, tried to super-neck *Roxy,* the daughter of *Lady Hartley,* in a smart Belasco-looking airplane between Biarritz and San Sebastian—when —*schlemazel!*—*Brummel* discovered that *Roxy* was the same kind of girl as the Southern speak-easy visitor in "Strictly Dishonorable." In a word, *Roxy,* even at 1,000 feet above the gossips of southern France, was intact, all there, just as she came from her mother.

Brummel ties up with her in the regular way after ordering the airplane to giddap and turn around. For this Little Brummel was a very good boy, after all. And he took the revelation of *Roxy* on the chin like a real Englishman. Egad!—also *huile de banane!*

This is the high spot in a perfectless, witless and yawny piece of shoddy called "Dancing Partner," the first Belasco offering of the season. The play was done into English by those hardy annuals, the Hattons, from a German play, which I imagine was quite Continental in the original. It tells in an utterly lifeless way the story of how a fellow—this same *Brummel*—courted his girl as a gigolo on a bet, and, got his uncle to pay all his debts and shoo away the cuties. The principals, Lynn Overman, Henry Stephenson, Irene Purcell and Charlotte Granville, did their best to infuse snap into a play that has infantile paralysis from beginning to end.

But "Dancing Partner" will make a whiz-bang talkie in the hands of snappy dialoguers and good sing-song boys.

"Suspense"

"Suspense," a new war play, by Patrick McGill from London, may get into the talkies; but neither as a stage play nor as a possible noisy will it buck or otherwise dent "What Price Glory?" or "Journey's End." There is a law, which applies to the drama as it does to everything else in life, which says each thing can be done well just once. After that, comes the army of mazuma bag-pipers.

McGill's play is laid in a British dugout. Well, here is the old grumbling gang of Our Heroes all gone goofy on the nerves because they can hear the steady drilling under them of German sappers planting a mine. Eugene O'Neill's "In the Zone" is much more effective—and so would "Suspense" be if it were boiled down to one act. The breath of real life has not been blown into these soldiers. I had the idea, even in the final battle act, that it was all happening at Luna Park.

Charles Dalton and others are in the play, one of the thinnest imitations of the real thing I have ever seen. Only the screen can make it sit up.

A scene from "Dancing Partners" in which Lynn Overman and Irene Purcell are the main attractions. A German play adapted by the clever Hattons and produced by David Belasco.

Marilyn Miller arriving in New York, 'Hot From Hollywood,' accompanied by her favorite magazine. She has just completed "Sunny" and will appear on Broadway in "Smiles," a Ziegfeld production. And speaking of "Smiles," Marilyn's is very "Sunny."

HOT *from*

Studio Chatter, Gossip, and News

DISCUSSING a certain Hollywood celebrity whose rapid rise has gone to her head rather conspicuously, Eddie Quillan said to his director, Russell Mack: "Yeah, she's so swell-headed she needs Grandeur film for her close-ups."

Norma Shearer is now a mama! An eight-pound Irving Thalberg, Jr., was born on August 25th. However, the famous mother will continue with her picture career—Norma is going to sign a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her first picture under the new contract will probably be "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lennox."

Mary Pickford will *not* appear in a Broadway play this fall. She is making plans to film "Kiki." The background of this film will be laid in New York instead of Paris; but the heroine will remain a Parisienne. Mary is learning the accent of *Kiki,* the little French gamin, from Maurice Chevalier. Now we can look forward to an authentic and charming accent. Thank you, Mary —thank you, Maurice!

When Eddie Cantor heard of Paramount's plans to bill Buddy Rogers as 'Charles' he decided to go formal, too. He's telling the world that he answers to the name of Edward Throckmorton Cantor now—but his friends may still call him Eddie.

Amos 'n' Andy's 'slanguage' has taken such a hold on Hollywood that even the 'yes men' are now saying "Sho—sho!"

Another movie romance with a happy ending—it is whispered and rumored that Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper are going to be 'United Artists'—we mean, are going to be married in a few months.

Charlie Chaplin has always expressed a desire to do Shakespeare, but Georgia Hale, his leading woman in "The Gold Rush" and one of Charlie's good friends, is a jump ahead of him. Georgia is appearing on the stage in California as *Desdemona* in "Othello."

There will be a screen star on Broadway, this fall,

Clara Bow having her hair dressed for "Her Wedding Night"—her next picture, of course! Is the famous red-head 'going blonde'? Well, it's all right with us.

HOLLYWOOD

for every stage star that left. Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque will appear together in a play called "Cherries are Ripe" adapted from the Hungarian, by Anita Loos and her husband, John Emerson.

If you like musical comedies, Buddy Rogers may be on hand. Buddy is taking a flier on the legitimate stage for the experience.

It is rumored that Gloria Swanson and Basil Rathbone will play together in a French play called "To Please a Lady."

Colleen Moore is slated to do a play titled "On the Loose."

Among the other possibilities are Ronald Colman, Alice White, Walter Huston, Jack Oakie, and Virginia Valli.

Two surprise weddings! That of Vivian Duncan to Nils Asther, and of Dolores Del Rio to Cedric Gibbons. The Duncan-Asther nuptials have been threatening for a good many months but Dolores Del Rio's marriage was a complete surprise to everyone. In fact, it seems to have been a case of love at first sight for the couple had apparently known each other only a month. Dolores chose the old Santa Barbara Mission where thousands of Spanish brides preceded her, as the most fitting place to plight her troth. The city was decorated for the annual fiesta and the wedding ceremony took place on the first day of the colorful festivities.

Vivian and Nils just slipped off to Reno and were married so quietly that even her brother Harold and her sister Rosetta, who was in New York, were not present. Just how much this marriage will affect the famous Duncan Sister team remains to be seen. Rosetta had gone to New York on business and had signed a contract for the girls to appear in Chicago. After her marriage Vivian wanted to postpone the engagement so that she and Nils and Rosetta could go to Sweden for Christmas. This she was unable to do, though they may finish in time to make the trip after all. Nils is anxious to show off his bride to the home folks. Vivian and Nils have been in love ever since the "Topsy and Eva" days, and in spite of opposition from family and friends who thought their temperaments unsuited, Vivian remained loyal, gradually breaking down the opposition in her family and convincing them that Nils was the only man for her.

A sleeping beauty—or Ruth Chatterton, a hard-working screen actress, caught by the cameraman taking a nap between scenes of her new talker, "The Right to Love."

Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg (right) take time off from "Morocco" to greet Eisenstein, Russian director, imported by Paramount to direct "An American Tragedy."

On the first anniversary of their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Nick Stuart invited several couples, all of whom had been married within that year, to a banquet at the Hotel Roosevelt. Nick told the assembled guests just how long each couple had been married to the minute, which must have taken a very sizable amount of calculation. The guests included Hoot and Sally Eilers

Apparently John Gilbert is whispering things to Leila Hyams that are not in the script of "Way For A Sailor," because director Sam Wood is trying to listen in.

Gibson, Anthony and Zelma O'Neal Bushell, Edward and Marian Nixon Hillman, Millard and Mary Eaton Webb.

Recently Everett Marshall, grand opera baritone and lead in "Dixiana" opposite Bebe Daniels, paid a visit to his home town, Worcester, Mass. After the Sunday services in the Wesley Methodist-Episcopal church he was astounded to hear the minister announce that there was a gentleman present who, although distinguished and a visitor, was none other than little Everett Marshall who used to sing in the choir! And Marshall, after he had taken his bow, was not allowed out of the church until he had sung one of the old hymns which brought back so many memories of boyhood dreams and ambitions.

You want to watch for this gal Marlene Dietrich. We saw some stills of her the other day and watched her in a scene or two and if she isn't a prize for the American dramatic screen it will be a surprise to us. We would say that she is Garboesque, except that comparisons, in this instance, would be rather bad taste. Each has a decided personality of her own, and probably the only way in which they really resemble each other is a certain similarity of temperament and appearance which is merely a racial inheritance. The Swedish Garbo and the German Dietrich are both very Continental.

Helen Cohan, daughter of the famous trouper, George M. Cohan, makes her picture debut with Will Rogers in a screen version of "Lightnin'."

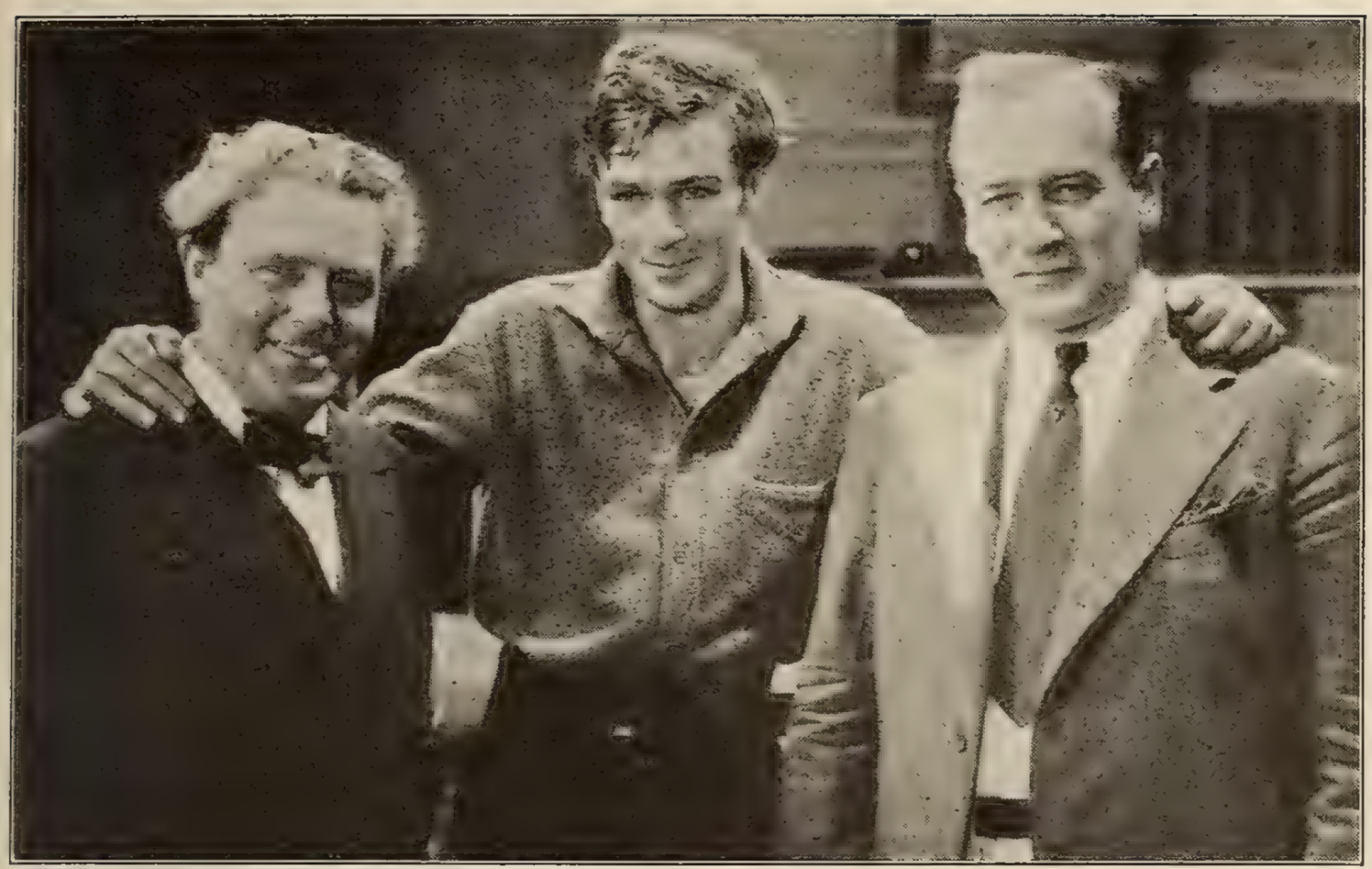
Hollywood is awaiting the opening of "Morocco," the first picture in which la Dietrich will appear, with an unusual amount of interest; and with Gary Cooper as the star, Adolph Menjou in the cast, and von Sternberg at the megaphone, it is safe to predict fine entertainment.

And whom do you suppose is Marlene's favorite actress? Greta Garbo! She says Europe is crazy about Garbo both as an actress and as a personality. But these two who may be destined to become artistic rivals have never met. "Better we do not!" said Miss Dietrich. "I know I would act like an imbecile. I admire her so I would be tongue-tied. It is better not to meet people for whom you have hero-worship. Both appear at a disadvantage through self-consciousness—oh, she is marvelous!" she finished impulsively.

Isn't this a dainty dish to set before a movie queen? Polly Moran celebrates Thanksgiving Day. Save us a piece of turkey, Polly!

Marlene has taken America to her heart. She is very happy here. But there is one thing about her career that bothers her. She said, "If I am a success and they want me to stay here and ask me, for publicity, to talk of things one doesn't even discuss with friends—never could I do it!" she finished, with a defiant light in her eyes. "I think I would just go away."

Max Factor, the celebrated make-up man, is running a popularity contest, as you may know. It has covered



William Farnum, left, and Tom Santschi, right, who made screen history in the silent film of "The Spoilers," visit Gary Cooper who appears in the new talker version.

We walked back to the set with Evelyn, and noticed she had quite a stunt for preserving her make-up. It was refreshing, too, on so warm a day. A bowl filled with ice water stood on her stage dressing table. In it floated a chamois skin. She squeezed this out and pressed the icy chamois to her face. That treatment absorbs the perspiration and keep's one's make-up from cracking. A useful thing for almost any girl to know in this day and age.

We discovered that Marlene Dietrich never uses perfume except on her hair!

It is always a pleasure to find that the gossips aren't right. It is an accepted theory that all actresses, and particularly established actresses are supposed to be jealous of newcomers in the field. Sometimes it is true, but it was quite thrilling to hear Mary Pickford remark enthusiastically about the charm of Evelyn Laye, who has already begun to work on "Lilli" under the Samuel Goldwyn banner. "She has everyone on this lot standing on their ear," Mary told us. "If she is as charming on the screen as she is in real life and on the stage, she will have a sensational success."

Which, coming unsolicited from America's Sweetheart, is warm praise indeed. Mary may have had

five or six cities in middle - western states already, and Mr. Factor's plan is to give one girl in every state a chance to see Hollywood. Miss Oklahoma was the last to arrive.

She was taken through two or three studios and introduced to, and photographed with, several stars. Miss Oklahoma's real name is Nell Allen. She is very young, and very pretty. She had never before seen the ocean, so her first sight of the broad Pacific thrilled her as much as meeting Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. Another thing that gave her a thrill was Gay's Lion Farm and holding a baby lion in her arms. The lion didn't get as much of a kick out of that as Nell did. He fussed and squalled and was just too ungallant for anything.

Nell went back home with a very different impression of Hollywood than the one she brought out with her. "I thought the stars would be a little stand-offish to an outsider. But they weren't at all. They were so kind and friendly I felt we really were pals!"

Marion Stockley, daughter of a prominent San Francisco physician and new to pictures, discovered by Al Christie for Educational comedies.

Richard Arlen does deck duty on his new yacht, used for his location home during the filming of the ocean scenes of "The Sea God," his next.

Evelyn Brent enjoyed her trip to Alaska very much. "We worked like dogs, though, and got some wonderful stuff. The scenery is gorgeous up there." Doing the interiors in Hollywood wasn't so funny. Evelyn and Joel McCrea came into the RKO commissary on one of the torrid days of the year in Klondike clothes! 'Betty' had on high suede boots and a heavy woolen dress. Joel had on fur trousers and fur boots!

Getting in on a talker conference—Edgar Selwyn (center) going over the script of "War Nurse" with his cast which includes Robert Montgomery, June Walker, Hedda Hopper, Anita Page, Lenore Bushman, Marie Prevost.

A most unusual photographic 'shot'—"Our Gang" all dressed up in their Sunday clothes and with clean faces but—it won't be long now! In the first row are Dorothy DeBora and Wheezer, center, Jackie Cooper and Mary Ann Jackson; and Farina, Pete, the mascot, and Chubby Chaney.

her moments of professional jealousy, but they aren't in accord with her nature, which is constructive and generous.

She has not entirely made up her mind about the fate of her half-finished picture "Secrets," or "Forever Yours." "I may be hypercritical about it. Douglas says it is all right and so does Mr. Schenck; but that story is a pet of his and I'm afraid he is so fond of it that he thinks nothing could put it off balance. It would be terrible extravagance to shelve it entirely, yet if it hasn't the elements for *great* success there is no use throwing good money after bad. I'm going to get opinions from several other people before I decide." In the meantime, Mary has practically decided to appear in a picture produced by Mr. Schenck, as Douglas is appearing in "Reaching for the Moon." "It may do me a world of good to be disciplined again," Mary said, laughing. "I'm afraid I'm spoiled because I've had a say about the production of my pictures ever since I was eighteen. Maybe I won't like it, but it will be interesting to try it, anyway."

There is a director wielding the megaphone on "Social Errors" who is new to Paramount and to Hollywood. His name is Cyril Gardner. He was an actor and started at Paramount as an assistant director. We were interested because of his quick and pleasant way of making decisions and his thoughtfulness of the actor's comfort. An amusing scene was in progress. Leon Errol, one of Broadway's big-time funny men, was trying to divert the attention of Mary Brian from something going on in another room. He was concocting some sort of a dish into which he put practically everything but the kitchen stove; eggs, flour, tobasco, chilli sauce and a lot of other uncongenial ingredients while Mary laughed heartily over the nonsense he was talking.

Watching this performance was an older man whose name I don't know. They called him 'Pop.' He was to sit on a meat block and hand this and that to Errol. To keep in the scene he was balancing himself on the ragged edge of the block at an angle of forty-five degrees. It was both an unnatural as well as an uncomfortable position.

"Sit back, Pop, and make yourself comfortable," said Mr. Gardner.

"I can't. They tell me I'll be out of the scene," Pop told him.

A lunch-hour treat at the Paramount studios! "The Playboy of Paris," Maurice Chevalier, entertains his director, Ludwig Berger, Eugene Pallette and interested on-lookers with an impromptu imitation. Why, Monsieur Chevalier!

Gardner looked at the chopper. "Well, that's easily fixed. Lend a hand, boys." Half a dozen grips ran to his rescue and the meat block was moved three inches toward the table. It was good to find a director who challenged studio complexes and thought for the comfort of a person not a star!

Stepping from the coolness of the "Morocco" set we plunged into the 'snow' scene where "The Virtuous Sin" was being filmed. Poor Kay Francis with a mink coat to her feet and close-fitting toque of the same fur walked into a restaurant with hundreds of lights blazing full on her and some contraption blowing a kind of steam over the room to represent tobacco smoke. Off the set, Kay's eyes looked as though another minute of the discomfort she was going through would cause an explosion of some sort. Outside, the mercury registered one hundred and inside it was about the same, with the lights and close air sapping the vitality from a crowded stage heavy with real and artificial tobacco smoke. Remaining for ten minutes made our throats feel uncomfortable. What must it have been for people there all day?

"You gave a swell performance in 'Raffles' if that is any consolation to you," we sympathized. Kay flashed a quick smile but sobered instantly. "That's good of you to say, but I don't think anything in the world would console me for *this* day's work!"

Janet Gaynor has settled her differences with Fox—the team of Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell is on again! They have started work on "The Man Who Came Back."

Charles Francis Coe, the *Saturday Evening Post* writer who gained fame through his gangster stories, was recently put under contract to a motion picture company and brought to Hollywood. It has come to our ears that his first talk with the chief executive somewhat puzzled him. "Write anything you want," he was told. "Any angle, on any subject. Only lay off gangster stories. They're out!"

Do you recognize Mickey Daniels and Mary Kornman (lower row)—ex-'Gangsters'? They appear in 'The Boy Friends' series with David Sharp and Dorothy Granger (center), and Grady Sutton and Gertrude Messinger (top row). "Bigger and Better" is their next picture for Hal Roach.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo are on their way to New York to take in all the plays, or at least all the good ones. They may go on to Europe.

Dolores Del Rio and her real-life leading man, Cedric Gibbons, art director.

ASK ME

An Answer Department of Information about Screen Plays and Players

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

By Miss Vee Dee

BUBBLES, Oregon. If you had given me a more detailed description of the picture in which Louise Fazenda appeared as one of the aunts with Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes, I might be able to tell you the names of all the other aunts but as it is, I'm sunk. "The Gorilla" was released in 1927 with the following players, Charlie Murray, Frank Kelsey, Alice Day, Tully Marshall, Claude Gillingwater, Walter Pidgeon and Aggie Herring. Dorothy Sebastian is 25 years old, is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has dark brown hair and hazel eyes.

Elinore, Cincinnati. Am I the world's best answer lady? I'm all there is—there isn't any more! The late Rudolph Schildkraut, Joseph Schildkraut, his son in real life, Bessie Love and Bryant Washburn appeared in "Young April." Bebe Daniels, Josephine Dunn, James Hall, Gertrude Ederle and William Austin played in "Swim, Girl, Swim." Conrad Nagel is 33 years old and that's his real name. His wife is Ruth Helms, a non-professional. Address Conrad, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

B. M. W., Oshkosh, Wis. We do not publish a directory of motion picture stars, including the company by which each is employed and the photoplays in which each has starred. That would run into several volumes! "The Dawn Patrol" is from the story, "The Flight Commander" by John Monk Saunders. The principals in the cast are Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Neil Hamilton, William Janney, Clyde Cook, Gardner James and James Finlayson. There's a grand bunch of actors and not a woman in the cast!

A Proper Bostonian. So I remind you of a chick-a-dee, do I? That has all the ear marks of a compliment but can I depend on that? James Hall plays with Jeanette MacDonald, Kay Francis, Jack Oakie, Skeet Gallagher and David Newell in "Let's Go Native," a Paramount production. You can write James Hall and William Collier, Jr., at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. James was born Oct. 22, 1900, in Dallas, Texas. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 158 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes.

Richard Barthelmess Fan from Charlevoix. Do I like your favorite? Who wouldn't, may I ask you? Richard's latest releases are "Son of the Gods" with Constance Bennett, "The Dawn Patrol" with an all-male cast, and "Adios." Loretta Young is one of First National's popular stars. Her most recent films are, "Too Young to Marry," with Grant Withers; and "Kismet," with Otis Skinner. Buddy Rogers will be seen in "Heads Up" with Margaret Breen from the stage and with Helen Kane, the girl with the famous pout and 'boop-a-doop.'

Inquisitive Ann. Belle Bennett is not related to the three beautiful Bennett girls, Barbara, Constance and Joan. Belle was born near Dublin, Ireland, but she doesn't give the date. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has Roman-gold hair and grey eyes. Eleanor Boardman is 32 years old, Sue Carol is 21 and Nancy Carroll is 23. Madge Bellamy is Margaret Philpotts in real life. Marion Davies is the youngest of four daughters of Bernard Douras. She was born Jan. 3, 1900, in Brooklyn, N. Y. Monte Blue was born in Indianapolis, Ind., on Jan. 11, 1890. His wife, Tové, is the daughter of that charming actress and screen player, Bodil Rosing. The Monte Blues have two children, Barbara Ann, aged four, and Monte Jr., two years old. Monte's latest picture is "Those Who Dance," with Lila Lee, Betty Compson, William Janney and Cornelius Keefe.

School-Girl, Brooklyn. You never take a chance when you go to see your favorite, Norma Talmadge—in other words, she's your favorite weakness. Norma can be reached at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal., where she made "Du Barry." She was born May 26, 1897, and is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has brown hair and dark brown eyes. She was married in 1919 to Joseph M. Schenck. She made her film debut at the age of 14 years, after a visit to the old Vitagraph Studio. Norma is vacationing in Europe as this is written.

Brown Eyes. I'll scatter all your good luck and best wishes to the four walls of our office and just watch us scram for our share of the shower. John Boles was the handsome young man who answered to the name of *Hugh Bradleigh* in "We Americans" with Patsy Ruth Miller. Marjorie Daw played opposite Johnny Hines in "Home-made." "Quo Vadis" was released in 1925 with Emil Jannings in the cast. You can write Patsy Ruth Miller at 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal. Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix and Jack Mulhall at Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Donald Reed at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Bab, New Orleans. You like my friendly tone, do you? I'm glad you do for it's the only one I have at that. Watch out for my special bargain matinée in the wide hokum spaces. Billie Dove was 26 years old on May 14. She was married to Irving Willat in 1923 but they are now divorced. Her latest pictures are "One Night at Susie's" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and "Sweethearts and Wives" with Leila Hyams, Clive Brook, John Loder and Sidney Blackmer.

Janice, N. Y. You're right, I'm the great big pal of SCREENLAND'S vast circle of admirers, so come on with your questions but don't go back to A. P. H. (ancient picture history). "A Dog's Life" was released in 1918; Mary Pickford's "Tess of the Storm Country" in 1922; and "Madam Behave" in 1925 but the casts are not available. Otto Matieson was *Don Carlos* in "The Road to Romance" starring Ramon Novarro. Robert Frazer is 39 years old, is 5 feet 11½ inches tall and has black hair and brown eyes. Ral-

(*Continued on page 102*)

NANCY CARROLL
the bewitching little Paramount star whose charm has won the hearts of millions, says: "You can keep your skin beautifully smooth by using Lux Toilet Soap!"

★

You too must pass the Close-up Test

Screen stars must captivate millions when the revealing close-up is flashed on the screen. YOU must pass Critical Eyes, CLOSE TO YOU

How people love the close-up! How beautiful smooth skin closely revealed in a flood of light draws them irresistibly! Under searching light is YOUR skin lovely to close, eager eyes? That is YOUR close-up test.

AN EXQUISITE complexion spells romance! A skin so alluringly lovely that it can pass the cruel test of the close-up is a necessity for any star, 45 important Hollywood directors will tell you.

And the watchful eyes of millions are no more critical than the eyes that look at you. His eyes are your close-up test. The instant appeal of lovely skin is all important, whether you are winning the heart of millions —or of ONE.

So well do the radiant screen stars who hold the world breathless with their charm know this, that 511 of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood use Lux Toilet Soap for their skin. It has been made the official soap for all studio dressing rooms.

On Broadway, too, the lovely stage stars are just as enthusiastic about the exquisite care this fragrant, white soap gives their skin, and it is in the dressing rooms of 71 of New York's 74 legitimate theaters.

And in Europe, too—in France, in England, in Germany — the screen stars have borrowed this beauty secret of the envied American stars.

Use Lux Toilet Soap for the close-up complexion every girl wants. You will love the admiration of close, adoring eyes.

DORIS KENYON
(left) famous for her lovely skin, says: "It's a joy!"

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

ANITA PAGE
(left) adorable M. G. M. star, says: "I'm devoted to Lux Toilet Soap."

OLIVE BORDEN
(right) Radio Pictures, says: "It's a wonderful soap!"

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen and the radiant skin of lovely girls everywhere are kept exquisite with **LUX Toilet Soap · 10¢**

Graves was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on Jan. 23, 1900. He is one of the most versatile young men in pictures; he writes, directs and is an actor of no mean ability. When his present contract with Columbia Pictures expires, he will go over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a writer, I hear.

Jane E. G. You don't believe all you hear about the girls and boys in pictures, do you? They're a nice bunch of hard-working folks, trying to get along, so when you hear that Miss So-and-so is the snippiest (whatever that means) girl in Hollywood, take it with the usual grain of aspirin. Anita Page appears in "The Little Accident" with Sally Blane, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Zasu Pitts and Joan Marsh. Anita is 20 years old, 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds.

Hazel D. No wonder you didn't recognize Edmund Lowe in "What Price Glory?" with the hair-cut he wears as *Sergeant Quirt.* That was handsome Eddie, all right. He has appeared in many successful films since director Raoul Walsh gave us that pulse-stirring war picture. Edmund's latest pictures are "The Cock-Eyed World," "Thru Different Eyes," "Happy Days," "Born Reckless," "The Bad One" and "Good Intentions."

B. S. of Virginia. Will I answer all your questions? Well, just try to keep me from it. The villain, and *what* a villain, in "Beau Geste" was Noah Beery. William Powell was a bad, bad man in the picture but Noah carried off the honors as about the deepest-dyed bad man of 1926. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico. His latest picture is "The Singer of Seville" with Dorothy Jordan, Renèe Adorèe and Ernest Torrence. Janet Gaynor's latest release is, "High Society Blues" with Charles Farrell. She uses her own name in pictures but in private life she is Mrs. Lydell Peck. John Barrymore was born Feb. 15, 1882, in Philadelphia, Pa. Dolores Costello is his third wife.

Mary, N. Y. Another one of my ardent followers, are you? Such is the road to fame and may I never get caught napping by the roadside. I haven't Gary Cooper's home address but you can reach him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Gary's new pictures are, "The Man from Wyoming" with June Collyer and Regis Toomey and "Morocco."

Flo, Hamilton, Ontario. I never get all upset and bothered over the questions you ask so don't hold anything out on me. Sally O'Neil's real name is Virginia Louise Noonan and Molly O'Day's is Suzanne Dobson Noonan. Mary Brian is 5 feet 2 inches tall. Greta Garbo is 5 feet 6 inches and weighs 125 pounds. Richard Barthelmess has brown hair and eyes. Write him at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Mary Brian at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Fay H., Memphis. Do I think I'm busy? You don't know the half of it—there should be two of me, I'm *that* busy. Alice Terry and the late Barbara La Marr played with Ramon Novarro in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Alice played opposite him in "The Arab" and "Where the Pavement Ends." Ramon had planned to desert the screen entirely but the event of talking pictures made it possible for him to blend his musical and acting ambitions. His first talking picture was "The Pagan" in which he sang *The Pagan Love Song.* Ah-h-h!

Tillie A. You're afraid you'll have eye strain, looking for your answer in my department—tsh, tsh! Business of putting tongue in cheek. But aren't you lucky to be in this column at all when there are hundreds waiting for the same privilege? Anita Page wasn't really under the influence of liquor when she fell down the stairs in one of the scenes in "Our Dancing Daughters." Anita is a good actress, that's all. She was born Aug. 4, 1910, in Flushing, L. I., N. Y. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has golden blonde hair and purplish-blue eyes. She is not married and lives with her family in a Beverly Hills bungalow.

Anita Page will give us the feminine angle of the World War when she portrays a nurse in "War Nurse," her next talker.

Richard Barthelmess on the jib of his yacht, Pegasus, caught in an unconventional moment. It is predicted that Dick's "Adios" will be another real screen achievement.

Robin Hood, Cleveland. "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" was made by an English company but released in the U. S. through Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Estelle Brody and John Stuart are English players but I haven't their life history to give you. No doubt you saw scenes shot in the grounds of your old home, Brentwood Hall in Durham, England, during the making of "Mademoiselle from Armentieres." Among your countrymen in the film colony in Hollywood are, Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes, John Loder, Clive Brook, William Austin, Walter Byron, John Garrick and Reginald Denny.

Da-Da, Baltimore. All the world loves a lover and a good laugh so don't be downhearted but smile until it hurts something or other. Francis Bushman, Jr., is a free-lance player. His latest release is with William Haines, Leila Hyams, Polly Moran and Cliff Edwards in "Way Out West" from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Address Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

An Inquisitive Canadian. So you've been following me for a long time and haven't caught up with me yet; but do you think you will? You may address Allene Ray at 6912 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal., Barry Norton gets his mail at 855 West 34th St., Los Angeles, Cal. Barry was born June 16, 1905, in Buenos Aires, South America. His real name is Alfredo de Biraben. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 168 pounds. He has a charming personality and is very popular. Not married. Walter Miller was born March 9, 1893, in Dayton, Ohio. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. His wife is Eileen Schofield, a dancer. Thomas Edwin Mix was born Jan. 6, 1887, in El Paso, Texas. He has black hair brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Wallace MacDonald was born in Mulgrave, N. S., Canada, but he doesn't give the date. He has dark brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds.

Lee, Decatur, Ill. Will I intercede for you with Joan Crawford for a personally autographed photograph? But who am I to have such a drag with the irresistible Joan? But write her one of your soul-stirring letters and perhaps you may get just what you deserve. Address her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Her latest release is "Our Blushing Brides" with Anita Page, Dorothy Sebastian, Robert Montgomery and Raymond Hackett. She's making "Great Day" now.

Gertrude, Tuckahoe, N. Y. Your first letter to me, isn't it? Now that you are in the spotlight, come again. My 'Welcome' sign is given an extra high polish for every newcomer and special pains given to all. Greta Garbo has golden hair and blue eyes, with very long lashes and all her own, too. She was born in 1906 in Stockholm, Sweden. Real name is Gustafsson. Write her at M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.

(*Continued on page 126*)

Costume Jewelry

One way to spend that $3 you save

Costume jewelry is merely one suggestion for spending that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of tooth pastes in the 50c class.

Women, sternest judges of tooth paste

acclaim this modern one at 25c

Listerine Tooth Paste has passed the greatest test that can be put to a dentifrice.

Tried by more than 2,000,000 American women, the most critical buyers in the world when beauty and health are involved, it has won their enthusiastic acceptance. Old favorites at a high price have been discarded in favor of the new one at 25c.

In order to win such approval, Listerine Tooth Paste had to establish gentleness and absolute safety in actual use. It did so—on millions of teeth of varying degrees of hardness—and never was precious enamel harmed.

It had to show quick and thorough cleansing. Not merely front and back of the teeth, but between them. It had to disclose ability to remove stains, discoloration, and unsightly tartar, quickly, certainly. And show power to preserve the lovely natural lustre of sound beautiful teeth. Millions now comment on how ably it performs these tasks.

The fact that Listerine Tooth Paste sells for 25c the large tube, effecting an average saving of $3 per year per person over tooth pastes in the 50c class, is another point worth remembering.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Use it a month. Judge it by results only. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

PUTTING YOUR BEST FOOT FORWARD—*Continued from page 63*

weight roll around the outer arch to the toes which are pointed out straight ahead as an Indian's. Do this every night and morning, if possible. Even though your feet are quite normal this is good exercise for them.

Then try a stretching exercise: Up on your toes as far as you can go, stretching the whole body as high as you can. Walk around the room that way. Be sure that the toes point in a bit. This is a splendid exercise for strengthening the arches, and also helps to slenderize the ankles.

Another strengthening exercise is walking on the toes and touching the heels to the floor at each step, a lifting, springing kind of walk. It is said that people of all ages may be taught to step out freely, comfortably, with renewed youth and vigor just by teaching them to walk on the outer arch and to do the tip-toe toe-and-heel exercise to strengthen the inner arch.

'Toe-sitting' is a simple but effective exercise for keeping the hips, thighs and ankles slim. Stand erect, then squat to toe-sitting position keeping back straight. Do this ten times to begin with, gradually increasing to twenty.

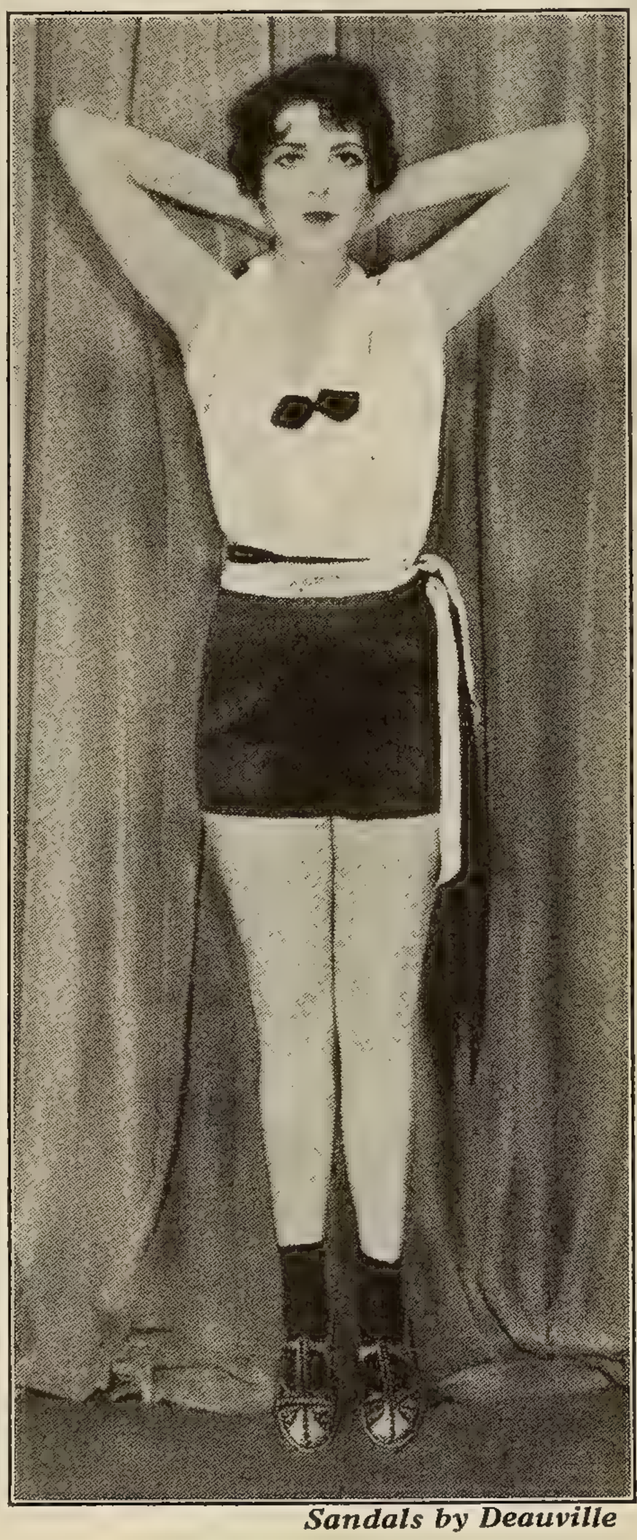
Guard against fallen arches. They make the foot shapeless; the toes point out, and while there may not be any pain, there is the constant sense of effort and chronic weariness. Prolonged standing when one is tired will cause fallen arches by stretching the tendons that hold up the inner arch. All people who give their feet prolonged strain and those who take violent exercise once or twice a week and are sedentary the rest of the week—those people who give their feet prolonged or sudden strain—must guard against arch trouble.

Have you noticed how many people there are who walk freely and beautifully, as if they really enjoyed it? Some there are who swing easily and gracefully along, toes straight ahead, heads high, and with springtime in their step. Women wise in the ways of beauty know that there is no better exercise than walking. It's the one form of exercise that can be indulged in every day from January to December. But no woman can walk comfortably, with grace and ease of mind, unless she wears shoes that are large enough to allow the foot to function in a free and normal manner.

When short skirts were in vogue shoes were popularly supposed to be one of the important parts of the costume because one of the most conspicuous. Manufacturers vied with one another in producing charmingly designed shoes, chic, distinctive, in the most attractive colors. Skirts are longer now but, oddly enough, feet are more conspicuous than ever! Never have shoes been so diverting, so cleverly designed to complement the flowing lines of the newer, more feminine frocks. Never have they been so intriguing in colors and materials. There are shoes of snake-skin, lizard-skin, scores of other materials; there are shoes for morning, afternoon, for the beach and for dancing. Sports shoes are important and of great variety in style and materials.

A shapely, neatly shod foot is a great help in the general ensemble of beauty. Nothing contributes more to a woman's appearance than her shoes. Nothing subtracts so much from her comfort and consequently her beauty, as shoes that are ill-fitting.

It was in the mad days of the Empire in France that vanity was at its height and probably at that time the ladies of the court began the sorry business of wearing shoes that were too small for their feet—a fashion that prevailed for many long years. In those days, ladies were carried about the streets of Paris in sedan chairs. Now-a-days, ladies go in for sports and for business careers and have to furnish their own foot power. It is no longer the vogue, thank goodness, to pinch a number six foot into a number three shoe, or to go



Sandals by Deauville

Lila Lee does an exercise to lift the long arch and place feet in correct position; toes pointing straight ahead, feet apart, ankles straight.

stumbling about all day in shoes with French heels and pointed toes. Since women have become more active in their pleasures and vocations, sensible footwear has become fashionable.

The World War changed many things and it did much toward bringing about this change of heart and mind. Feet that never before had been used vigorously sent up distress signals when their owners walked around on them eight or ten hours a day. Women who had turned a cold eye on anything but a narrow shoe found they could not endure the discomfort of tight footwear. Moreover, they found it was not their work but their discomfort that was causing facial distortion and grey hairs. So they adopted sensible, well-fitting shoes and most of them have stuck to it. Sensible footwear has become the vogue among women of good taste because they know that beauty must be fundamentally true. And there's nothing true about heels that are too high, toes that are too narrow, lines that do not conform to the shape of the foot.

Faulty shoes cause faulty posture and this leads to trouble. Nature has a way of retaliating when she is abused. If you squeeze your foot, she will make them bigger by enlarging the joints. Shoes that are tight, stiff or too short limit the action of the muscles, especially the muscles of the toes, and cause them to lose their elasticity and tone.

How can you tell whether your shoes are the right shape or not? First of all, by considering what the shape of the foot should be. Stand with your bare heels together. If the feet do not come together along their whole length they have been turned from their true direction by badly designed shoes. If you wear shoes of proper design you can bring your bare feet together and have the inner edges in contact clear to the ends of your toes. Certain makes of shoes meet these requirements. Others do not.

Shoes should not be too thin-soled or too flexible. If we could walk as Indians did, on soft, springy earth, shod in soft-soled moccasins, we would have no arch trouble. But we are not Indians! We live active lives. We walk on hard pavements and our feet should be cushioned against the shock of each step. Rubber heels are one form of shock absorber and many find in them a complete and permanent protection. Shoes should have fairly heavy soles and they should be long enough and wide enough for the toes to lie straight and slightly separated. The perfect shoe fits snugly around the heel and over the instep and is roomy over the toes.

When buying shoes, take plenty of time. Try on both shoes of a pair. Stand first on one foot, then on the other. Shoes may seem to be comfortable when you stand with the weight distributed upon both feet, but when you throw all the weight upon one foot the shoe may feel quite differently. Have your feet measured for shoes when you are standing, not seated with your feet on a rest. Do not overlook the fact that when carrying the body's weight the feet are longer than when they are relaxed. If your feet are to function normally they must have room. But there is as much danger in a shoe that is too loose as in one that is too tight. See to it, therefore, that your shoes and your stockings are neither too large nor too small.

If possible, have several pairs of shoes as nearly the same 'last' as possible and change them often. The shoes will last longer and the feet will fare better. Stockings, likewise, should be changed daily and washed after each wearing with bland soap or soap flakes and luke warm water. Buy hose of a reputable make and see that it is well-fitting; not only over the limbs but over the toes and heels. If the stockings are too loose they wrinkle up and cause undue pressure, thus bruising the delicate nerves and arteries underneath. The hose should match the shoes or some note of the ensemble. One manufacturer goes so far as to match stockings to complexions. The new dull-weave hose is popular for many reasons. Two in particular. It looks twice as sheer as it really is and is actually slenderizing in appearance.

Much has been said and written about high heels. Some women say they must wear high heels in order to be comfortable. Others say they must wear them to give added height.

There's a time and a place for everything, and this applies to high-heeled shoes. Wear them, if you must, for your hours of leisure, but don't wear them for walking, and don't wear them all the time and for all occasions. High heels throw the weight forward upon the front por-

(*Continued on page 113*)

"A Perfume . . .
taught me the secret of *Youth*" . . .

says

Lila Lee

"YOUTH—what is it? An age? . . . a number of years? No—I thought that once . . . before I knew . . . about Seventeen. Seventeen—you've seen it? Worn it? Oh, you must! A glorious fragrance, like nothing else . . . except perhaps . . . those rose-colored dreams, those gossamer fancies . . . one has at Seventeen! It took Seventeen to teach me that Youth's a *mood* . . . to be recaptured . . . triumphantly worn . . . forever, if I like!"

Eight Toiletries bear the fragrance of Seventeen

The Perfume . . . in a French-cut flacon, so smart . . . A Compact (single or double) which may be changed into a loose-powder compact. A Face Powder in subtle youthful shades. A Dusting Powder . . . that makes your bath luxurious. A Talcum. A Toilet Water . . . so refreshing. Two Brillantines . . . solid or liquid. A Sachet . . . the correct way to scent one's clothing and lingerie.

Pictured at the left are Seventeen Perfume, Seventeen Sachet, and Seventeen Face Powder.

Seventeen

FASHION NEWS BY MAYBELLE MANNING—*Continued from page 33*

actly like a sailor's reefer, made double-breasted and trimmed only with six splendid buttons, three on each side. This should be created only in black, blue, or oxford gray, with self-colored or contrasting dresses. The third, and most sophisticated and delightful coat of all, is *à la Russe.* It is long, flared at the bottom, fitted at the waist, with a high Russian collar of fur, almost like a horse collar.

And here is where we need caution and discrimination! For with this superb coat, only a dress of Lyons or some similar velvet can be worn. This must be of harmonious color, cut in princess style, long-skirted, even-hemmed. Neither black chiffon nor black satin is permitted with such a coat, or with anything, in fact. For nothing soft, slinky, or vampish is allowed this season. Everything must be crisp—even to velvets. Which, of course, eliminates panne velvet entirely.

There is still a fourth style of coat for those who think it wise to invest a deal of money. That is the short ermine coat. An exceptional amount of ermine will be worn for the street, as well as for evening, this year. But only the ermine turned yellow will be used for the day time. This will be dyed a lovely golden brown.

With such a coat, it will be *de rigeur* to wear underneath a two-piece suit of balbriggan velveteen, with a hip length coat and circular skirt. This is the new crisp velveteen, introduced by Chanel. It does not crush, is made of wool and silk, and is so durable you can wash it. That sounds almost unbelievable but I can assure you it is true.

Now as to hats. With all your ensembles, you must have turbans or tams made to match. The turbans must be wound differently for each personality. For instance, if the face is thin, à la Rosetti, the turban should be draped round and round. If, however, your face is plump, the turban must be draped to form an up-side-down 'V' over your forehead —which helps to give an alluringly thin outline even to the plumpest of countenances.

And here, although I had not intended to do so since my time is limited, let us touch on evening dresses again. Just for a little. For the new styles are so different that using anything left over from last year will date you immediately as hopelessly out-moded.

Three styles I suggest for the opening of the social season. First, net is going to be everything. Not the old net which caught on every chair and table, and faded away at the first hint of dampness. But starched net which dampness does not spoil, nor does this sort snare on anything. This type of bobbinette or tulle mesh is extremely smart, but a second and smarter material is crystal lace.

The edge of this is beautifully pointed like old-fashioned rick-rack. The mesh is a sort of net with crystals appliqued on it. But it is so light, so beautiful that it approximates our childhood dream of a circus rider's skirt. All these net dresses follow princess lines with a break at the waist. Many of them have little bolero jackets which are absolutely fascinating.

And here, of course, we must not forget the velvet evening dress. This follows the princess line, has a square neck edged with real lace, and a long, flowing, flared skirt.

But perhaps the most important detail of a woman's wardrobe is her dinner dress. When we are not going on to the opera or a formal dance, and wish to have a quiet, intimate dinner at the St. Regis or the Ritz, a metal brocade gown is the thing. It is striking, does not muss, and it lasts. These dresses have no sleeves, the skirts are flared, and with them is worn a little jacket. Topped off by a metal turban, this type of dinner dress is tremendously effective.

Scaioni, Paris

Claire Luce in a charming Lucien Lelong evening gown of light pink tulle. Miss Luce wears aquamarine blue satin slippers with diamond buckles; all her jewels are from Mauboussin, Paris.

Perhaps one of the most interesting developments of the season are gloves. With black evening gowns, most of the Parisian designers are showing pink kid gloves. But Susanne Talbot has introduced pink velvet gloves and they are the most enticing accessories I have seen this year.

With the long velvet evening dress, there is a new kind of hat to be worn. It is called differently the bandeau hat, the halo hat or the toreador hat. It is made of black velvet, low at one side and worn pushed off the face almost as far back as a cardinal's cap. It has to be pinned on to the hair with real hat pins and it makes it consequently necessary for one to have the hair beautifully coiffed.

This fall season is a real jewelry season. Bracelets will be worn from wrist to elbow. Earrings are returning to style. They must be of hand-beaten silver or red gold. The old-fashioned turquoise stone is greatly in demand, for all purposes, and rubies are considered the *pièce de résistance* this bejewelled year.

Speaking of jewels reminds me of the new bejewelled evening coats. And everybody should have one of these charming little bodices. All evening coats are going to be long with the exception of these chic little affairs. They are tight fitting, come only to the waist, and are made of very rich brocade or jewelled velvet as extravagantly decorated as a courtier's costume.

Perhaps it will interest you at this time —when despite the return of curves, women must have a beautiful thin waistline and lovely slim hips—to learn of several ways I have worked out to enable my clients help reduce their weight.

When I find them putting on weight around the waist and hips, I suggest they buy a pair of flannel shorts and place over these a loose rubber corset. It never must be worn tightly. After wearing this for an hour each day for ten days, they notice a great reduction in the measurement of both hips and waist. Another excellent way to reduce the hips is to ride horseback in these shorts and corsets. The result is marvelous.

If, however, you are too plump all over, and need a thorough reduction, I have another plan which works exceptionally well. For four days a week, eat what you want, not going in too strongly for potatoes and pastries, but for the other three days drink black coffee when getting up, and then take buttermilk during the rest of the day. Plenty of buttermilk. Never allow yourself to get that empty feeling. Drink whenever you feel the need of something in your stomach. Keep your stomach full. And you will have no ill effects.

If you do not care for buttermilk, another excellent way of losing this 'too, too solid flesh', is to eat only one vegetable at a time. Take orange juice, coffee and brown toast for breakfast. An omelet and salad for lunch. And at dinner eat a chop or small serving of chicken or lamb, and all you want of one vegetable. Cauliflower, asparagus, beans or peas. Of course, no potatoes.

I have seen splendid results from this diet, which is not too stringent. It is perhaps the best of all to fit you to wear the new graceful styles which, in every way, enhance the charms of a real beauty, and give to the plain woman that illusion which, if carefully cherished, tends in the end to create a lasting reputation for real loveliness which serves just as well as true beauty in the eyes of the world.

Gloria Swanson has the deserved reputation of being one of the screen's best-dressed women. It is rumored that Gloria may desert pictures for a time to appear in a stage play.

GIFTS.. TO INSPIRE PRIDE....

WHAT would *she* like? What would *he* appreciate? Perplexing problems indeed, especially at holiday time . . . yet made simple by the pride-inspiring leather creations of Meeker. Wonderful new designs of beautiful leathers, color-toned, and smart, durable billfolds, key cases, cigarette cases and lighters for men now await the discriminating buyer at Meeker dealers in your city or town.

There is something more than just quality and smartness of design in Meeker-Made fine leather products . . . a definite individuality easily recognized. In Meeker handbags and underarms this individuality has come to be known as "Purse Personality". That's why Meeker products are quickly accepted as Gifts to Inspire Pride.

The new winter designs in gifts both for men and women are now on display at your jeweler's, at better department and drug stores and at the leather gift shop.

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THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC., JOPLIN, MO.

Largest Manufacturer of Steerhide Products in the United States

THE LUCKIEST BOY IN HOLLYWOOD—*Continued from page 51*

wise she just wouldn't 'click.' Lew has a small organ in his apartment which he plays when he isn't working and his highest ambition—next to flying—is to have a home large enough to contain a pipe organ!

And another tip. Start right in on Ravel or Debussy—and omit the jazz. Lew doesn't like jazz any more. That is, unless it's especially good. "Like Paul Whiteman or George Gershwin, but that's *real* music." And never, never make a mistake, either, because that's something Lew always listens for and if he hears one—well, you'd just have to get another yen, that's all!

Perhaps Constance Bennett is our most bitter rival. But that's because she knows so much about music. "She's an interesting person," Lew admits, "and knows so many things about art and music. But then she's been every place!" (Lew played with her in "Common Clay.")

Such competition! Such luck!

Lew admits he has been lucky. "I got some good breaks," he will tell you. "You can't explain it any other way. I happened to come along at the right moment and wore the right clothes or the right expression and when fate pointed her finger there I was, in the way."

Lew had a six month's contract with Pathé at first and did extra work and bits, and then was let out because he wasn't any good! Then M.G.M. needed someone for the part of the boy in "The Kiss" with Garbo. It was at the time of the Equity strike and there were no available juveniles any place. Someone saw Lew's test and he got the part. "But it was just a break," said Lew.

You can see Lew is charmingly modest as well as handsome.

That must have been a thrill, working with Garbo, we hint.

"Oh, Garbo!" Lew was enthusiastic. "Of course, I didn't know her very well. She's older than I am. Perhaps not in years but in experience and feeling. She's marvelous. But I think she'd drive a man mad. She's really mysterious. To me she was just the same as she appeared on the screen and she looked the same, too. Oh, I think it is true that she cares nothing for clothes—but what of that! Sometimes when she was in certain moods she would sit with her chin on her hand and look off into the distance for minutes, for hours, almost. And I never knew what she was thinking about. At first I worried and wondered if it was because she thought I was ruining the picture. But it was different after I had worked with her for a few weeks. Then she would talk with me and kid me and I never noticed when she got into one of her distant moods.

"She and Constance Bennett have something in common, I think. In that they both seem cold, contained, reserved, yet have a wealth of feeling. You know that they have depths of power, of emotion, that they do not show."

"Now I am about to do a picture with Lupe Velez, who is certainly a different type. It seems to me she is just the opposite of the other two."

Lucky, lucky Lew to work with so many sirens!

But his last picture contained nary a siren. In fact, it was Lew's show. Starred in "A Handful of Clouds."

"There's a picture and a part!" said Lew. "I was a baby-faced bandit and perhaps I'd be sitting at a table and see someone I didn't like—or perhaps I'd been paid to do it—but I'd take out my gun, nonchalantly, smiling all the time—and go bang!" Lew demonstrated just how he did this, with his thumb and forefinger. You could see he enjoyed it. He is only twenty-two.

"All Quiet on the Western Front" is another picture Lew enjoyed doing and critics enjoyed seeing. A picture entirely without women, but Lew, you see, didn't mind that!

What a lucky Lew this Ayres boy has been. Born in 1908 in Minnesota, he'll be twenty-two next December. He attended San Diego High School and the University of Arizona in due time. He followed his bent for music and learned to play the guitar, piano and banjo. What more natural than that he should gravitate to a jazz orchestra? He played at The Plantation, The Cocoanut Grove, and the famous Beverly Wilshire in Los Angeles; and even, it is said, sang in a café in the colorful border town of Tia Juana. One afternoon at a tea dansant at the Roosevelt Hotel, he wrangled an introduction to a manager who got him the six months' contract with Pathé.

"That was great experience," said Lew. "I needed it. But I would never have done any real extra work, I don't believe. I just couldn't."

But there will never be any extra work now for Lew. He likes drama, he says, and isn't ready for comedy yet, if ever. He admired Valentino as the ultimate of manly sex appeal and wishes to follow in the cinematic footsteps of Richard Barthelmess.

Certainly, in a short year and half of talkies he has made progress. Watch for him with Lupe Velez in "East is West" and decide if it is all luck with Lew!

THANKSGIVING DINNER WITH THE GLEASONS—*Continued from page 85*

melted butter to hold it together. Salt and pepper are added to taste. The mixture is placed in the fowl and sewed securely as the last step before the turkey is slid into the oven. When it comes out, crisp, brown and savory, it is placed carefully on a huge platter that has been in the family for generations.

If you want to serve mashed potatoes that have the delicate fluffiness of whipped cream, Mrs. Gleason suggests that you discard your potato masher after a very few 'mashes' and use a silver fork. Add plenty of milk and when the potatoes are a mound of white fluff, pile in a baking dish and place in the oven to brown.

And now, having completed the main part of this meal—(don't forget the onions; Mrs. Gleason says you have only to boil them until tender, add lots of butter, a little cream, salt and pepper, and they'll be perfect)—we'll go back to the beginning. The tomato juice cocktail is made of canned tomato juice, seasoned to taste with salt and pepper and tobasco sauce. It is served ice cold. An item of interest to the feminine guests of the party is that this cocktail is both appetizing and non-fattening.

The caviar and egg hors d'oeuvres are very simple to make. Boil eggs hard, cool, and chop the whites fine. Mash the yolks separately. Arrange a portion of caviar in the center of the biscuit. Then add a row of the yellow of the egg. Finish off with the white at the outer edge. Sprinkle the entire biscuit with paprika.

To prepare the goose-liver appetizer, boil the livers and mash fine. Mix with salt and pepper, Worcestershire sauce and mayonnaise and spread on the crackers. Place a bit of parsley in the centers.

To serve with the other hors d'oeuvres roll cream cheese in chopped chipped beef and slice through. Sprinkle the circles with paprika to make them look more attractive. Chopped onion, celery and paprika may be mixed in the cream cheese before it is used, if desired.

To prepare the cheese dessert, mix equal parts of cream cheese and whipped cream together. Serve on crackers with currant or apple jelly.

Spiced peaches are prepared during the fruit season and are served with fowl on many occasions in the Gleason home. Following is Mrs. Gleason's recipe, also her recipes for mince and pumpkin pies without which no Thanksgiving dinner is complete.

SPICED PEACHES

Remove skins from seven pounds of peaches. Have ready a syrup of five pounds of sugar, one pint vinegar and one cup water. Add two-thirds cup stick cinnamon and one-third cup cloves. Add a few of the peaches at a time, with one or two cloves pressed into each. Turn the fruit as it cooks so that all sides will be soft. When cooked, place peaches in fruit jar. Reduce the syrup and fill the jars, sealing them.

MOCK MINCE PIE

Seed and chop one cup raisins. Add four crackers rolled fine, one cup molasses, one and one-half cups sugar, one-half cup vinegar from a sweet pickle jar or one-half cup lemon juice. Add one-half cup melted butter, two eggs beaten light, salt and spice to flavor. Mix all well together and bake between two crusts.

PIE CRUST

To three cups of sifted flour add level teaspoon of salt and one teaspoon of sugar. Add one half pound of butter, cutting it into bits and quickly covering each with flour. Add two-thirds cup ice water here and there over the flour, being careful not to pour twice in the same place. When the mixture is moistened sufficiently so that it holds together turn out on rolling board and roll quickly. Place on ice until needed. One secret of good pie crust is to leave the dough on ice over night, if possible. Better success is had with butter instead of lard.

CUSTARD FOR PUMPKIN PIE

Stew or steam enough pumpkin to make one pint when mashed. Put through sieve. While warm add one tablespoon butter. Stir in two eggs, well beaten, and one-half cup of sugar. Add ½ teaspoon ground ginger and ½ pint milk. Turn into pie-pan lined with crust dough and bake in a modern oven one hour.

STYLES IN SEX

Continued from page 25

tions of Bebe and Colleen than a most glamourous personality turned every standard cock-eyed.

A long, rangy girl came out of the North. Very shy, more than a little frightened, and not at all beautiful according to the then-standards, this young woman stepped off a boat docked in New York harbor. She was supposed to be a big find. But when the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials got her out to Hollywood, they began to scratch their heads and caress their drooping jaws. For what Mauritz Stiller considered big business in Sweden looked like a big bust in Hollywood.

Of course, it's Greta Garbo I mean. Her clothes looked funny. Her coiffure was strange. She was too tall, they thought. But she developed into the one woman in screen history. She embodied forgotten dreams.

Immediately we began to try to copy her. We let our bobs grow long. We wore high heels to be as tall as we could. We began to wear different clothes. We read different books. We endeavored to put the spice of romance into our every-day speech. We tried to do everything that we humanly could so that the man of our choice could see in us some tiny vestige of the Great Garbo.

But vainly. For the great Garbo, alas, is inimitable. She is the one and only—impossible to imitate by professional and home women alike. It was much easier, therefore, to go along the lines of least resistance and be flapper-wise, like Clara and Alice. A pleated skirt, a revealing sweater, a smart hair-cut and a smarter air were the only ingredients necessary.

After a while, though, even that began to pall. It was too easy. Too obvious. So when Evelyn Brent began her series of underworld portraits as the gunman's moll, we began to follow that sex style.

How hard-boiled we thought we were. How many cigarettes we let droop from the corner of our mouths. But then the deluge descended. Husbands and lovers rose in revolt. To say nothing of fathers. It was all right for them to admire movie heroines a little rough and ready on the screen, but it was something else again when wives and sweethearts began to turn an off-color tinge in real life.

After a flood of tears on the part of the girls, and some slight profanity on the part of the men, we promised to reform.

It wasn't hard. For quite conveniently, just then, those dashing little kids, Dorothy Lee and Lillian Roth, and others of their kind, began to set an entirely new sexy style. This became the era of the song and dance girls. And we all went downtown, bought practice rompers and began going in for tap dancing. It became a real vogue. Nobody *was* anybody unless she had a half-dozen lessons in tap. Hips got slimmer, cheeks got pinker. And a good lusty time was had by all. Until another boat, this time the *Ile de France*, docked in New York. And we poor benighted ones of the western world learned that it was all wrong. Quite, quite wrong. For Miss Constance Bennett, *née* Plant, the silken siren, arrived in America, to take up again her work on the screen. And with her came a whirlwind of exoticism.

How really lovely she is! What a wealth of old-world beauty and tradition she brought back with her. The style in sex veered as sharply as a schooner in the wind. The Alice and Clara school became as quaintly old-fashioned as a Model T Ford. And even Lillian and Dorothy, with all their pretty verve, became as innocuous as last Sunday's sherbert.

We were glad enough to follow Constance's style, so far as we could. For she is the veritable grande dame, 1930 model. She combines beauty, intelligence, good taste and art, with youth, modernity, vivacity. And it was she who acted as a prelude to Kay Francis, who is the present-day exponent of the last word in sex styles.

When you first see Kay, you think she isn't beautiful. But she has some quality, difficult to describe, but more important than beauty. The nearest I can come to it is distinction, character, superb sophistication.

Most sophisticated screen women, hitherto, have been a little hard. Their eyelids had looked too long upon the world and consequently became a little 'weary.' But not Kay. When you observe her, you immediately think of England—I don't know why. You think of emerald green terraces, with stately peacocks, and a no less stately butler bringing out an old Sheffield plate tray covered with a Georgian service for tea under the elms.

Kay Francis embodies what almost every man hopes for in his mate. She combines sophistication, amusement, humor, with a background of character, loyalty and charm. In fact, she combines the best features of mistress and wife. I can imagine her all in one evening, first in beautiful lounging pajamas, lying in her dressing room on a chinz-covered divan, smoking and throwing off amusing epigrams to her husband—if she had one—who sits in a chair beside her. And then an hour later, I can just as well imagine her, gowned in simple white satin of a cut so subtle it makes you despair, entertaining the Prince of Wales at a perfect dinner, followed by a smart little dance.

It seems to me an indication that we Americans have extremely good taste since we have crowned Kay Francis the woman of the moment. She is not, of course, as beautiful as Nancy Carroll, nor as witty as Marion Davies. But she is not only the last word in modern manners and modern sex styles—she has even won honorable mention from that most critical and elusive of men, Ronald Colman—who has never before condescended to admire a mere screen female. Which, of course, confers a hallmark on femininity very comparable to that which sterling bestows on silver.

Joe Frisco imitating a movie butler. Beg pardon, Mr. Frisco, but even a movie butler doesn't buttle with a cigar in his mouth!

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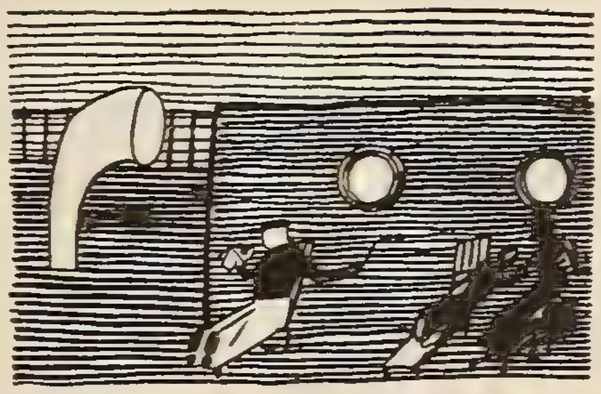
Mr. Albert Millet of NEW YORK won 3rd Prize with this advertisement



"Why does that man make such funny faces, Mamma?"

"He isn't making faces, Frankie. He is moistening his cigarette to keep it from sticking to his lips."

"But why does he cough, Mamma? And spit?"

"Be quiet dear. He got the end of his cigarette wet. And he doesn't like to chew tobacco."

"Look Mamma, do gentlemen use rouge?"

"No, Frankie, that red spot is *blood!* The poor man tore his lip when he moved his cigarette. It's too bad *somebody* doesn't tell him about Marlboro's Ivory Tips!"

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MARLBORO

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HOLLYWOOD HOSTS—*Continued from page 91*

Eaton, Bert Wheeler and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woolsey, Neil Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton, Ilka Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Tod Browning, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dwan, Skeet Gallagher, Rube Goldberg, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur William Green, Inez Courtney, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Henry Hobart and Olive and Alma Tell, Gertrude Olmstead, George Olsen and Ethel Shutta, Louis Serecky, Harry Tierney and his wife; Lina Basquette, Paul Schofield, Sam Shipman, the playwright; Racquel Torres, Virginia Valli, and a score of others.

John Boles was there with his nice wife, and we heard from someone present that there is a possibility of Boles appearing in a musical version of "The Sheik," which made Rudy Valentino famous.

Thelma Todd, looking very smart in a sports suit with a cloak, was there with Harvey Priester. Bill Haines was on hand, kidding everybody as usual, and looking very handsome.

Mervyn LeRoy, the director, who is about five feet tall, declared that he was going to be Jack Dempsey's trainer, and that he, Mervyn, was the only man in the world that Jack was afraid of!

Which we knew was the beginning of some kidding. Whenever there's a crowd, Mervyn always puts up some job on Jack, and Jack was apprehensive. So when somebody called out that a man wanted to see the ex-champ in the garden, Jack grinned and said "All right," as he went out. Sure enough, there were Buster Collier and Bill Haines ambushed, waiting to wrestle with him, and he had to win a match with both of them before he could return, but it took him just about a minute to finish them.

After dinner, there were several games of bridge for those who cared to play, and we found William Collier, Sr., a great addict, as is also Ruth Chatterton.

Our party split to go home, as Bob and Toots were to go with one crowd and Patsy and I accepted the offer of Thelma Todd and Harvey Priester to go in Harvey's big open Cadillac, Harvey driving his usual seventy or so around the stiff curves leading to Malibu.

"Anyway," remarked Patsy, "if I'm killed and go to Heaven, those angels can't tell me a thing about the sensation of flying! I'm getting it right now!"

"A GARDEN party! Doesn't that sound lovely and Continental!" exclaimed Patsy, "and especially as it is to be given by Oscar Straus!"

The weather behaved beautifully that evening, and so did the moon. Not Mr. Belasco himself ever furnished a more charming full moon than that which cast its rays on the Straus lawn and gardens at the rear of their beautiful Beverly Hills home.

"Mr. Straus really should play *The Blue Danube Waltzes* tonight," remarked Patsy, as, having been let in by the butler, we went upstairs to 'rest our wraps.' "But one has such a time getting him to play," she went on, "he's such a retiring person."

Mrs. Straus is one of those serenely beautiful German women who have a faculty, with their radiant kindness, of making you feel that the whole world is all right.

She and Mr. Straus greeted us in their warm, cordial way, and we found places in the drawing room, where already we discovered some guests had arrived.

Mrs. Lubitsch, lately divorced from Ernst Lubitsch, was there. She had come with the writer, Hans Kraly. Also, she was wearing a big, new diamond ring on her engagement finger. She said she was happy, but she wouldn't tell us just why!

Paul Kohner, of Universal officialdom, brought the lovely Lupita Tovar. Miss Tovar told us how she had, as a school girl in Mexico, won a beauty prize, and said she was much surprised. Maybe she was, but we aren't.

Oscar Straus, who wrote "The Chocolate Soldier," you know, as I said, is a very modest man. He hovers about his guests, in a bashful sort of way, quite as if he were a timid guest, instead of a great musician, and he bestows kindly, tentative little attentions on people.

The garden was so inviting that we didn't stay in the house long. It was so warm that we found it delightful out there even in our evening dresses with no wraps, and we walked about, looking at the roses and the lily ponds, fragrantly ghostly in the moonlight, while we chatted.

Out there we found the two Straus sons, Irvin and Walter, handsome and interesting looking boys both, rather reserved, but gallant and with just a touch of sophistication despite their youth.

"But a different sophistication than that of our native youth," remarked Patsy. "It's a gentler sort of sophistication. It takes itself for granted, isn't so self-conscious."

Irvin, though only nineteen, has already written a successful operetta called "Think of Me," which is running in Vienna. He is a vibrant sort of person, nervously active. He is already at work on an operetta here.

"And I love jazz," he explained. "In fact," he went on, "I have written a sonata, which I played in Paris, and which is almost entirely jazz. My father has to keep on writing in his old vein. The public wouldn't have anything else from him. But do you know, sometimes I think he'd love to go modern!"

Walter, the other son, is a painter, and finds delight in California brightness, he says.

Supper was served on tête-à-tête tables on the lawn and veranda, and we sat with Mrs. Lubitsch, Hans Kraly, Lupita Tovar and Paul Kohner.

The dishes at supper were largely European, and Mrs. Straus proudly explained to us that she had made all the *strudels* herself! There were delicious raisin and apple ones, as well as other kinds.

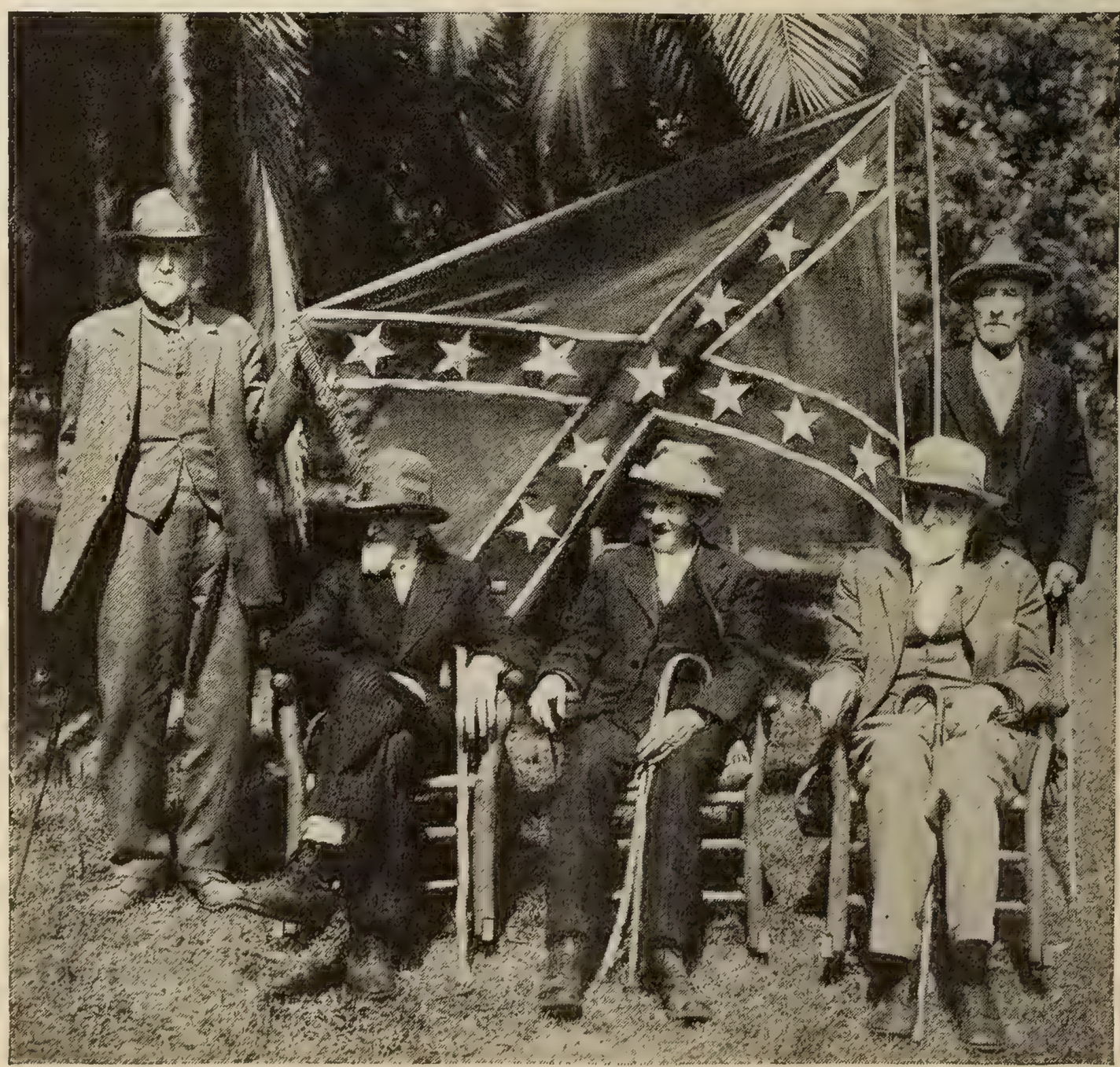
After supper, we strolled in the garden with Paul Kohner, and Paul, who used to be engaged to Mary Philbin, remarked dreamily, feeling the spell of the time and place, that this was Mary's birthday. And he wondered if she would think he would remember!

The Straus boys joined us, and we said how young their mother looked. Then Mrs. Lubitsch's two school-boy sons came with us, and they told us how their mother was often mistaken for their sister.

Lupita Tovar surprised us by letting us in on the fact that she is part Irish! There was dancing on the tennis court to the music of the radio, and Lupita did the fox trot with Paul Kohner.

We went then with Irvin Straus out into the music room in the garden, and there he played his sonata for us—an odd, fascinating thing.

Presently, everybody withdrew into the drawing room, and there we listened to some charming music on the piano—but our host wouldn't play!



Five members of the Confederate army from Alhambra, Cal., engaged to make a faithful representation of the rebel yell in the re-filming of D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" with sound and music. Left to right: Leonidas Beatty, William Adams, Charles Fox, Joseph H. Diehl and Theodore Davis.

EX-FOLLIES GIRL!

Continued from page 66

Before she had completed this assignment, Al Jolson, in a search for the right woman to play opposite him in "Big Boy," saw some of her scenes in the projection room.

"Get me her!" shouted Jolson, and a new gate to opportunity was opened to this 'lucky' girl. Jolson had interviewed more than fifty actresses without finding one with the requirements he had in mind, when Miss Dell came, as he declared, "as an answer to prayer."

When it came time to cast the James Oliver Curwood story, "River's End," there was not much debate about the feminine lead. Nearly everyone concerned with the production agreed that Claudia Dell should play it. And so came her third big part within three months after she had entered a picture studio for the first time in her life.

Yes, Claudia was lucky when she came to Hollywood. But no one who has seen her work before the camera, or heard her voice in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" will agree that luck is the answer to the unparalleled flight of Claudia Dell from obscurity to fame in motion pictures.

Madge Evans and Jean Shelby as they appear in a Vitaphone two-reeler. Madge Evans was a child actress in the movies before they could talk.

One of the outstanding charms of this girl now makes itself known. She does not take herself too seriously. She likes her work, but she enjoys other things as well and takes time out frequently to enjoy them. She is a swimmer of real athletic propensities and has accumulated a variety of medals won in diving and swimming competitions. But she is proudest of having once saved a life by means of her prowess in the water.

She has endeared herself to her associates at the studio by reason of her geniality and her keen sense of humor. But chiefly because of her habit of punctuality.

The attractive woman companion with whom she is customarily found, and whom many people mistake for an elder sister, is her mother. She describes her mother, when talking to others about her, as a 'knockout.' And she's her mother's daughter!

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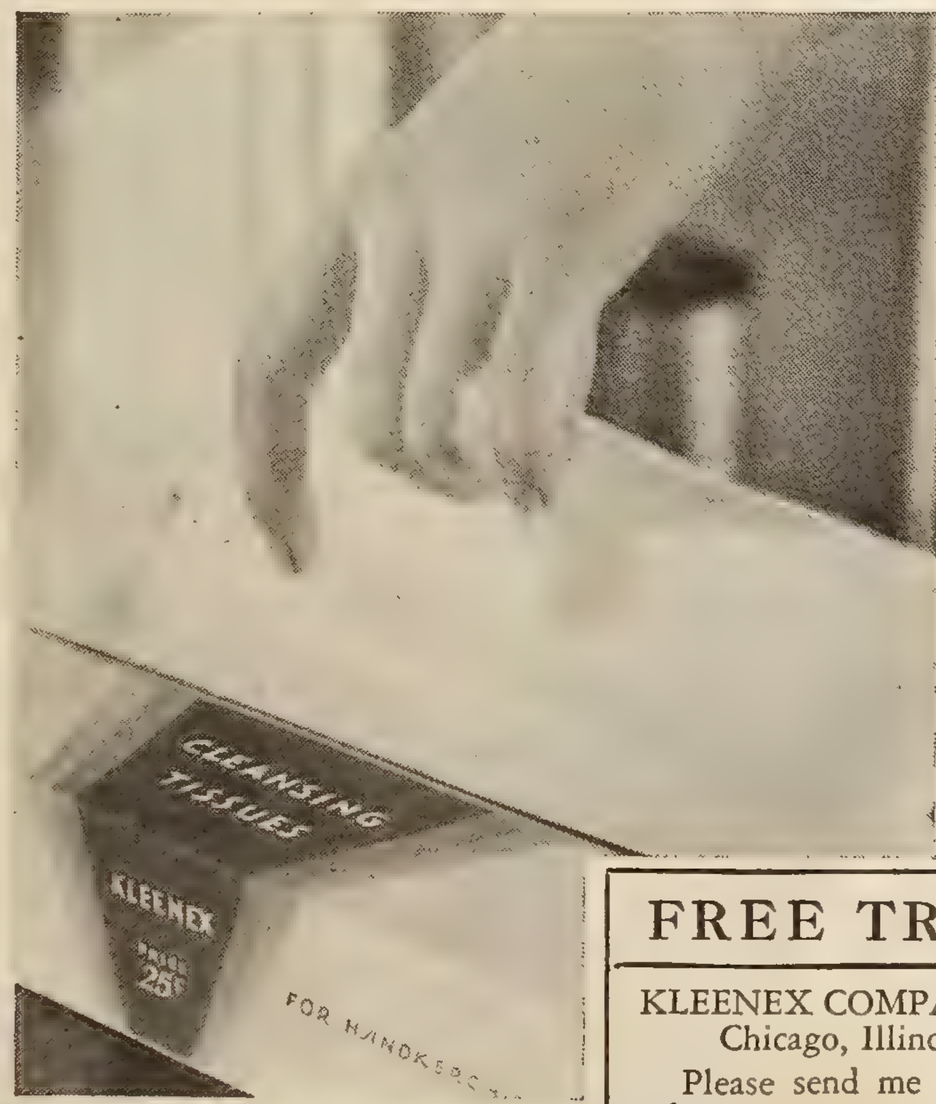

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WHICH IS THE REAL GARBO?—*Continued from page 19*

latter kind of beauty is rare, and it is also great. It is usually possessed by women who are governed by moods; moods that are painful and sink them in themselves so that they are lost to the world, moods that are active and full of fire that transform them from head to foot.

Often the painful mood not only withdraws them into themselves, but seems to have a physical effect, as of draining the blood away from the surface, and leaving a look of plainness. This undoubtedly accounts for the fact that at times Greta Garbo seems plain. If she is also careless of appearances, it is because such natures are gripped from within by such strong feelings as to make the outer world uninteresting and even unnecessary.

It is hard for Americans to believe that anyone who has the chance for it will actually shun publicity, interviews, making speeches and otherwise 'selling' herself all over the lot. Yet such natures exist. There are some people who actually put their work above their personalities, and who don't give a tinker's damn how they appear outside their work. There are actually those, too, who feel that they are cheapening themselves if they allow themselves to be mobbed. Miss Whitaker seems to think that Greta Garbo shrinks from interviews, parties and the like because of fear. And yet this is the same Greta Garbo who faces the eye of the camera and the ear of the microphone—something admittedly that takes great courage, indeed, especially if the person so exposed has enough imagination to see the great audience of millions upon millions who are going to study her every expression and listen to every intonation of her voice. It was no mean feat for Miss Garbo, who not only was unable to talk English, but also unable to talk American, to sling the convincing slang in "Anna Christie." That was courage of the highest order.

If that doesn't seem perfectly clear let us take the case of another person who shuns personal publicity, who dislikes interviews, and who gives the cameramen an inch when they shout for an ell; a person, we will all agree, who has consistently shown courage and fearlessness of a heroic size. I refer to one, Colonel Lindbergh, who, so it happens, also has Scandinavian blood in his veins.

No, the real point of the matter is that Greta Garbo is a deep one and therefore, a lone one. It is a depth of feeling; and when this depth of feeling is brought to bear, like some tremendous searchlight, on the part she is to portray, she becomes luminous with it, as it were; and we see before us something which we cannot analyze, but which we feel as enchantment and meaningful beauty.

I have studied many stills of Greta Garbo, and no two of them are alike. Every Garbo is a different Garbo, as if this inner power used her body as a sculptor models his clay, producing a new and different effect. That means that in appearance she can run the gamut from extreme plainness to extreme loveliness, according to her feelings. Thus, true enough, in private life, a mood of depression, a feeling of futility might show very clearly in her face, her walk, her gestures; and since such moods make one careless of the world, might show also in her careless clothes.

On the other hand, I have no doubt that at least a few people—people who drew from her moments of exaltation or even love—have seen the Greta Garbo off-stage that the rest of us have seen on the screen.

The idea that beauty is skin-deep is nonsense. While we must admit that there is plenty of the skin-deep beauty, a greater type of beauty may almost outwear and outlast the body. We occasionally meet old women, where each feature has been marred by age, and yet have felt in the presence of beauty: a radiance from within. If this is true of the old, of course it is even more true of the young. That great portrayer of lovely women, the English novelist Hardy, has this to say of one of his characters:

"Though it could not be said of her features that this or that was flawless, the nameless charm of them altogether was only another instance of how beautiful a woman can be as a whole without attaining in any one detail to the lines marked out as absolutely correct. The spirit and the life were there: and material shapes could be disregarded."

The spirit and the life were there! That is the secret to the enchanting beauty of Miss Greta Garbo.

POWELL—PRACTICALLY IN PERSON—*Continued from page 83*

mines whether or not a picture is good by its status at the box-office.

He finds it more difficult to learn lines now for the screen than he did when he was on the stage.

He is fortunate in having a good singing voice. But he is not anxious to sing on the screen as he doesn't think his voice is interesting. He sang in a quartet when he was attending high school. He always sings when taking a shower. His aunt, with whom he stayed in the summer time, said she always liked to have Willie around because he created such a cheery atmosphere with his lusty singing voice echoing up and down the town's street.

Bill is very thorough in whatever he attempts. But generally, he attempts only what appeals to him. Usually, he evades things he does not like to do. He lets them slide as long as possible and then suddenly gets a severe conscience lecture and does all his disagreeable things in one day. He hates to write letters. He only sends them to a few of his personal friends. These are written long after they should have been sent. Once in a great while he thinks of these 'must-be-answered' letters early in the morning. He jumps out of bed and answers them before he has eaten or dressed. When writing letters, his mind runs far in advance of his pen.

He dislikes taking still pictures. He puts off the ordeal as long as possible and then every four or five months he comes into the portrait gallery with numerous changes of clothes. He will stay from 11 o'clock in the morning until 8 o'clock at night and pose for several hundred pictures.

Bill Powell is very generous. He is sympathetic. He has lost much money through loans to people who were down and out. But his days of money loaning to would-be friends are now over. The last straw was pulled when Bill and a friend exchanged their $200 checks with the understanding that Bill was not to cash his for two weeks. When he went to the bank, the friend had never had a checking account in the bank.

He dislikes crowds of people. He keeps away from theater openings, personal appearances and the downtown sections of Hollywood and Los Angeles.

He is very practical but hates to be associated with figures or anything commercial. He is in motion pictures first for the remuneration and second because he likes to act.

Although he never talks about himself, he has confidence in himself.

He likes comfort but has no flare for luxury. He dislikes 'show.' He is a very easy person to know if one has the opportunity. He has very few personal friends. Fewer, perhaps, than any other person in Hollywood—except Garbo.

Whenever he meets people, he looks at their eyes and can read their personality. He has an ability to analyze motives of the people he meets.

He treats everyone just the way they treat him.

More women like Bill Powell than men.

He is amused by the fact that women are entertained by men who are witty conversationalists, yet they profess to prefer strong, silent men.

He likes to dress well on the screen, but he is not very much interested in his clothes for private life. He likes to wear comfortable, old suits when he is by himself.

He never takes routine exercises but keeps fit by playing tennis.

He likes plain American food. He has his lunches served in his dressing room at the studio because he likes to eat in his dressing gown.

He is usually late for appointments although he does show up sooner or later with a very good, logical excuse.

He doesn't want to act in pictures for a very long time. He wants to be able to take excellent care of his family and himself for the rest of their lives and then travel. He wants to return to Hollywood for one picture every year or so. He loves to rest and be lazy but he could not stand an incessant life of ease.

When he is in a talkative mood, he is the most interesting and amusing man in Hollywood. He never loses his sense of humor. He loves gags.

His best friends are Ronald Colman and Richard Barthelmess.

He speaks Italian and Spanish. He learned Italian when he was in Italy making "Romola." He learned Spanish in school.

He vacations most often at Arrowhead Springs, near Hollywood. His favorite spot in the world is a little town near Florence, Italy. He hopes to spend many of his later years in the beautiful place.

room checking over the new donations. After the shopper had overhauled everything in the place and bargained for her purchases, Mrs. Wood asked my advice. 'I've come down on everything else but I'll be jiggered if I'll come down on those striped flannel trousers. They are priced at two-fifty and she wants them for two!'

"I advised Mrs. Wood to stick to her price and she did. Followed terrific argument, finishing at a deadlock. In three days' time the stout lady was back. Disappearing into the cabinets she came up triumphant and smiling. 'Vell, I see you still have the pents! Vouldn't it be better to sell to me for two dollars than not to sell at all for fifty cents?'

"I could hardly keep from laughing but stuck to my price. This comedy went on for days. Then a man appeared, declaring right off the bat that he was an actor in desperate need, a thing no actor would do. A flash of intuition told me that this was the husband of the stout second-hand dealer. He didn't miss a thing in the Shop and finally selected a very large dress. 'For my vife,' he explained. 'Um,' I murmured. Later he selected another dress, a very small one, one of Mary's, in fact. For your daughter?' I asked, sweetly. He stammered, 'No—no—for my vife, you know.' 'She must be an amazingly elastic woman,' I remarked. Of course, he came to the striped trousers. 'Two dollars and fifty cents,' I said firmly. 'I give you two dollars,' he replied. 'That's what your wife wanted them for,' I exploded my bomb. 'What, my who?' he asked, stunned, and then I let him have it. 'Do you think I don't know that you are the husband of that stout woman who came in here so many times?' The argument was at an end. He staggered out under an armload of clothes. He drew out a huge roll of bills and paid for the things with the first two or three. 'For a starving actor you're doing pretty well,' was my parting shot. But that wasn't the last of him. In a few days he came back and went directly to where he fully expected the striped trousers would be hanging. 'They aren't there,' I told him and with great satisfaction added, 'I sold them to an *actor* for a dollar and seventy-five cents. Now, tell *that* to your wife!' He grinned broadly. He continued to come in and snoop around for bargains, declaring that we are now good friends and understand each other!"

Other things are not so amusing. A well-dressed man unmistakably an actor entered the Shop and asked if there were any shoes. He was shown the selection. Neither Miss Turner nor Mrs. Wood bother people, thinking they would rather look over the things at their leisure and when they want advice they will ask for it. The man selected a pair of shoes and looked somewhat embarrassed. Miss Turner asked whether he would like to try them on in the dressing room. He brightened visibly. She noticed that each time he came out to get another pair hoping he would find one that fit him, he had on his own shoes. The door didn't close after one of these trips and Miss Turner saw that almost the whole foot of his sock was out. It was practically an anklet. He probably had just enough for shoes so that he would look presentable when he went his rounds of the studios for work. Yes, it's as bad as that in Hollywod for those who have not yet found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

There are few dull moments in the Shop but on one or two occasions when donations were slow and selling fast

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An amusing thing happened recently. A lady admired a gown of Mary Pickford's. She was slender but very tall. She put it on, it was one of those straight up and down models, and said, "That's a lovely blouse. I'll take it!"

Another lady wrote that she heard the Shop had furs to sell. She would like three on approval and if they were cheap enough she would buy one. Her preference was for silver fox for which she didn't expect to pay more than twenty five or fifty dollars. And there was the disappointed one because there was not an ermine coat for sale. "Oh, I did so want an ermine coat, and I thought surely I could get one here for about fifty dollars!"

Mae Murray did give a caracul but it is a little too much to expect of even a screen star to turn over ermines and sables and expensive jewelry. They make a lot of money but they have to spend a lot, too.

To offset the rather infrequent rebuffs there is the graciousness of those who give so willingly. When the driver called for Vilma Banky's things there were so many that it necessitated several trips from the house to the car. "My servants are out," Miss Banky explained. "But I will help you carry the things." The driver never got over that.

Ruth Stonehouse called up in a terrible dither because she had not received a letter asking for donations and only just heard of the existence of the Shop. "Why have I not been asked, Florence? You know I can always find something for things of this sort." "Woman, I'll be down in twenty minutes!" promised Miss Turner.

Miss Stonehouse, or Mrs. Felix Hughes as she is now, went through all her things. "Would you like this, Florence? And do you think that would be useful?" she asked. As much as they two could stagger under went out to the car.

When the store first opened the prices were higher for very expensive things. A dress worn once by Vilma Banky, the latest style, sold for fifty dollars. It probably cost near to three hundred.

The foundation spirit of the Shop is truth. When the tag says the article belonged to Elsie Janis, Bessie Love, Billie Dove, Ronald Colman or anyone else, you may bank on it that it's true. There are some donations from people who are in the profession but not players and some not in the profession at all. This doesn't mean a thing to the girls and boys in pictures who are looking for a good wardrobe at nominal cost, but it does mean a great deal to the outsiders who buy more because the article belonged to a favorite star. Nothing donated from these sources is marked with players' names.

Miss Turner and Mrs. Wood see a great future success and Mary Pickford feels that with average cooperation the Shop should earn between twenty and thirty thousand dollars a year for the Relief Fund.

WHICH IS THE REAL GARBO?

Continued from page 18

from it. Off the set she uses no speck of make-up and her eyelashes are almost white. So that some say this most famous girl uses false eyelashes in her pictures! She can go anywhere unrecognized, so inconspicuous is she (I almost wrote 'insignificant') that none give her a passing glance. Her fair skin is freckled beyond redemption, and no make-up quite conceals the freckles from the camera.

And as for clothes, this Greta is supremely indifferent. Off the set she just dresses anyhow. Once at a party she was wearing felt bedroom slippers because her feet hurt! That was soon after she arrived. She never goes to parties now.

Greta's mouth is a soupçon too large, her nose too broad, her figure almost ungainly for real beauty. Yet she conveys a quiet appealing 'something' that makes her strangely magnetic close at hand. Her hair is not blonde, but light brown. She is taller than our American charmers—5 feet 6 inches without her shoes. So that this girl, who has set the world talking and portrays such vivid sex appeal on the screen, is a timid, almost unattractive, shrinking creature. It isn't temperament, it's fear. Greta Garbo is afraid—bewildered, but not self-conscious. That is why she can submerge herself so remarkably in her rôles, a gifted actress to her finger tips.

Strange that in a country that worships beauty and dashing personality, and preferably 'petite,' this rather frightened, weary, badly dressed and unbeautiful child should have gained her highest fame. For it remained for the United States to spread her genius across the world. And, of all things, in parts of ultra-sophistication! Sophistication is the one word one would never apply to Garbo, the woman. Yet thus is Garbo the actress labelled.

"I could not live without acting," says Greta. "You know, when talking pictures came in and I learned I was to play 'Anna Christie,' I wouldn't take a voice test, but just studied the lines. When the opening scene was ready, I just walked on to the set and said, 'Gimme a drink of whiskey, and gingerale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby!' I talked on and on until the end of the scene. When we heard the playback, and I heard that 'Gimme a drink of whiskey—' I noticed everyone seemed so relieved. I didn't smile. I just said, 'Gee, that doesn't sound like me, does it?'"

And then: "That night I went to see it in the projection room. I was too nervous to stay, so I never saw the picture until it opened down-town. I wanted to get the shock over all at once."

And that is about the longest speech Greta has made to anyone. She was caught in a rare moment of loneliness when she wanted to talk, just for once—but soon she ceased abruptly, her mouth hardened a wee bit, and she looked desperately tired, haunted!

In her new picture, "Romance," she is a very naughty, tempestuous opera singer. She wears some gorgeous old costumes, five petticoats, one with 50 yards of lace; funny little hats with feathers. Garbo loves these. She is childishly delighted with her costumes. And she's going to be magnificent, this girl the men call a Viking Venus. She may be Viking, but she isn't Venus. But she is gifted of the gods, with the wrong face, the wrong clothes, the wrong disposition. Thus, perhaps, does Destiny hold her a thing apart with her Art, in a world that worships beauty and social graces.

JOHN BOLES' SINGING LESSON

Continued from page 29

who came to see the family. When in school and high school I led the singing, and at college I sang in the Glee Club. But the twist of fate that really led me to taking up vocal work as a career was one of those hunches one sometimes gets! I really believe that a sincere hunch is a sort of 'nudge from God'—and a mighty fine thing to follow.

I was very ill with tonsilitis, and under ordinary circumstances I would not have thought of getting up, much less of singing; but I happened to read in the local paper that the famous singing teacher, Oscar Seagle, was to be in my home town for two days, and that he would listen to voices, and give his advice to the ambitious young singers of the town. So up I got and went down to sing for him. In spite of the bad throat and much nervousness, his advice to me was to go to New York and work hard, with a career in view.

I owe a great deal to Oscar Seagle. I have followed his advice in all things regarding my voice. When I cannot study with him, I work with one of his assistants. Here in California I coach with Harold Kellogg.

Just a show-girl making "Whoopee"—or one of the girls in the 'Indian' number from Eddie Cantor's talker, "Whoopee."

Young singers should find a teacher they trust and stick to that eacher 'till death do you part'—for many a great voice has been ruined by running helter-skelter from teacher to teacher and from country to country trying to learn secrets about the voice.

It is good to go to Europe, France, Germany or Italy, whenever it is possible. I spent over a year in France at the de Reszke school studying, but always under the guidance of Mr. Seagle, with whom I went to Europe.

I would advise anyone who can to spend some time in Europe; it is a splendid background and an inspiring memory, but it is not at all necessary to become a singer.

There is only one method of right singing—the Italians of the old school had it and today many singers of all nations hold closely to the fundamentals of this great method; and though some may wander from the path occasionally, anyone who has this foundation will never entirely get away from right singing.

To all who feel that they have the urge and talent to enter pictures, I would say the most necessary requisite to have is a photographic personality. By that I mean for you to look at yourself in the mirror and ask openly and honestly, "Have I good features and do I photograph well?"

This does not mean that you must necessarily be an exquisitely beautiful girl nor an unusually good-looking man. Many, many picture stars are not; but if you take most of them apart, you will find that ninety-nine percent of the men and women who have made good in pictures have even, well-formed features and a very definite photographic personality.

I can almost hear many of my readers reminding me of this or that one who has had, or is having, a great film flare, whom they consider neither good-looking nor talented. I grant you all that, but the biggest percent of the stars who have appeared in the cinema sky and still twinkle there, are in the class I mention. Now-a-days, if you have this photographic personality and a good singing voice besides, there will surely be a place for you in pictures, for though the ranks are full to overflowing there is always room for one more with real talent and strong ambition.

Many may learn to sing, but without intelligence nobody can become an artist!

Now if you have this photographic personality, a good voice, and intelligence—try your luck at pictures, but do not be so misguided as to think that the path of the picture stars is strewn with roses, for the heartaches and the disappointments are deep to anyone who sincerely tries to perfect his or her work at every turn.

There has never been a picture that I have made, that I have not realized I might have done many things better. Don't think for a minute that we can sit back and rest on the laurels of one or two good pictures. Everyone in pictures must think of weight, health, appearance, reputations—and to all this has now been added a good speaking and singing voice.

It is no small job to keep in voice all the time. I am often asked how I manage it. I think keeping in good shape physically has much to do with one's voice, but I'm enough a native son of Texas to say I feel better and sing better in real, genuine hot weather like we have in my native state!

If you are aiming at the singing screen, work sincerely and slowly, and remember that it is this sincerity and love that will photograph as plainly as your eyes. For after all is said and done, the voice on the screen is a tone picture of your soul.

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ART IN THE SCREEN THEATER

Continued from page 61

with Christopher Morley, had such success in the Hoboken theater venture, turned the old church into a theater. All during the winter of 1926-27, while the deep snow lay on the ground and the harsh wind blew through the unheated building, Moore and his friends worked unceasingly. By the spring of 1927, his legitimate theater, the Cape Cod Playhouse, was in order. And he persuaded a group of Broadway actors to come up to him and help him organize a Playhouse Company, which would stage the best of Broadway successes and occasionally something in the experimental line.

The actors responded nobly. Broadway's best came that first year—and since. Peggy Wood, Basil Rathbone, Violet Kemble Cooper, Janet Beecher, Laura Hope Crews, Minor Watson, Romney Brent, and others were among the first. And the initial season was not only a striking artistic success, but it paid its own way and there was a little money left over besides.

But it wasn't because of this legitimate theater that the dramatic eyes of the world became focused on the little town of Dennis. It was the Talking Picture which finally touched off the flame!

When talking films carried the country by storm, Moore determined to build at Dennis the most beautiful small film theater in existence. He realized then what a lot of us are just realizing now—that talking pictures have called out through all countries a more intelligent class of production and a more intelligent class of audience. And he realized that it would be this intelligent audience which would demand not only beauty of production but beauty in the playhouse itself. And so it turned out to be.

Once again Moore received the help of his friends. Rockwell Kent, the artist, Jo Mielziner, the scenic designer, and Alfred Easton Poor, the now famous but then comparatively unknown young architect, and others. And within two years, the Cape Cinema, Raymond Moore's second successful theatrical venture—a film theater—came into existence.

As you drive down Cape Cod through West Barnstable and old Yarmouthport, you slow down. At the shady old town of Dennis, you make a left turn. And there, through a pasture drive-way, with flickering oil lamps set high on old posts, you reach the Cape Cinema.

There it stands, in the middle of a farm of twenty-seven acres, with the deep blue sea on one side and the deep green pine forest at the other—a dream of beauty come true! Surrounded by rock gardens, old-fashioned flowers, deep pools filled with gold fish, and various actors' cottages and the general boarding-house where Georgie Mason, a famous Cape Cod cook, dishes up the best food on the Cape, it is a monument to amusement, to progress, to art.

At its left stands the Cape Playhouse. On a summer evening you can see Alice Brady driving up in a liveried car to the stage door. Or Chrystal Herne sitting on a bench under the trees, discussing her costumes with her colored maid, or perhaps a group of Russians, in their brilliant blouses, members of the Russian Balalaika Orchestra who play in the stage box, will be scattered on the fragrant grass. In the door of the scene shop, Eugene Fitsch, Theater Guild scenic designer, smokes while he thinks over the stage settings he has just completed.

As we leave the Playhouse and come towards the Cinema, we see Raymond Moore standing in the nobly-proportioned doorway. He is tall, slim, handsome, but prematurely gray at 31. He is discussing some important point with Rockwell Kent, the artist, who agrees with him good-naturedly. Behind them stand Jo Mielziner and Miss Cora Fitzgerald, the business manager.

The building is painted white and was designed by Alfred Easton Poor before he became famous after winning the government award for the Wright memorial at Kittiehawk, North Carolina. Mr. Poor was himself at one time a Provincetown painter. He has always been a lover of Cape Cod and he determined he would conform the new theater to the best of Cape Cod architecture. At Centerville, he found an old church that he used as his main plan. And he allowed for the latest improvements in acoustics, ventilation, projection and individual comfort.

As you enter the playhouse proper you are struck at the contrast between the inside and the outside. From a simple Cape exterior, you walk into an absolutely modernistic interior.

The most beautiful feature is the mural by Rockwell Kent, which vaults the ceiling, coming down on each side of the wall to the top of the gray slate-tile wainscoting.

This mural, said to be the largest in the world, covers 6,400 square feet. It represents heaven. A heaven of love, of strength, of beauty. It is a tremendous splash of inimitable coloring. Deep blues, rich yellows, with symbolic figures of the Dog Star and the Bull. In it we see the marvelous figures of gigantic lovers. We feel the pulse beat of a primitive world, the space and rhythm of an entire universe.

Rockwell Kent, assisted by the scenic designer, Joe Mielziner—Kenneth McKenna's brother—created this mural and gave it to the cinema. It took him five months to design it, and it took ten workmen five months to perform the mechanical work alone. The labor cost $22,000 and this expense was defrayed by the widow of a millionaire who maintains her summer home near Dennis.

The mural was painted all in one piece at the New York Triangle studios where many world-famous painters do their work. But the unusual part about this one is that it is the only mural Kent ever did, and the only thing he ever painted or designed for the theater. He never had done anything for the stage before. But now he is mad on the subject of talking pictures and talking picture theaters.

When the time came to transport the mural, it could not be done all in one piece. It was, therefore, cut into five strips and carried by trucks to Dennis where it was transferred to the ceiling, being affixed to this lofty spot by a mixture of molasses and white lead.

The theater, which seats 359 people, contains individual lounge chairs, of black

lacquer, upholstered in tangerine suede. They were especially designed by the Frankl Galleries. They are spaced so that late comers have plenty of room to find their seats without falling over the early comers' knees! A great thing for the cash customers, but hard on the designer of the building, since massing of people in theaters is one of the best ways to get good sound reproduction.

The electric curtain is the last word in movie curtains. It looks like an enormous Japanese fan, folds back in layers at the slightest touch of the operating push button, and has painted on it a modernistic sun with rays extending to all sides. This was Kent's idea. It was also his suggestion to have the moon represented by the rays of the projection machine.

The foyer of the theater is as lovely as the cinema itself. Again the blue ceiling represents the sky with the most beautiful modernistic chandelier—like some brilliant, brittle comet of silver ice—pendulous from it.

The enormous floor rug is light gray, the walls a slightly darker gray, and set in silver panels at intervals along the wall are many of Mr. Kent's choicest black and white works, several of which have been exhibited in the leading art galleries of the world. And all of them carry out the central idea of the mural—love, beauty, strength.

This cinema confines itself almost entirely to giving world releases of famous pictures, even before Broadway and Hollywood see them. Here was first shown "With Byrd at the South Pole," "Manslaughter," and D. W. Griffith's splendid "Abraham Lincoln." Twice a week, in the afternoon, it is pleasant to visit the theater for we hear the laughter of children at their special matinées, as they watch Bobby Fulton stage his weekly puppet shows, or as they see an old Pickford or Chaplin or Fairbanks film again. For, it must be known, the children are almost the only ones in the world, today, entirely loyal to silent pictures.

Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the whole business, even more astonishing than the blue and patent-leathered ladies' lounging room which looks like the inside of a colossal pocket-book, is the refreshing frankness of Raymond Moore in his advertising bills.

He tells his patrons: "We shall endeavor not to waste your time or insult your intelligence by offering mediocre films. If films do not meet our standards in all respects, we shall say so in our preliminary advertising."

Moore has always looked on the legitimate theater as his first love. He started out as a student actor with Stuart Walker's Cincinnati Company. He is also a playwright. But he had the foresight to accept the talking picture as an artistic addition to the legitimate stage. And he has used it, as George Arliss says talking films will inevitably be used, as a brother, a friend, to the legitimate drama. Instead of deriding or despising talking pictures as some stage producers might have done, he has bent them to his own ends, using this, his second love, as an adjunct to his first. And it is through these two theaters, the Cape Playhouse and the Cape Cinema, that Moore has brought common understanding to many people, hundreds of miles away from Broadway, on a dirt road, lit by oil lamps.

Moore's idea is rapidly spreading. There is such a film theater in the smart section of Detroit. Several in Paris. Three in Germany. And one in Shanghai. And although the legitimate drama was Raymond Moore's first idea in the Cape Cod development, it is now the Talking Picture which carries the torch for her statelier sister.

Norma Shearer has a nice, new baby boy and she also has a nice, new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer so her retirement from the screen will be temporary.

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Millions of women instantly gain added charm and loveliness with these three delightful, easy-to-use Maybelline preparations. They use *Maybelline Eye Shadow* to accentuate the depth of color of their eyes and to add a subtle, refined note of charming allure. Four colors: Blue, Brown, Black and Green . . to be used according to the color of the eyes . . 75c

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JOHNNY THE KID—*Continued from page 34*

Harry!" said Johnny Mack.

Harry is the oldest of the six brothers. He is the only one of the sextette who did not play football.

Harry, Johnny and Tobert were the leaders of the Dothan gang. The trio stuck together through thick and thin, fought each other's battles, led the raids on the neighboring watermelon patches, read "The Three Musketeers," and decided to go away to college and to be 'big guys.'

When John wanted to play football on the high school team, civil war raged within the Brown household. His mother, like all mothers, dreaded the thought of injuries to her son. The other brothers stood by Johnny and helped him to win his parents' consent.

The second Brown brother earned his way through high school. He helped his father in the store, did all sorts of odd jobs and still found time for football practice and games.

Then, in his senior year, the scouts from the southern, and some northern universities camped on Johnny's trail, extolling to him the virtues of their respective schools, trying to persuade him to bring his football genius to their gridirons.

It was Johnny's mother who decided that he should go to the University of Alabama. She was very ill at the time and she asked Johnny to stay as near home as possible. So Georgia Tech lost the second Brown and Johnny joined the team which later came to Los Angeles and opened the door to screen fame for Johnny.

Two years later Tolbert joined Johnny at Alabama, playing football and following in his All-American brother's footsteps. He is now in the automobile business in Detroit, striding rapidly toward success. The fourth brother, Billy, is a senior at Alabama. Fred is in high school and Dave is still struggling through the mazes of grammar school. But just ask them what they are going to do and they will chorus without a moment's hesitation, "Go to Alabama and play football."

The five brothers are proud of John, but deep in their hearts they feel that a darned good football coach was lost when Johnny decided to become a motion picture actor.

The elder Browns are sort of bewildered by the flights of their breed.

"But Mother and Dad never tried to tell us what they wanted us to do," Johnny was fingering the gun which had belonged to the real Billy the Kid, "they didn't care what we decided to do so long as we did it well and made a success of it."

Hollywood and screen success have failed to change Johnny Mack. He might still be living in Dothan, Alabama. He throws the same enthusiasm into making pictures that he would have thrown into making football teams if he had become the coach which he had intended to be before Fate and George Fawcett and the movies stepped into his life. After all, Harry is the best bond salesman in Atlanta and Tolbert is a crackerjack automobile man, so it's up to Johnny to make a success of the motion picture game if he wants to live up to the standards of his six brothers.

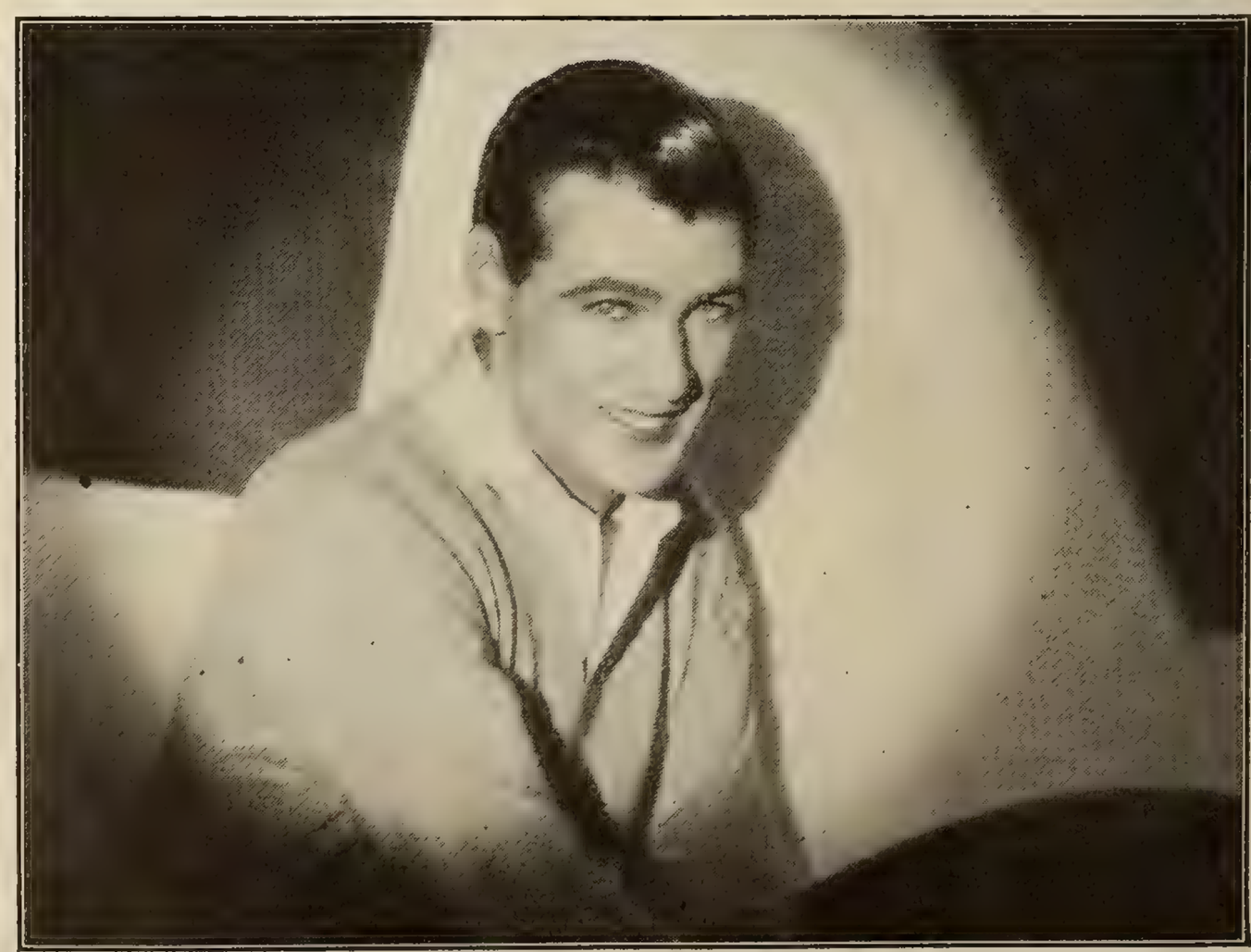
And that is the boy who is playing one of the most cold-blooded, yet soft-hearted, bad men in the history of American banditry.

"Every boy who ever lived played bandit at some time in his life, and every boy who ever lived read all the adventure stories he could find," Johnny remarked as he put Billy the Kid's gun back in his holster. "It's just human nature, I reckon, for us to like to hear about folks who do the things we wouldn't dare to do or wouldn't really want to do.

"That's why I was so tickled when they gave me the part of Billy. He's sort of a mixture of all the two-gun guys Harry and Tolbert and I used to read about. And best of all, he is a real person, not an imaginary one. It was the biggest kick of my life to go into the country where he actually lived, making scenes for the picture, and to listen to the old settlers who really knew Billy. I felt as if I were living in a paper-backed thriller!"

Billy the Kid left a trail of death and bloodshed.

The six Brown brothers are making a history of youthful success and accomplishment.



Gary Cooper, that likeable lad from out of the west, goes steadily on gathering new admirers and holding old ones. His next starring rôle will be in "Fighting Caravans." We know a secret! It is said that Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez will be married some time soon.

HOLLYWOOD MARRIAGE MARKET

Continued from page 53

and way points, but you have more fun with them:

"In New York a man hates to be conspicuous, but here they don't care—they'll go on roller coasters with you, unselfconsciously! I like their good fellowship. I think I prefer the writers and directors to the actors, because I enjoy brainy, intellectual men, but I'm not thinking of marrying one!"

"Any market to be good must be well-balanced," explains Mary Doran, "the supply must equal the demand. That's why Hollywood isn't a good marriage market. There are many more girls, beautiful, clever and accomplished, than there are marriageable men.

"Beauty is a drug on the market. The prettiest girls in the world are here. Cleverness and intelligence aren't appreciated, for Hollywood is surfeited with both. When the supply exceeds the demand, the market drops. Any girl who wants to find a sound, sane, successful marriage, should seek another spot."

"Oh, I don't know!" puts in Leila Hyams, "wherever men and women meet and work together, a marriage market develops automatically. There's as much opportunity for meeting the right man in Hollywood as any place—and just as much chance of meeting the wrong one somewhere else!" Just the same, Leila was married in Manhattan!

"Give Hollywood boys a break! Every real man has his mind made up to find a nice wife and settle down! When I'm 25 or 30, I'll be married—watch me!" threatens Arthur Lake, "and no girl need chase her legs off trying to catch me. I'll do the pursuing, thanks!"

All young girls looking for husbands should pack up and start out for Hollywood at once!" cries Dorothy Lee, "sooner or later, all good-looking men come here,

Pretty Sylvia Sydney takes time off from her stage engagements to make a Vitaphone short titled "Five Minutes from the Station."

and they usually have both looks and money, a combination you seldom find elsewhere. I'm engaged since I got here—and I didn't court my man, or anything!"

"That two can live as cheaply as one is a great theory," says William Collier, Jr., cynically, "but it fails under practical test. This is a materialistic age and men all over the world are reluctant to assume the responsibility of matrimony unless the future is secure. And whose future is that way?"

Walter Pidgeon whimsically avers that eligibility and susceptibility are not geographic. "If someone came to Hollywood and I were in Hollywood—or to New York and I were there—and she numbered among her assets a yacht and a villa in the south of France, the fact that we were east or west wouldn't make any difference, my eligibility would be the same, but my susceptibility would be slightly over one hundred per cent!"

"If two people fall in love, it doesn't matter whether they live in Hollywood or Timbuctoo, they'll want to get married!" is the sage opinion of young William Janney.

"Hollywood is the best marriage market in the world!" insists Louise Fazenda. "Girls are brought into contact with men more than in any other business. Day after day, working on sets with the same groups, results in propinquity, that great aid to Cupid! My husband, Hal Wallis, and I became interested in one another through close contact when he was director of publicity at Warners' and I was a contract player."

"It's too bad to give an adverse impression of such a fine city as Hollywood!" deplores Richard Dix.

"I think Southern California is the ideal place for a girl to do her husband-hunting. Men who have massed millions come out here to play—ambitious men come out to make fortunes—the pick of American and European men come out to serve the film industry.

"Girls intent on marrying rich men should take up golf, for this is the world's playground and the wealthy indulge in this game. When a man is playing, he is in a mood for romance. Therefore, learn to yell 'Fore!' and you'll find yourself in the center of the marriage market!"

"Chances for successful marriages are greater away from Hollywood," is Charles Bickford's sage conclusion. "People here live on their emotions. They dramatize themselves and they dramatize marriage. Everything is unnatural and unreal. They can't help it—they wouldn't be actors, if this weren't true. But it is."

"It's a gambler's market—sometimes good, sometimes bad," declares John Mack Brown, "the population isn't stable. People have no common background, not even the same standards. I think marriage in any other place is likely to prove more lasting, for the parties to it are fairly sure of what they are doing when they marry—they know each other's background, talk each other's language. In Hollywood, they gamble on marriage. The result may be good or bad.

"I'm glad I found Mrs. Brown in Alabama. We know each other."

"A marriage market is what each individual makes it. If you are in the market for matrimony, Hollywood is as good a place as any other," retorts Robert Montgomery.

Irene Rich widens her eyes in amazement at the idea of girls courting men.

"I never *heard* of such a thing! But then, I don't know many Hollywood men well. My friends have always been from outside the movie circle. Still, I can't imagine my daughters buying tickets for boys to take them out! I think they'd stay home forever first. . . . If it's true, I can't help feeling the girls must be to blame. They should wait to be sought."

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LETTERS FROM THE AUDIENCE

Continued from page 10

Oh! Oh!

This is just a plea from one lone picture-goer, though I know others will agree with me on this subject. Please, Messrs. Producers, give us more real life stories and less musical comedy revues. Too much is too much! Like the proverbial turkey before Thanksgiving we have been fed-up; but unlike that august bird we would welcome the ax if it would be the means of escape from witnessing another singing and dancing show. Yet it seems that more than half the picture output is made up of these films.

Take a tip from me, Messrs. Producers, and give us plays with real stories before you have the whole movie public on your hands with that dread disease "Musical Show-downs." The symptoms are many, including a violent pain in the neck followed by a queer but familiar sensation in the pit of the stomach when *the above* is mentioned.

George May Hana,
434 South Street,
North Long Beach, Cal.

The Rejuvenating Screen

John Bunyan, the old English Puritan writer of "The Holy War," said that the town of Mansoul was captured by attacks on "Eye-Gate" and "Ear-Gate." Alfred Tennyson in his poem "Enoch Arden" says: "Things seen are mightier than things heard." Thus I started.

Nearly forty years ago I began with magic-lantern, then fine and finer stereopticons, to present sermons, lectures on travel, and addresses on various subjects to audiences who caught the contagion of my zeal. The critics carped, the pious doubted. I pressed on, winning approval and success both here and on the other side of the Atlantic. I believed in pictures, better pictures, with the best mechanical projection, suiting the picture to the word and the word to the picture.

I had a vision of the future with greater triumphs in pictures and consequent joy and blessing to humanity. With joy born of enthusiasm, I persisted in my belief and endeavor. Each new endeavor ultimately brought approval.

Yes, I am with the movie-fans. In this I am an old-timer, new-timer and all-the-timer. I rejoice in the great picture. I find rest in the quiet story. I laugh and am young again. The world is becoming a neighborhood. Folks are getting better acquainted. The movies have done it. My dreams and convictions of long ago are come true!

R. S. Oadams,
213 So. Euclid Avenue,
Oak Park, Ill.

Wanted: Plain Love Stories

Of all the pictures I have enjoyed there will always be a few that remain in a hidden corner in my storehouse of memories, the beauty and simplicity of which I will be able to recall at my bidding.

The pictures which have interested me most have not been sophisticated nor even the modern type, but rather of pictures that have a beautiful love story running through them. I don't prefer my heroines to be decked in jewels and gorgeous gowns. I like them in plain dresses, ginghams and calicoes, with a light in their eyes that radiates a love of living no matter what their station in life may be. A girl who is looking for her *Prince Charming* and when she finds him, regards her love for him and his love for her as the most precious and holy thing on earth. I am speaking of such pictures as "Seventh Heaven" and "The Street Angel" with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Such pictures are soul inspiring and helpful to all humanity.

Helen Schmidt,
Kissimmee, Florida.

She 'Knows Her Movies'

I am a teacher of literature and history to high school girls and boys. I am also an ardent movie goer. A strange hobby for a teacher? No, a most natural one. I urge my pupils to take advantage of the marvelous opportunities motion pictures offer in the way of authentic historical facts and literature of all ages. Movies bring out the element of human interest far better than the printed page. Real people, real places, and real events colored with some appealing angle for human interest and sympathy.

Also, these modern high-school students are sufficiently well-informed to be selective in their choices or to respond readily to the guidance of a teacher who proves that she 'knows her movies.' An infrequent poor choice, even, provides helpful contrasts, or creates more balanced views of life.

We are to prepare them for life. Then let's show them life as they will find it. Show them beauty, inspire them through portrayals of exemplary manhood and womanhood, arm them with pictured facts, and lastly, aid them in applying these facts.

Elizabeth Cunningham,
2288 Fourteenth Street,
Detroit, Mich.,
Apt. 217

Heroes Made Real

Young or old, we're all seeking thrills and romance! We all love heroes. From the cave man of the stone age to the blues-crooning daddies of 1930, they all parade before us in colorful array on the silver screen.

Motion pictures are the answer to many a prayer, a pleasant change from the humdrum of everyday life. We live through the pictures as though we ourselves were the characters, realizing our dreams come true. They are a tonic for those who have to be 'shown!'

Never were the trials and adventures of our pioneer forefathers better portrayed than in "The Covered Wagon." The beautiful character of Lincoln unfolded so realistically that everyone felt him a personal friend.

The horror and terror of the World War was unbelievable until all phases of the great struggle were brought to light in pictures such as "The Big Parade," "Hell's Angels," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and "Journey's End."

People who doze in church never slept during "King of Kings," "Noah's Ark," or "Ben Hur." Napoleon, Washington, Disraeli, *Robin Hood*—heroes all, historical or mythical, are astonishingly real. All this we owe to a beloved colony of artists, producers, directors, cameramen and technicians whose combined efforts have given us our motion pictures!

Helen F. Fletcher,
1639 North Avenue 54,
Los Angeles, Cal.

This New Generation

When the Lord said "Each generation shall be wiser," He surely meant the pictures and their artists as a means to this end, for I have learned more since modern pictures were introduced than in forty years of practical experience. If I thought my Johnny was a smart boy, sure 'tis Johnny's little ones that can sharpen my wits with their 'picture education,' telling me about the foreign countries and their customs and languages, singing the new and old songs, dancing my steps and the new steps and noticing we must speak quietly and pronounce our words like Navarro and Barrymore. And the wit of them! They never will need the Blarney stone! I look to see the next generation discard books and learn from the pictures.

Mrs. C. Riordan,
4656 Kennerly Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo.

Movie Magic

Movies! Have you ever wondered what they really are? Ask some people and they'll say, "Why, movies are stories *acted* by people." Or they may say, "Well, let's see! Movies are—oh—they're—gosh, I don't know!" Or they may use a lot of long words and not say anything. Do you really want to know what they are?

Movies are magic, that lifts you up out of the drab land of mere existence into the fairyland of dreams. They take you out of your home with the kitchen sink full of dishes, the baby crying, the telephone and the door-bell ringing all at once, into glamour, thrills and adventure. Movies mean springtime in the bleakest winter, cool summer resorts in the hottest part of summer. Movies mean places never before dreamed of—foreign and lovely lands for those who cannot go. This is what movies are—and all this magic and beauty for a few cents!

May Jean Maxwell,
3564—81st Street,
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Wants 'Everyday' Stories

I believe that talkers as a whole would be improved if they dealt more with everyday people of the American middle-class of today. It is this class of people who are most interested in the movies and they like to see and hear on the screen romantic tales of people like themselves and like the people with whom they come in contact daily.

There are, in my opinion, too many tales laid in foreign countries, too many stories of the very rich. The best thing the movies do is to put glamour into seemingly prosaic lives. They can best do this when they deal with the real, human, middle-class Americans that many of us are and that we see every day.

Julius Mims,
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The talkies are a constant surprise. Several weeks ago I saw and heard Greta Garbo in "Anna Christie." In this production, she brought us the fine art of the talkies and the technique of fine drama.

Ruth Chatterton has honors due her in "Sarah and Son" when she made one forget and live with her, through the picture. I believe that she and Ann Harding are the best dramatic actresses on the screen.

When choosing something with a bit of spice and a bit of lure I turn to William Powell. Never have I heard or seen anything to equal him in "Street of Chance." It was a relief to find an actor who takes his work so seriously as does Mr. Powell. Kay Francis also deserves much credit in this fine production.

Mrs. Vere Allender,
4322 Jacob Street,
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A scene from "Captain Thunder" with Victor Varconi, Fay Wray and Don Alvarado. This picture marks the return of Victor Varconi whose screen career was temporarily halted by the talkers.

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Doug. Fairbanks, Jr.

celebrated motion picture star, whose latest production is the First National picture, "Loose Ankles," says:

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"ASK ME"—*Continued from page 102*

Clara, West Medford, Mass. Roland Drew's real name is Walter Goss. He is 26 years old and has black hair and dark grey eyes. You can reach him at the Tec-Art Studios, Edwin Carewe Productions, Hollywood, Cal. Donald Reed was born July 23, 1902, in Mexico City. His real name is Ernesto Avila Guillen. He played with Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in "The Texan." Fay Wray was born Sept. 15, 1907, in Alberta, Canada. She is the wife of John Monk Saunders, the screen writer.

Irma from Baltimore. What new contest is this? Who has the largest eyes, the most shapely shape and is the best dancer in Hollywood? What am I offered for the correct solution? Joan Crawford was born March 23, 1908, in San Antonio, Texas. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Nils Asther is not married. He plays in "The Sea Bat" with Charles Bickford and Raquel Torres.

Julia, San Francisco. You want me to ask some questions for you. No—*you* ask them—I insist. Clara Bow, Gary Cooper and James Hall are not married, though James has been. He was on the stage in musical comedy before the pictures got him. He started the fan uproar when he appeared with Bebe Daniels in "The Campus Flirt." Clara Bow's latest picture is "Love Among the Millionaires," a Paramount release.

R. D., Astoria, L. I. Alice Joyce and Warner Baxter played the leads in "Mannequin," a Paramount release of 1926. Gwen Lee's real name is Gwendolyn Le Pinski. She was born Nov. 12, 1904, in Hastings, Neb. Anna Q. Nilsson was born in Ysted, Sweden, but she doesn't give the date. Colleen Moore's birthday was Aug. 19, 1902; and Billie Dove's was May 14, 1904. Billie's latest picture is "The Lady Who Dared."

A Fan from Urbana, Ill. Do I ever meet any V. D. admirers on Broadway? I'm practically mobbed when I appear in public. Charles Farrell was born Aug. 9, 1902, in Walpole, Mass. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 178 pounds and has wavy brown hair and brown eyes. His first screen work was as an extra in a mob scene; then followed parts in Mack Sennett comedies. "Old Ironsides" and "The Rough Riders" helped to bring him before the public but his big chance came in "Seventh Heaven" with Janet Gaynor. He has a long-term contract with Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. George O'Brien was born Sept. 1, 1900, in San Francisco, Cal. His first leading rôle was in "The Iron Horse." He is unmarried and devotes most of his spare time to athletics and can be reached at the Fox Studio.

Eskimo, Iroquois Falls, Ontario. Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 7, 1898. She was educated in the Brooklyn public schools and, when very young, was on the stage in a dancing act. Her first screen appearance was at the age of ten, when she was cast as one of the children in "The Christmas Carol," a Vitagraph release. She is 4 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 101 pounds and has brown hair and green eyes.

V. D. Admirer, Hartford, Conn. Nils Asther is coming into his own in this department for the fans are eager to see him in new pictures. Nils was born Jan. 17, 1902, in Malmo, Sweden. He has dark brown hair, hazel eyes, is 6 feet ½ inch tall and weighs 170 pounds. He appeared in pictures in Germany, later coming to the United States where he played with H. B. Warner in "Sorrell and Son" in 1927. Marion Davies' real name is Marion Douras. She was born Jan. 3, 1900, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She has golden hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Lawrence Gray plays with Marion in her latest film, "The Gay Nineties." Barry Norton was the boy who impressed you so favorably in "The Legion of the Condemned." You can write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Diana, Winnipeg, Canada. Dolores Del Rio, Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen were in "What Price Glory." I'm sorry but I couldn't obtain a studio pass for you. Ramon Novarro and Dorothy Jordan appear in "The Singer of Seville." Leila Hyams, Cliff Edward and Francis F. Bushman help William Haines put over "Way Out West," the wise-cracker's latest film. William Collier, Jr., plays with Joe Cook in "Rain or Shine," a Columbia production. Louise Fazenda and Joan Peers in the cast. "The Melody Man," "Lummox," and "A Royal Romance" are among Buster Collier's latest releases.

Eddie Foy, Jr., is versatile. He makes two - reel Vitaphone shorts and features, too.

Yvonne, Woodstock, Ontario. You're right, I'm a very human and friendly soul, without a care in the world—just trying to make you folks happy, so you can pour out your hearts to me any time you like. That is, now and then. George Lewis is married to a non-professional. Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck were married Sept. 11, 1929. Ruth Lee Taylor was married on March 17, 1930, to Paul S. Zuckerman. Leila Hyams is the wife of Phil J. Berg. James Murray was married in 1928 to Lucille McNamee.

OUR COSMETIC URGE—*Continued from page 55*

of the stars of Hollywood and take them at their face value. There is Gloria Swanson, who shadows her eyelids and 'does things' to her eyelashes. She keeps a neatly plucked eyebrow and a carefully lip-sticked mouth.

There is Greta, who goes natural right up to the eyelashes. Her lashes are aided and abetted by a strange seductive power rumored not to be of her own making. And we don't mean that they are mascara-ed, either!

Clara Bow has the baby eyes that are bigger and brighter for a little careful brushing and curling back of the lashes. She may use those new little eyelash curlers made on the principal of a curling iron. Lashes made to curl and touched with mascara are absolutely blameless. Anything may happen, and you can't hold them responsible though you know the eyes have 'it.'

Beauty is skin-deep, but so few of us realize that skin has four layers of epidermis until the sun burns through one of them and gives a sunburn that is painful and ruinous. Sun-tan did not begin on Mary Garden's back at Antibes as popular report has it, but centuries ago. Four thousand years ago along the Nile, the Egyptians got all henna-ed up. Henna was brushed on the palms of the hands and used on feet and ankles. A nice tawny golden brown was considered the proper Egyptian color, and Cleopatra naturally lent her endorsement to the home-grown henna. Now-a-days, it is used to make the hair glossy, for it is not a hair dye, as so many people think. If you wonder how hair, especially dark hair, can look so glossy under the Kleig lights, you may be sure that some one has been using henna very skilfully.

Sometimes, some one does have a new idea about cosmetics. There was Ethrelda. Ethrelda started patches. Not that she meant that they should be used for the pomp and vanity of this world. On the contrary. Ethrelda, after the death of her worthy second husband, entered a convent and renounced the sins of this life along with soap and water, which were considered a frivolity. The result ruined her face! Her complexion lost that school-girl look. In her life of self-abnegation black patches on her face covering the blemishes seemed a disfigurement entirely fitting to her continual penance performance. When Ethrelda died she was canonized. Her followers wore the black patch to show their devotion to her. This was in the seventh century and history, in its repetitious mode, has been mentioning patches ever since right through the Victorian era. They have been used since Ethrelda's day not to call attention to religion, but rather to the rare texture, the superb curve and the beauty of the skin upon which it rests.

Cosmetics have long been used to 'cover up.' Covering up year-marks is the most difficult task. "Beauty is at the fullest at thirty," asserts Madame Sévigné. In Hollywood, few care to admit that they are free, inclined to flesh, and very much over twenty-one.

The rise of Kay Francis, a charming person who does not fit the usual 'girly-girl' formula, is leading the movies into an appreciation of be-yourself and act-your-age. 'Beauty is ageless' is a lovely axiom but no woman will grow older without the support of a few more facials, and a little more careful grooming —not if she knows her wrinkles!

Ever since Mary Pickford lost her curls and ceased to be sixteen, Hollywood has been having birthday parties. Ponce de Leon, of course, never should have gone to Florida looking for a fountain of eternal youth; for it is at Hollywood—in the very life that makes exercise, dieting and make-up of the first importance.

Despite the fact that long hair is said to add years, many in Hollywood are growing it. Eve's crowning glory was ably imitated by the seven Sutherland sisters who, you will remember, swept the floor with their tresses. Whether you are sold long or short on hair fashion you must agree that having it glossy and delicately—ever so delicately scented—is an advantage. Don't put eau de cologne on it for that's said to gray it, but a drop of scent in the rinse-water at shampoo time will give it a lingering evasive aroma that makes strong men stronger in your favor.

As for superfluous hair. Suppose you had to make your own depilatory of ants' eggs? Suppose you had to stew and brew and perhaps burn this recipe before it was ready to use in order to be properly groomed for your evening gowns? Imagine Delilah pouring over this potion that she made to take off Samson's hair because she lacked scissors? It's due to the cosmetic urge that these depilatories have been perfected.

The French court developed cosmeticians who had mysterious formulas, excessive prices and a clientele of both men and women. Boudoirs of the court were elaborate salons where entertainment was held while the cosmetics were being applied. Not even Hollywood has thought of simulating a French boudoir with a carpet of silver foxes completely covering the floor. With toilet tables shrouded in Alencon lace over pink satin and tied with moire bows. In such a boudoir or a similar one, the Du Barry sat before her mirror scrutinizing her skin, testing the cream of one court cosmetician, comparing it with another. She commanded that little cream jars be made at Limoge with her initials painted on them in rosebuds and gold.

The art of the perfumer was even more in demand, for the variety in odors was rather limited. Veritable trousseaux of perfume used to be part of the marriage agreements. Half the dowry of the maidens in Jewry, it was stipulated, was to be spent in perfumes.

At no time in the past, if we are to believe the record, have there been more cosmetics used.

Today, one may paint the finger nails different colors—orange, red, blue, purple. These colors are also applied to toe nails when pajamas are worn. Superfluous hair must be removed from under the arm before an evening dress can be put on; from the legs before chiffon stockings can be worn. A deep decolletage makes necessary massaging and powdering of the back. Permanent waves help to make the hair fluffy, yet it must be restrained by a carefully set water wave. Teeth must be cared for regularly. Eyebrows must be shaped. Eyes must be shadowed. Lashes mascara-ed. Cheeks rouged. Lips rouged. Ears pinked just a shade if they are to wear ear rings. Neck and arms creamed and powdered for evening.

All these things come in the beauty routine yet so handily are they arranged that they require little thought if any, and with all this care, your beauty budget mounts to far less than that of Poppaea or the Du Barry. Face the cosmetic urge—and follow it!

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MEET THE NEW BLONDE

Continued from page 27

picture. I was too full of *Helen.* I was so imbued with her personality that if a brick had dropped on my head, I shouldn't have felt it.

"Although I had never even met what the world calls a really bad woman when I went into rehearsal, from the start I wasn't my mother's daughter, granddaughter of S. D. Harlow, sheltered, protected society girl—if you want to call it that. I was *Helen,* war-crazed, wild with the mystery of my power over men—many men. Clothes, gestures, emotion, passion—they were all entirely natural to me. You see, since I was a child, I have acted to myself, for myself. It was the only real existence I ever had. I used to fly to it as a relief from the conventional life which I have never liked at all. The social life in which I have found few moments of real happiness.

"After leaving school in Chicago, when I was sixteen, I married. Two years later, I happened to be in Hollywood. I had never thought of going in films; but one afternoon, one of my guests, at a buffet luncheon I was giving, wanted to go out to the Fox studio to try on her costumes for a picture she was to make soon. I told her my chauffeur would drive her out. She asked me to come along. Since I had never seen a studio, I thought it would be jolly to go. I went.

"Shortly after I got into the studio, we passed three men. One came over and asked if I wanted to go into pictures. I thought it was a joke but went into his office to talk to him. He gave me a letter to Dan Allen, head of the Central Casting Bureau. I put it in my pocketbook and forgot about it.

"It wasn't until some months later—at a dinner party—that I happened to mention it. Two of my girl friends dared me to present it. I did—the next morning. But I never accepted either of the two calls I received from the Bureau.

"We were playing bridge one night a few evenings later with these same two girls. They said they wouldn't consider I had completed my dare until I had actually worked one day in a studio. I accepted the next call. It was a small part with Richard Dix.

"I liked working in films. Later, I went out to Roach's studio and got a second lead in a picture, next a lead, and finally a contract for five years. It was at this point that my granddaddy Harlow began to get distressed. He didn't like my being in pictures and told me if I didn't stop, he would disinherit me. I didn't want that to happen so went to Mr. Roach and explained the situation to him. He very generously released me. And I went back to the old social regime.

"Then came trouble. Divorce. I was miserable. I had to have something to do. I went back into pictures. Played a small part in 'The Saturday Night Kid,' with Clara Bow. And then one day I met Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall on the lot. They said 'Come on over and meet Howard Hughes. He needs somebody like you for a vamp in 'Hell's Angels.' Mr. Hughes arranged for a test for me. And two weeks later, I had the lead."

Just like that Jean Harlow became famous! And while naturally one swallow doesn't make a spring, nor one picture an assured star, nevertheless, Jean Harlow is the one rich girl I can recall who has made good in films. And unless I miss my guess, she is going a whole lot farther.

Jean has the figure of a sylph and the appetite of a German Frau. She even likes potatoes for breakfast. Her chief epicurean loves are spare rib and sauerkraut. She called up her mother the other day from Seattle and said: "Mummie, I'll be home tomorrow morning. Please have sausage and griddle cakes."

If she is such a child, you will ask, how did this baby-girl daughter of the rich ever have enough perception of life, love, sex, humanity, to give such a human portrayal? Let her mother answer that.

Jean's mother is a larger, quieter edition of Jean, with an exquisite voice and an exquisite poise. "I never treated Jean as a child," she explained. "I let her have the benefit of my experience as sorrow or happiness came to me. I never told her she could not do a thing. I explained why it was not wise for her to do it, and let her choose for herself. Realizing that I could not keep her always sheltered in my arms, from a little girl I let her learn what the world really is, and tried to teach her to accept the best—and resist the worst. To comprehend evil but not be smirched by it."

That is perhaps the reason Jean said in a most emphatic voice as she ate her sweetbreads and baked potato: "I never want to play ingenue types. I want to do women of character. I mean women that are not namby-pamby, women with substance, who have the strength of their convictions. I like a part that contains something that you can dig your teeth into.

"My granddaddy Harlow was a fighter. His family had money but he went out on his own and made good. Now he owns half of the state of Missouri. And that's why I've about persuaded him to let me stay in pictures. I want to make good—on my own. Just like my grandfather, I know it takes fight. And I'm willing to fight. I want to be able to look back when my hair is really white and know that I gave the best I had to give of sincere, hard work. That's what art means to me—giving every drop you have. And that's what I want so much to do.

"People tell me rich girls can't make good in pictures. They tell me you've got to have that old gentleman, economic pressure at your back before you are willing to work hard enough to make a big success. Well, I haven't got any economic trouble bothering me, for which I'm most thankful. But despite my handicaps of money and a purely useless social background, I intend to keep on portraying better and 'badder' women—that's my slogan now!"

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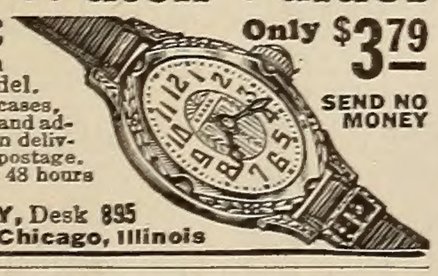

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GOOD-BYE, HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 31

thrill that matters. The sound mechanicians, the song composers are getting it now. Something new! They're doing marvelous work. But in two years—five—they may sink into the grind, too.

Those at the head of the industry dimly realize the problem. Always talking about wanting 'new faces,' 'new brains.' Why not use the trained brains, the proven faces; the people who have given their all to pictures? Give them a chance to get a kick out of it and they'll be fresh enough. Let everyone change around. Different directors, different supervisors, different stars, different studios, even. Send them all on RKO vaudeville tours, like Leatrice Joy. Have a crack director direct a New York stage play that the company is financing. Change, change, change! Life itself is change. The only thing static in Life is Death! The only thing static in pictures is executives. There hasn't been a change in the production head of any of the really big studios since Winfield Sheehan took control of Fox three years ago. And what he accomplished has made glamorous picture history.

As a final cock-eyed suggestion, which will probably get me in wrong for the rest of my life, why not give the executives themselves a chance to ride on the merry-go-round? Irving Thalberg head of Warner productions; Winnie Sheehan at Paramount; Ben Schulberg at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; the Warners presiding over Fox? Wouldn't they all have the swellest kind of a time, perhaps make better films!

1916, when I wrote my first big hit, "God's Country and the Woman"—1930, fourteen years! It's a long time, isn't it? Not many of the 1916 Big Names left. Those who bore the Big Names are left, all right. One sees them every day in Hollywood, asking casting directors for bits, trying to get jobs directing or writing in Poverty Row on percentage. Yes, they're mostly still in Hollywood, but they aren't Big Names any longer.

I have known so many of those who have stayed in the game too long, forced their brains too hard, squeezed and squeezed out the last drop of freshness, until there was nothing left. Not even enough to make a new break for another field. Cruel, cruel, cruel! Those anxious, bitter faces! I don't want to be like that. I want to get out while I'm still fresh!

In three months, since coming to New York, I've finished my first novel. Don't know whether it's any good. Got a wonderful thrill writing it. After that comes a musical comedy idea, that's been buzzing in my head for years. Lots of encouragement already from a famous musical comedy star. But what if she doesn't take it? It'll be something different, to sharpen, stimulate my brain. Something new!

I don't expect to make my mark in my new work in three months or three years, perhaps. No great hurry. Money saved from pictures will take care of that. Perhaps I'll never do what I've set out to do. Even then I'll have had a grand time!

But if I do put it over! If I ever get to the position where I can say to the picture producers, "I know pictures, I *love* pictures—let me come out for one production—two perhaps—then *make* me seek change. Kick me out, 'till I am ready to return with renewed freshness!" If I ever get to where I can obtain an understanding like that, then it won't be a question of "Good-bye, Hollywood" but "Hello, Hollywood, here I come!"

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Ruth Waterbury.

We can't tell it all in the headlines but we herewith announce what we believe to be a big publishing idea of interest to every SCREENLAND Reader.

SCREENLAND is going to have a companion magazine. It's called SILVER SCREEN and its first appearance will be on October tenth. It will be out on the tenth of every month thereafter and will sell for ten cents, the first ten cent motion picture magazine to be sold on the newsstands throughout America. And it is SCREENLAND's phenomenal growth that has made the publishing of SILVER SCREEN possible.

SCREENLAND is now established as "America's Smart Screen Magazine." SILVER SCREEN will be its snappy little sister. A quick flash of the contents of the first issue will give you a picture of what it will be like.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in the first issue, discusses Hollywood Society. Many social upstarts have written about Hollywood parties but here's the real answer from the scion of New York's most aristocratic family.

Charlie Chaplin talks about why he won't talk on the screen—and his reasons will cause much thought in movieland.

Buddy Rogers goes into a long discussion about his ideal girl. This is Buddy's ideal—not his mother's or some writer's, but Buddy's own description. And who's the lucky girl who will be just like her?

There's the life story of Claire Luce, one of the most amazing Cinderella stories of all time, and one that could only come true in America.

There are interviews with Claudette Colbert, with Jackie Coogan, with Robert Montgomery, with Stanley Smith. There are snappy previews, current reviews and fashions from Hollywood. There is a beauty page by the famous beauty advisor, Mary Lee. There are beautiful new portrait studies of your favorite stars, much hot news and gossip, more gossip and finally a true love story of Hollywood. There will be one of these true love stories every month, written by the Hollywood Insider, and if you're smart you'll be able to identify the stars he is writing about.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Frankly, we believe it's the biggest ten cents worth ever offered the reading public. Buy the first issue and see for yourself.

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